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THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

VOL. V.

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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY:

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS,

WITH THE LAST CORRECTIONS OF THE AUTHORS;

TOGETHER WITH

THE POEMS OF CHARLES WESLEY

NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

G. OSBORN, D.D.

VOLUME V.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE "Hymns and Sacred Poems," of which this Volume completes the reprint, differ from other Wesleyan publications having the same title in being originally published in two volumes, and in bearing the name of Charles Wesley alone. His brother John not only contributed nothing to them, but did not see them before they were published, as we learn from an express statement made many years afterwards in the eighteenth section of his "Plain Account of Christian Perfection." (Works, vol. xi., p. 391.) As a consequence, he distinctly declined to be responsible for all they contained, and particularly for those passages which favour the notion that to those who are perfected in love apostasy is impossible. Traces of this disagreement will be found in various parts of the present Volume. In the main, however, he approved and admired the publication, and drew largely upon it for that "Collection of Hymns" to which the Methodist Societies are so deeply indebted.

Some of the pieces contained in these volumes had appeared previously, being appended to various publications designed to explain or defend Methodism; and in this form supply a beautiful illustration of the oneness of heart subsisting between the two brothers. Others had been circulated in MSS. among admiring

friends, and were well deserving of preservation in a more permanent form. It is a curious fact that the poet was unable to publish his compositions until a subscription list was opened. In the "Proposals" it is stated that half the price of the two volumes would be expected on subscribing, and the other half on the completion of the work; and on learning that the total price was to be but six shillings, we gain a good idea of the circumstances of the author and many of his patrons. We may well honour the poverty of both: the one because it was endured for the Gospel's sake; the other because it sought consolation and relief in these exalted strains.

A second but less correct edition of these Poems issued from the same printing-office seven years after the first. Since that time they have not been reprinted until now. If the magnitude of the undertaking to reprint the Wesley poetry entire, renders it necessary to ask that subscribers who have not done so, would at once prepay their subscriptions for the remaining volumes, the author's precedent may still be justly pleaded: and it is satisfactory to note that, notwithstanding the depreciation of money in a hundred and twenty years, the price per volume to subscribers remains much the same as at first.

Richmond, Surrey,
September 17th, 1869.

HYMNS

AND

SACRED POEMS.

PART II.

CXIII. HYMNS FOR BELIEVERS.—Hymn 1.

1 What am I, O Thou glorious God!
Or what my father's house to Thee!
That Thou such blessings hast bestow'd
On me, the vilest reptile me!
I take the blessings from above,
And wonder at Thy boundless love.

2 Me in my blood Thy love pass'd by,
And stopp'd, my ruin to retrieve,
Wept o'er my soul Thy pitying eye,
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, *Live!*
Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in Thy mercy found.

3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise
I render to my pardoning God;
Extol the riches of Thy grace,
And spread Thy saving name abroad;

That only name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

4 Jesu, I bless Thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts Thy name;
Thy name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find with me their heaven below.

CXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

"*The love of Christ constraineth us.*"—[2 Cor. v. 14.]

1 O WHAT an evil, faithless heart
Have I, so ready to depart
From Thee, the living God!
Not all Thy threats, and judgments move,
Till master'd by Thy stronger love,
It will not hear Thy rod.

2 The sorest plague Thou hast to send,
Not sin itself my soul can bend,
Or bring my spirit down;
Sin makes me prouder than before,
And blinds, and hardens more and more,
Till all my heart is stone.

3 My stony heart Thy wrath defies,
And dares against Thy judgments rise,
Self-harden'd from Thy fear;
What canst Thou with Thy rebel do?
Try me by love, and in my view
With all Thy wounds appear.

4 Ah! who that piteous sight can bear!
Behold the Lamb hangs bleeding there!
There, there! on yonder tree!
Pierced are His feet, His hands, His side!
My Lamb, my Love is crucified!
O God! He dies for me!

5 For me He meekly bows His head,
He suffers in the sinner's stead,
My ruin to retrieve:
He spreads His arms to take me in,
He sheds His blood to purge my sin;
He dies that I may live.

6 O Love, by Thee constrain'd at last,
I yield, I yield; my tears flow fast,
Fast as Thy streaming blood!
Breaks at the sight my heart of stone;
I faint to hear that dying groan,
Why, O my God! my God!—

7 O God, I can hold out no more,
My heart resents Thy softening power,
My heart is melting wax;
I feel that Thou art love indeed,
Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Or quench the smoking flax.

8 Thou wilt not slight the feeblest grace,
This spark of love Thy breath shall raise,
And kindle to a flame;
And I, who taste how good Thou art,
Shall shortly love with all my heart
My lovely, bleeding Lamb.

CXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

"*Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.*"

1 Vouchsafe to keep me, Lord, this day
Without committing sin,
And with me let Thy Spirit stay,
Till He is fix'd within.

2 Thou canst from every sin secure;
And is it not Thy will
Still to preserve Thy servant pure
From every touch of ill?

3 Ye advocates for sin, and hell,
Which of you all dares say,
With God this is impossible
To keep my soul this day?

4 He can, He can, yourselves confess,
Almighty is my Lord:
But *will* He guard me by His grace?
But will He keep His word?

5 Whate'er I ask, the Truth hath said,
I surely shall receive:
I ask to be made free indeed,
And without sin to live.

6 Whate'er I ask in faith, I have,
As sure as God is true;
My faithful God is strong to save,
And He is ready too.

7 Jesus from sin shall save His own,
Who wait the truth to prove:
Poor, faithless souls, have ye not known
That God, my God, is love?

8 Willing He is, that all should live
From all their sins set free:
Lord, I Thy solemn word receive,
Thy oath to rescue me.

9 Thou canst, Thou wilt for one short day
Preserve me spotless here,
And why not then (let Satan say)
A week, a month, a year?

10 Why wilt Thou not for all my life
My helpless soul defend,
And bear me through the doubtful strife,
And keep me to the end!

11 With shame the fatal cause I own
Of all my sin, and grief;
I did not stand by faith alone,
I fell through unbelief.

12 I ask'd, but never hoped from Thee
To' obtain the promised power,
Or look'd from sin to be set free,
Before my dying hour.

13 But lo! with humble faith I bow
My soul before Thy throne:
Deliver me from evil now;
For Thou canst save Thine own.

14 Vouchsafe to keep me, Lord, this day,
And every day from sin,
Until Thou take it all away,
And bring Thy nature in.

15 Safe in Thine all-victorious love,
And confident I rest;
What power can from my Rock remove,
Or tear me from Thy breast?

16 My soul on Thee, O Lord, relies,
Thine arms are my defence;
My soul hell, earth, and sin defies,
To come, and pluck me hence.

17 Nigh me I find my threefold foe,
But Thou art always nigher;
Nor will I from my fortress go,
Or leave my wall of fire.

18 My life is hid with Christ above;
Faith in Thy blood I feel,
A faith which doth the mountain move,
And bids the sun stand still.

19 The sin-subduing power Divine
Through faith I still receive,
It keeps this feeble heart of mine,
While unrenew'd I live.

20 It keeps, till I am born again,*
And find the perfect power,
And tell the faithless sons of men
That I can sin no more.

CXVI. THE SAME. FOR THE MORNING.—HYMN 4.

1 WHERE is my God, my joy, my hope,
The dear Desire of nations, where?
Jesus, to Thee my soul looks up,
To Thee directs her morning prayer,
And spreads her arms of faith abroad,
To' embrace my hope, my joy, my God.

* Compare Note, Vol. I., p. 370.

2 Mine eyes prevent the morning ray,
Looking, and longing for Thy word:
Come, O my Jesus, come away,
And let my heart receive its Lord;
Which pants, and struggles to be free,
And breaks to be detain'd from Thee.

3 Appear in me, bright Morning Star,
And scatter all the shades of night;
I saw Thee once, and came from far;
But quickly lost Thy transient light;
And now again in darkness pine,
Till Thou throughout my nature shine.

4 In patient hope I now give heed
To the sure word of promised grace,
Whose rays a feeble lustre shed,
Faint glimmering through the darksome place,
Till Thou Thy glorious light impart,
And rise, the Day-Star, in my heart.

5 Come, Lord, be manifested here,
And all the devil's works destroy,
Now without sin in me appear,
And fill with everlasting joy;
Thy beatific face display;
Thy presence is the perfect day.

CXVII. THE SAME. FOR THE EVENING.—HYMN 5.

1 THOU, Lord, art rich in grace to all,
Attend my earnest cry,
With lifted hands and heart I call,
And look to feel Thee nigh.

2 O that my prayers might now to Thee
As clouds of incense rise,
And let my thanks accepted be,
My evening sacrifice.

3 Not unto me, O Lord, the praise,
But to Thy name I give,
If kept by Thine almighty grace,
Still unconsumed I live.

4 Through Thee, my God, through Thee alone
I incorrupt have been,
Thou hast Thy power in weakness shown,
Withholding me from sin.

5 Restrain'd from my own wickedness,
Thy outstretch'd arm I see,
And bless Thee for my faith's increase,
And closer cleave to Thee.

6 With humble thankfulness I own,
Sufficient is Thy grace,
Thou who from sin hast kept me one,
Canst keep me all my days.

CXVIII. THE SAME. AT LYING DOWN.—HYMN 6.

1 OMNIPRESENT God, whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain;
Lay Thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours;
All mine enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

2 Frail alas! my nature is,
Ever sinking into sin:
I cannot from sinning cease,
All unholy, all unclean;
Yet to Thee for help I seek,
Pefect, Lord, Thy strength in me;
I am strong, when I am weak,
Weak myself, but strong in Thee.

3 Keep me then, my Saviour, keep,
Till my soul is all renew'd;
Thou, whose eyelids never sleep,
Guard the *future* house of God;
Let not evil enter in,
Every selfish thought avert;
Stop the avenues of sin,
Keep the issues of my heart.

4 O Thou jealous God, come down,
God of spotless purity;
Claim, and seize me for Thine own,
Consecrate my heart to Thee.
Under Thy protection take,
Songs in the night season give; Job xxxv. 10
Let me sleep to Thee, and wake,
Let me die to Thee, and live.

5 Only tell me I am Thine,
And Thou wilt not quit Thy right;
Answer me in dreams Divine;
Dreams, and visions of the night:
Bid my soul in sleep go on,
Restlessly its God desire,
Mourn for God in every groan,
God in every thought require.

6 Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from my body free,
Draw with stronger influence
My unfetter'd soul to Thee:
In me, Lord, Thyself reveal,
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me Thee, when waking, feel,
Let me in Thine image rise.

7 Let me of Thy life partake;
Thy own holiness impart:
O that I might sweetly wake
With my Saviour in my heart!
O that I might know Thee mine,
O that I might Thee receive,
Only live the life Divine,
Only to Thy glory live!

8 Or if Thou my soul require,
Ere I see the morning light,
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
Perfect me in love to-night;
Finish Thy great work of love,
Cut it short in righteousness;
Fit me for the realms above,
Change, and bid me die in peace.

CXIX. THE SAME. AN ACT OF DEVOTION.*—HYMN 7.

1 BEHOLD the servant of the Lord!
I wait Thy guiding eye to feel;
To hear, and keep Thine every word,
To prove, and do Thy perfect will,

* First published in 1745, at the end of "A Farther Appeal," &c., by J. Wesley, M.A.

Joyful from all my works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 Me if Thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all Thy creatures me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose;
Let all my fruit be found of Thee,
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
By Thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good, design
O'errule, or change as seems Thee meet:
Jesus, let all the work be Thine:
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in Thy Father's sight:
Thou only hast done all things right.

4 Here then to Thee Thine own I leave,
Mould as Thou wilt the passive clay,
But let me all Thy stamp receive,
But let me all Thy words obey,
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to Thy glory live, and die.

CXX. THE SAME.—Hymn 8.

"*Will ye also go away?—Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.*"—John vi. 67, &c.

1 Jesu, whither shall I go,
Thee my Saviour if I leave?
Only Thou canst ease my woe,
Only Thou canst pardon give;
None beside can save from sin,
None beside can make me clean.

2 If I foolishly depart
From the ark of Thy dear breast,
Where shall my unsettled heart
Find a ground whereon to rest?
Whither, or to whom shall I
From myself for succour fly?

3 Shall I back to *Egypt* go,
To my vomit turn again,
To my flesh corruption sow,
Live anew in pleasures vain?
No, with sin I cannot dwell,
Sin is worse than death, and hell.

4 Shall I my old toil renew,
Catch an honourable name,
Praise, which comes from man, pursue,
Idolize, and pant for fame?
Who on fame bestows his care,
Grasps a shadow, feeds on air.

5 Shall I go to courts and kings?
Courts and kings are vanity,
Beggarly and wretched things,
Can they yield support to me?
Crush'd by their own grandeur's weight,
Poorly, miserably great!

6 Learning should I strive to gain,
Fairest fruit on earth that grows,
Ineffectual were my pain,
Happiest he who nothing knows;
Who in quest of vain relief
Adds to knowledge, adds to grief.

7 If my God I cast behind,
  God the source of perfect bliss,
Vain are all my hopes to find
  True, substantial happiness;
Search the whole creation round,
Can it out of God be found?

8 No; my God, if from the way,
  From the truth if I remove,
Must I not for ever stray,
  On in error's mazes rove,
Rove from peace to troublous strife,
Rove to death from endless life!

9 Who would go from health to pain,
  Turn from grace to wickedness,
Freedom quit, to hug a chain;
  Grieve his friend, his foe to please?
Who his Saviour-God to shun,
Would to his destroyer run?

10 Saviour, I with guilty shame
  Own that I, alas, am he!
Weak, and wavering still I am,
  Ready still to fly from Thee:
Stop me by Thy look, and say,
Will you also go away?

11 You, whom I have brought to God,
  Will you turn from God again?
You, for whom I spilt My blood,
  Will you let it flow in vain?
You, who felt it once applied,
Can ye leave My bleeding side?

12 No, my Lamb, my Saviour, no,
(Every soul with me reply,)
From Thy wounds we will not go,
Will not from our Master fly :
Thine is the life-giving word ;
Thou art our eternal Lord.

13 Speak, and by Thy word detain
Every soul inclined to stray ;
Speak, and let Thy love constrain
Every fugitive to stay ;
That we may no more depart,
Speak Thyself into our heart.

CXXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 9.

1 In weariness and pain,
By griefs and sins oppress'd,
I turn me to my rest again,
My soul's eternal rest ;
The Lamb that died for me,
And still my load doth bear ;
To Jesu's streaming wounds I flee,
And find my quiet there.

2 Jesus, was ever grief,
Was ever love like Thine !
Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief,
Thy life hath ransom'd mine.
The Crucified appears !
I see the dying God !
O might I pour my ceaseless tears,
And mix them with Thy blood !

3 My sorrows I forget
In view of *Calvary;*
I fall, and kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And pant to share with Thee:
O were I offer'd up
Upon Thy sacrifice!
Who would not drink that sacred cup,
And die when Jesus dies!

4 Thou seest my heart's desire,
I would Thy cross partake;
I long to be baptized with fire,
And die for Thy dear sake;
I long to rise with Thee,
And soar to things above,
And spend a blest eternity
In praise of dying love.

CXXII. THE SAME. ON HIS BIRTHDAY.—HYMN 10.

1 GOD of my life, to Thee
My cheerful soul I raise,
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth
I glorify Thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings came;
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly Thine shall be,
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to Thee;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live beneath,
To Thee O let me live,
To Thee my every breath
In thanks, and blessings give;
Me to Thine image now restore,
And I shall praise Thee evermore.

5 Thy former gift is vain,
Unless Thou lift me up,
Begetting me again
Unto a lively hope;
O let me know that second birth,
And live the life of heaven on earth.

6 I wait Thy will to do
As angels do in heaven,
In Christ a creature new,
Eternally forgiven;
I wait Thy perfect will to prove,
When sanctified by spotless love.

7 O might I soon attain
My holy calling's prize!
And grow, when born again,
And to Thy stature rise;
From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
Till meet to see Thy glorious face.

8 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Call home Thy favour'd son
At death's triumphant hour,
Like *Moses* to Thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

CXXIII. THE SAME. THE WAY OF DUTY THE WAY OF SAFETY.—Hymn 11.

1 Are there not in the labourer's day
Twelve hours, wherein he safely may
His calling's works pursue?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear
With Jesus in my view.

2 Not all the powers of hell can fright
A soul, that walks with Christ in light;
He walks, and cannot fall:
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.

3 Light of the world, Thy beams I bless;
On Thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
My faith hath fix'd its eye;
Guided by Thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For Thou art always nigh.

4 Ten thousand snares my path beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which Thou to me hast given;

Superior to the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death, and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

5 Still will I strive, and labour still,
With humble zeal to do Thy will,
And trust in Thy defence;
My soul into Thy hands I give,
And, if he can obtain Thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence.

CXXIV. THE SAME. BEFORE ANY WORK OF CHARITY.—Hymn 12.

1 Jesu, by highest heavens adored,
The church's glorious Head;
With humble joy I call Thee, Lord,
And in Thy footsteps tread.

2 Emptied of all Thy greatness here
While in the body seen,
Thou wouldst the least of all appear,
And minister to men.

3 A servant to Thy servants Thou
In Thy debased estate,
How meekly did Thy goodness bow
To wash Thy followers' feet!

4 And shall a worm refuse to stoop,
His fellow-worms disdain?
I give my vain distinctions up,
Since God did wait on man.

5 At charity's almighty call
I lay my greatness by,
The least of saints, I wait on all,
The chief of sinners I.

6 Happy, if I their grief may cheer,
And mitigate their pain,
And wait upon the servants here,
Till with the Lord I reign.

CXXV. THE SAME. IN THE WORK.—

HYMN 13.

1 I COME, O God, to do Thy will,
With Jesus in my view,
A servant of His servants still,
My Pattern I pursue.

2 My loving labour I repeat,
Obedient to His word,
And wash His dear disciples' feet,
And wait upon my Lord.

3 I have my Saviour always near,
On Him I now attend,
I see Him in His members here,
My Brother, and my Friend.

4 Shivering beneath those rags He stands,
Again exposed, and bare,
And stretches out His helpless hands,
And asks my tender care.

5 And shall I not relief afford,
Put off my costly dress,
Tear it away to clothe my Lord,
Who hides my sinfulness!

6 Drink to a thirsty Christ I give,
An hungry Christ I feed,
The stranger to my house receive,
Who here shall lay his head.

7 Sick, and in prison will I find,
And all his sorrows cheer,
Or bring him forth, and doubly kind
Relieve, and tend him here.

8 In sickness will I make his bed,
The cordial draught prepare,
My hands shall hold his fainting head,
And all his burden bear.

9 Surely I now my Saviour see,
In this poor worm conceal'd,
Wounded He asks relief of me,
Who all my wounds hath heal'd.

10 My needy Jesus I descry,
And in this object meet,
Sick, and in pain I see Him lie,
And gasping at my feet.

11 Paleness His dying face o'erspreads,
His griefs I more than see,
My heart at Jesu's suffering bleeds
With softest sympathy.

12 I fill my Lord's afflictions up,
His welcome burden bear,
And gladly drink His bitter cup,
And all His sorrows share.

13 Yes, Lord, with joy, and grief, and love
I now behold Thy face,
My God descended from above
To suffer in my place.

14 Thy visage marr'd with tears and blood,
Mine eyes of faith survey,
As when on yonder cross my God
A bleeding Victim lay.

15 Torn with the whips, and nails, and spear
Thy sacred body was;
O might it now to all appear
As hanging on the cross!

16 O that to Thee the world might bow,
And know Thy saving name,
And see, and serve, as I do now,
And love the bleeding Lamb!

CXXVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 14.

1 Gentle Jesu, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only Thine I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee:
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give Thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the Fountain head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness.

4 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only Thee I know:
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

5 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is Thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell,
Infinite, unsearchable!

6 Thou, O Love, my portion art,
Lord, Thou know'st my simple heart:
Other comforts I despise,
Love be all my paradise.

7 Nothing else can I require,
Love fills up my whole desire:
All Thy other gifts remove;
Still Thou givest me all in love.

CXXVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 15.

1 Jesu, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On Thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which Thou wilt lead aright;
My Wisdom, and my Guide,
My Counsellor Thou art;
O never let me leave Thy side,
Or from Thy paths depart.

2 I lift mine eye to Thee,
My lovely, bleeding Lamb,
That I may still enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame:
I never will remove
Out of Thy hands my cause,
But rest in Thy redeeming love,
And hang upon Thy cross.

3 To Thee, when sin draws nigh,
O let me still confess
(While trembling to Thy wounds I fly)
My utter helplessness:

Save, Lord! I cannot bear
This sore temptation's storm;
Save, or I perish in despair,
O save a dying worm.

4 Still let Thy Spirit, Lord,
Soon as the foe comes in,
His instantaneous help afford,
And stem the tide of sin:
Lift up the standard-tree
'Gainst my o'erpowering foe,
And show me Thou hast died for me,
And all my sins o'erthrow.

5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On Thee, who never wilt depart,
But love me to the end.
Still stir me up to strive
With Thee in strength Divine,
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

6 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all Thy power;
Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place,
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace.

7 O make me all like Thee,
Before I hence remove;
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love:

Let me Thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd,
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

CXXVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 16.

1 My God, I am Thine,
What a comfort Divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!

2 In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am;
My heart it doth dance at the sound of Thy name.

3 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found.

4 My Jesus to know,
And feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

5 Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast;
That, that is the fulness: but this is the taste.

6 And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens of Jesus's love.

CXXIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 17.

1 O Jesus, my Rest,
How unspeakably blest
Is the sinner that comes to be hid in Thy breast!

2 I come at Thy call,
At Thy feet do I fall,
And believe, and confess Thee my God, and my all.
3 Thou art *Mary's* good part,
The thing needful Thou art,
The desire of my eyes, and the joy of my heart.
4 My comfort and stay,
My life, and my way,
My crown of rejoicing in that happy day.
5 Health, pardon, and peace
In Thee I possess;
I can have nothing more, I will have nothing less.
6 I stand in Thy might,
I walk in Thy light,
And all heaven I claim in Thy God-giving right.

CXXX. THE SAME.—Hymn 18.

1 All praise to the Lamb!
Accepted I am,
I am bold to believe on my Jesus's name.
2 Strength and righteousness,
And pardon, and peace,
In the Lord my Redeemer I surely possess.
3 In Thee I confide,
Thy blood is applied;
For me Thou hast suffer'd, for me Thou hast died.
4 My peace it is made,
My ransom is paid,
My soul on Thy bloody atonement is stay'd.
5 Not a doubt can arise
To darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.

6 I already am blest,
I lean on Thy breast,
And lo! in Thy wounds I continually rest.

7 My cup it runs o'er,
I have comfort and power,
I have pardon—what can a *poor sinner* have more?

8 He can have a new heart,
So as never to start [art.
From Thy paths: he may be in the world as Thou

9 He may be without sin,
All holy and clean,
He may be as his Master, all glorious within.

10 Without blemish, or blot,
Without wrinkle, or spot, [thought.
Without power to offend Thee in deed, word, or

11 The promise is sure,
It shall always endure,
And I as my God shall be spotless and pure.

12 Thou again shalt appear,
My faith's Finisher,
And I in Thy love shall be perfected here.

13 I aim at the prize,
It is now in my eyes,
To perfection I press, to perfection I rise.

14 I seek, and pursue,
I shall find the pearl too,
For He who hath promised is faithful and true.

15 Thee, Lord, I receive,
And to me Thou shalt give
A power, without sin in Thine image to live.

16 Thine image is love,
And I surely shall prove
That holy delight of the angels above.
17 Less cannot suffice
Than the pearl of great price:
Speak, Lord, and I now in Thy likeness shall rise.
18 I am sure it shall be,
I shall walk before Thee,
And be perfect as God, when my God is in me.

CXXXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 19.

1 My Jesus, my Lamb,
All weakness I am,
But strength and salvation are found in Thy name.
2 I come for the grace
Thy Father did place
On Thee for myself, and for all the lost race.
3 Be near to defend,
Continue my Friend;
I know Thou hast loved me; but love to the end.
4 Our Safeguard Thou art,
And shouldst Thou depart,
I perish, destroy'd by my own evil heart.
5 But I trust Thou wilt stay
Till I see the glad day, [away.
When Thy blood shall have wash'd all my evil
6 I have faith in Thy blood,
It hath brought me to God,
And I in Thine image shall soon be renew'd.
7 I shall throughly be clean,
And all holy within;
Thine image can harbour no relics of sin.

8 Of pardon possess'd,
Yet can I not rest
In the first gift, but earnestly covet the best.
9 The best I shall prove,
When perfect in love,
I serve Thee on earth as the angels above.
10 This, this is the prize,
To perfection I rise,
And walk before God till I fly to the skies.

CXXXII. THE SAME.—Hymn 20.

1 My Saviour and King,
Thy conquest I sing;
Goliath is slain with a stone and a sling.
2 Thine arm did o'erthrow,
And laid my sin low,
And now in Thy strength I can tread on the foe.
3 The world and its god
Are more than subdued;
I have faith, O my Lamb, I have faith in Thy blood.
4 Thy blood makes us clean
Both without and within,
It conquers the world, and the devil, and sin.
5 By the blood of the Lamb
The martyrs o'ercame;
And its virtue is now, and for ever the same.
6 It washes the foul,
It makes the sick whole,
And hallows, and perfects the penitent soul.
7 I felt it applied,
The life-giving tide
Hath brought me to God, and in God I abide.

8 I shall feel it again
Washing out the old stain:
Then away with your spots, for not one shall remain!
9 My Lord from above
Shall the mountain remove,
And I then shall be spotless, and perfect in love

CXXXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 21.

1 O Saviour, whose blood
For sinners hath flow'd,
I believe Thou hast suffer'd, to bring me to God.
2 My goodness Thou art,
Impute and impart
Thy virtue to quiet, and hallow my heart.
3 The infinite store
Of Thy merit runs o'er;
For me Thou hast purchased forgiveness, *and more.*
4 I believe Thou hast died
To redeem me from pride,
From anger, desire, and all evil beside.
5 And shall I not live
In full hope to receive
All the graces and blessings the Lamb hath to give?
6 Can it anger the Lamb,
That I trust in Thy name,
My uttermost Jesus for ever the same?
7 Does it injure Thy blood,
That I trust, the pure flood
Shall cleanse from all sin, and then waft me to God?
8 Nay, nay, but I feel
It is after Thy will
My faith, that Thou wilt all my sicknesses heal.

9 The promise is sure
To the helpless and poor, [cure.
Their souls, as their bodies, Thou throughly canst
10 Thou hast heal'd me in part,
And ready Thou art
To fill up my faith, and possess my whole heart.
11 Thou art just to Thy word,
And I shall be restored,
And holy, and perfect, and pure as my Lord.
12 In patience I wait,
For my God to create,
And raise me on earth to my former estate.
13 My faith is not vain,
I am sure to regain
His image, and lord of His creatures to reign.
14 I to God shall be join'd
In heart and in mind,
And again in my Jesus my paradise find.

CXXXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 22.

1 O God of all grace,
Thy goodness we praise;
Thy Son Thou hast given to die in our place.
2 With joy we approve
The design of Thy love;
'T is a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.
3 Tongue cannot explain
That love of God-man,
Which the angels desire to look into in vain.
4 It dazzles our eyes:
Thought cannot arise,
To find out a cause why the Infinite dies.

5 Or if pity inclined
Him to die for mankind,
The ground of His pity what seraph can find?

6 He came from above,
Our curse to remove; [love.
He hath loved, He hath loved us, because He *would*

7 Love moved Him to die,
And on this we rely:
He hath loved, He hath loved us, we cannot tell why!

8 But this we can tell,
He hath loved us so well,
As to lay down His life to redeem us from hell.

9 He hath ransom'd our race;
O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing Thy unspeakable grace?

10 Nothing else will we know
In our journey below,
But singing Thy grace, to Thy paradise go.

11 Nay, and when we remove
To the mansions above,
Our heaven shall still be to sing of Thy love.

12 Thrice happy employ!
We there shall enjoy
A fulness of pleasure that never can cloy.

13 The heavenly choir
With us shall aspire,
And gladly our loving Redeemer admire.

14 Thy wonders of grace
The angels shall praise,
Yet ever come short in their loftiest lays.

15 We all shall commend
The love of our Friend,
For ever beginning what never shall end.

16 When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom, or shore.

17 For this do we wait;
Come, Lord, and translate
Our souls to their perfectly glorious estate.

18 O hasten the day!
He will not delay,
But quickly return, and conduct us away.

19 Ere long we shall fly
To the regions on high,
For *Israel's* Strength cannot vary, or lie.

20 He soon shall appear,
He more than draws near;
Our Jesus *is* come, and eternity's here!

CXXXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 23.

1 We wrestle not with flesh and blood,
Whoe'er to Jesu's sway submit,
Nature's desires all are subdued,
And trodden down beneath our feet.

2 We that are Christ's have crucified
The flesh, and every worldly lust;
And still we feel the blood applied,
And in a present Saviour trust.

3 Sin shall not have dominion now,
Or in our mortal body reign,
To Satan's yoke we scorn to bow,
And cast away his servile chain.

4 To those dear wounds we calmly fly,
Whence rivers of salvation flow;
And thence, when sin draws near, defy
A feeble, vanquish'd, dying foe.

5 Redemption through Thy blood we have,
And strength, and righteousness in Thee,
And still we find Thee near to save,
And faith is still the victory.

6 Thou keepest us in perfect peace:
The peace a constant power imparts,
And forces sin and strife to cease,
And rules in all believing hearts.

7 Thy help we every moment feel;
We own Thee good, and strong, and true,
And fill'd with power invincible,
Through Jesus we can all things do.

8 Through Thee we can in faith abide,
And steadfast to the end endure,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And pure as God Himself is pure.

CXXXVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 24.

1 Jesu, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into Thy protection take,
And gather with Thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While at our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in Thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die,
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

7 Keep us till then in perfect peace,
And call us each to prove
An endless age of heavenly bliss,
An endless age of love.

CXXXVII. THE SAME. THANKSGIVING.—Hymn 25.

1 In Jesus's name On sinners I call,
My Saviour proclaim, Who suffer'd for all:
My friends and my neighbours, Who pitied my pain,
Rejoice, that my labours Have not been in vain.

2 My pain is relieved, My sorrow is past,
And I have received The blessing at last,
Recover'd His favour, (So harass'd and toss'd),
And found in my Saviour The piece I had lost.

3 I lift up my voice, To pardon restored,
And bid you rejoice In Jesus my Lord;
I call the oppress'd My Saviour to own,
I cannot be bless'd And happy alone.

4 Then let us agree Our Jesus to praise:
Come, triumph with me, And tell of His grace;
No fear ye shall stumble By doing His will,
Be thankful and humble, But never *be still.*

CXXXVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 26.

1 Join all in earth, and all in heaven,
The saving sovereign name to' adore,
The name to dying sinners given,
That all might live, and sin no more.

2 Bow every soul at Jesu's name,
At Jesu's name ye angels bow,
Extol the great supreme I AM,
Praise Him through one eternal now.

3 Praise Him ye first-born sons of light,
With shouts your glorious Monarch own,
We have in Him a nearer right,
For Jesus is our flesh and bone.

4 Wherefore on you we ever call,
To' adore the name to sinners given,
To praise the Lamb, who died for all,
Join all in earth, and all in heaven.

CXXXIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 27.

1 Jesus the Conqueror reigns,
In glorious strength array'd,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:
Ye sons of men rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love,
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice
To Him who rules above.

2 Extol His kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on His Father's throne;
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of His cross.

3 That bloody banner see,
And in your Captain's sight
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers fight.
In mighty phalanx join'd,
Undaunted all proceed,
Arm'd with the' unconquerable mind
That was in Christ your Head.

4 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands,
The heavenly kingdom suffers force,
'Tis seized by violent hands;

See there the starry crown,
That glitters through the skies,
Satan, the world, and sin tread down,
And take the glorious prize.

5 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood ye must the entrance gain;
Yet O! disdain to fear:
Courage, your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew,
Toil ye shall have, yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you.

6 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath that Hand,
Which arms us for the war;
This is the victory,
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you, and me!
Believe, and conquer all.

7 Satan shall be repell'd;
The world's imperious god
Shall fly before our sacred shield,
Our trust in Jesu's blood:
Jesus hath cleft his crown,
Of old from glory driven,
And cast the bold aspirer down,
As lightning out of heaven.

8 Him, and his powers below
He bound, and captive led,
Our rising Lord in open show
His hellish spoils display'd;

O'er all the' infernal host
He more than conqueror was,
And dragg'd them at His wheels, the boast
And triumph of His cross.

9 'Twas there our peace He bought;
Though nail'd to yonder tree,
His hands have our salvation wrought,
And got the victory:
He felt the mortal dart,
The horror breathing king
Shot all our sin into His heart,
And death hath lost his sting.

10 Death is all swallow'd down,
Our sins are wash'd away,
The guilt, the guilt of sin is gone,
The power can never stay.
Our worst, our inbred foe
By Jesus is subdued,
Our mountain sins melt down, and flow
And sink into His blood.

11 We now shall more than win
The fight through Jesu's name,
Conquerors o'er hell, and earth, and sin
In the victorious Lamb;
The Lamb a lion is,
And all His foes shall slay,
And fly upon the spoil, and seize,
And take His lawful prey.

12 The Spirit of His power
Into our souls shall come,
And all our foes destroy, devour,
And all our sins consume:

The jealous Lord of hosts
Shall full dominion have,
Shall all, who in His merits trust,
Even to the utmost save.

13 Then let us all proceed,
In Jesu's conquest share,
Boldly march up with Christ our Head,
That thunderbolt of war;
Jesus hath all broke through,
Hell, earth, and sin, and death,
And we shall more than conquer too,
Who Jesu's Spirit breathe.

14 Through faith in our dear Lord
We surely shall obtain
The promise of a full reward,
And here with Jesus reign;
We without sin shall live,
Before we hence remove,
Our heavenly calling's prize receive,
The crown of perfect love.

15 Our souls like God raised up
Shall live no more to die,
Our flesh dissolved shall rest in hope
Of immortality:
Jesus shall soon appear,
With royal glory crown'd,
Our dust the trump of God shall hear,
And kindle at the sound.

16 Quicken'd by power Divine,
We all shall see, and know
The Son of Man's triumphant sign,
The cross we bore below;

Caught up we all shall rise,
Our Master's glory share,
And take our seats above the skies,
And reign for ever there.

CXL. THE SAME.—Hymn 28.

"*The whole armour of God.*"—Ephesians vi. 13.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day;
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness Divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole;
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

5 Let truth the girdle be,
That binds your armour on,
In faithful, firm sincerity
To Jesus cleave alone.
Let faith and love combine
To guard your valiant breast:
The plate be righteousness Divine,
Imputed, and impress'd.

6 Still let your feet be shod,
Ready His will to do,
Ready in all the ways of God
His glory to pursue:
Ruin is spread beneath,
The gospel greaves put on,
And safe through all the snares of death
To life eternal run.

7 But above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield,
Arm'd with that adamant, and gold,
Be sure to win the field;
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood.

8 Jesus hath died for you!
What can His love withstand?
Believe; hold fast your shield; and who
Shall pluck you from His hand?
Believe, that Jesus reigns,
All power to Him is given;
Believe, till freed from sin's remains,
Believe yourselves to heaven.

9 Your Rock can never shake:
Hither, He saith, come up!
The helmet of salvation take,
The confidence of hope:
Hope for His perfect love,
Hope for His people's rest,
Hope to sit down with Christ above,
And share the marriage feast.

10 Brandish in faith till then
The Spirit's two-edged sword,
Hew all the snares of fiends and men
In pieces with the word;
'*T is written;* This applied
Baffles their strength and art;
Spirit and soul with this divide,
And joints and marrow part.

11 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer;
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.

12 Pray, without ceasing pray,
(Your Captain gives the word,)
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord;
To God your every want
In instant prayer display,
Pray always; pray, and never faint,
Pray, without ceasing pray.

13 In fellowship; alone,
To God with faith draw near,
Approach His courts, besiege His throne
With all the powers of prayer:
Go to His temple, go,
Nor from His altar move;
Let every house His worship know,
And every heart His love.

14 To God your spirits dart,
Your souls in words declare,
Or groan, to Him who reads the heart,
The' unutterable prayer.
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth His praise,
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

15 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees,
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for *Sion's* peace;
Your guides, and brethren, bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.

16 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;
Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

CXLI. THE SAME. THE TAKING OF JERICHO.—Hymn 29. [Joshua vi.]

1 Arise, ye men of war,
Prevent the morning ray,
Prepare, your Captain cries, prepare,
Your Captain leads the way:
He calls you forth to fight,
Where yonder ramparts rise,
Ramparts of a stupendous height,
Ramparts that touch the skies.

2 Who dares approach those towers?
Who can those walls o'erturn?
The city braves all human powers,
And laughs a siege to scorn.
Who shall the city take,
The *Jericho* within?
Not all the powers of earth can shake
The strength of inbred sin.

3 Impregnable it stands,
Strong, and wall'd up to heaven;
But God into our *Joshua's* hands
The citadel hath given;

The fortress and its king,
And all his valiant men,
Our Captain to the ground shall bring,
And on their ruins reign.

4 All power He hath to quell,
And conquer and o'erthrow,
All power in heaven, and earth, and hell,
To root out every foe;
Through Him divinely bold
Let all His soldiers fight,
Now of your Captain's strength take hold,
And conquer in His might.

5 Ye people all pass on;
Ye men of war surround
The city by your Captain won;
Attend the trumpet's sound:
The priests whom He hath chose
Pass on before the Lord,
And each a ram's-horn trumpet blows,
The trumpet of the word.

6 The holy ark they bear,
The covenant of His grace,
And tidings of great joy declare
To all the fallen race:
They make His mercies known,
His promises they show:
Go in the track your guides have shown,
To certain conquest go.

7 In sight of God proceed,
Follow the ark Divine,
In all the ways and statutes tread,
Which He hath pleased to' enjoin:

Pray always, fast, and pray,
And watch to do His will;
All His commands with joy obey,
All righteousness fulfil.

8 With patience persevere,
Still in His ways be found,
Still to the city walls draw near,
And day by day surround;
Continue in His word,
On all His means attend,
Bearing the burden of the Lord,
And hoping to the end.

9 Arise, your strength renew,
Your glorious toil repeat,
Follow the ark, your Lord pursue,
And for His promise wait;
In deepest silence go;
Your *Joshua* cries, Be still,
Assured His truth and power to know,
And prove His perfect will.

10 Tried to the uttermost
His faithful word shall be,
Who in the strength of Jesus trust
Shall gain the victory:
But wait for your reward,
And give your clamours o'er,
Tarry the leisure of your Lord,
Nor ever murmur more.

11 The solemn day draws nigh,
When sin shall have its doom,
Faith sees it with an eagle's eye,
And cries, The day is come;

The seventh morn I see,
And hasten to be blest,
Enjoy an instant victory,
An antedated rest.

12 The walls are compass'd round,
This circuit is the last:
The ark stands still: the trumpets sound
A long continued blast:
The people turn their eyes
On the devoted walls;
And shout, the mighty *Joshua* cries,
And lo! the city falls!

13 Its proud aspiring brow
Lies level with the ground;
It lies, and not one stone is now
Upon another found.
The walls are flat, the deep
Foundations are o'erthrown;
The lofty fortress is an heap,
And sin is trodden down.

14 The strength of sin is lost,
And *Babylon* the great
Is fallen, fallen to the dust,
Has found its final fate.
Partakers of our hope,
We seize what God hath given,
And trampling down all sin go up,
And straight ascend to heaven.

15 But shall not sin remain,
And in its ruins live?
No, Lord; we trust, and not in vain,
Thy fulness to receive:

Thy strength and saving grace
Thou shalt for us employ,
The being of all sin erase,
And utterly destroy.

16 Actual and inbred sin
Shall feel Thy two-edged sword:
The city is, with all therein,
Devoted to the Lord:
Thy word cannot be broke,
Thou wilt Thine arm display,
Thou wilt with one continual stroke
Our sin for ever slay.

17 Woman, and man, and beast,
And ox, and ass, and sheep,
All, all at once shall be oppress'd
By death's eternal sleep;
Never to rise again,
Both young and old shall fall;
Not one shall 'scape, not one remain,
But die, and perish all.

18 The human beast and fiend
Thou, Lord, shalt take away,
And make the old transgression end,
And all its relics slay;
The proud and carnal will,
The selfish vain desire,
Thou all our sins at once shalt kill,
And burn them all with fire.

CXLII. THE SAME. FOR THE MORNING.—HYMN 30.

1 FATHER, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes and restless heart,
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good Thou art,
To' obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The saving power of Jesu's name.

2 The slumber from my soul I shake,
Warn'd by Thy Spirit's inward call,
And up to righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall,
Or give to sin and Satan place,
But walk in all Thy righteous ways.

3 O wouldst Thou, Lord, Thy servant guard
'Gainst every known or secret foe,
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
Ever apprised of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly.

4 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell,
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe, and loving zeal,
And bless me with that godly fear,
And plant that guardian angel here.

5 Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart,
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

CXLIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 31.

1 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My Help, and Refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine,
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me with Thy dear name are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesu, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory, and my crown.

4 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour,
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

CXLIV. THE SAME. BEFORE WORK.—Hymn 32.

1 Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thine acceptable will.

3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

6 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

CXLV. THE SAME. IN AN HURRY OF BUSINESS.—Hymn 33.

1 Help, Lord! the busy foe
Is as a flood come in!
Lift up a standard, and o'erthrow
This soul distracting sin:
This sudden tide of care
Stem by that bloody tree,
Nor let the rising torrent bear
My soul away from Thee.

2 The praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart,
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart:
My feeble mind sustain
By worldly thoughts oppress'd:
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize,
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace,
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of Thy love,
And shut me up in God.

CXLVI. THE SAME. FOR A FAMILY.—HYMN 34.

1 JESU, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy name agree,
Show Thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By Thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread Thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To Thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger, and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide,
All the depth of love express,
All the height of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

CXLVII. THE SAME. ON ENTERING AN HOUSE.—HYMN 35.

1 PEACE be to this habitation!
Peace to every soul herein!
Peace, the foretaste of salvation,
Peace, the seal of cancell'd sin,
Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver,
Peace to earthly minds unknown,
Peace Divine, that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne!

2 On the son of peace descending,
On the daughter of Thy grace,
Big with comforts never ending,
Let the promise now take place:
Each receive the gracious shower,
Each the gospel blessing prove,
Witness of Thy pardoning power,
Witness of Thy perfect love.

3 Now Thy love-infusing Spirit
Shed in every heart abroad,
Rise, through Thy imputed merit,
Every child a child of God!
Each receive the constant witness,
Each obtain the joyous rest,
Taste in Thee celestial sweetness,
God residing in their breast.

4 Claim for Thine each faithful servant,
By the reconciling word,
Pure in heart, in spirit fervent,
Let them serve their heavenly Lord,
For Thy pardoning love adore Thee,
Walk in spotless liberty,
Brethren to the King of glory,
Friends of God, and heirs with Thee!

5 Visit, Lord, with Thy salvation
Every providential guest,
Every friend, and kind relation
Take into Thy people's rest:
Conscious of Thy sacred presence
Let them feel the loving fear,
Cry with blissful acquiescence
God, the pardoning God is here!

6 Prince of peace, if Thou art near us,
Fix in all our hearts Thy home,
By Thy last appearing cheer us,
Quickly let Thy kingdom come:
Answer all our expectation,
Give our raptured souls to prove
Glorious, uttermost salvation,
Heavenly, everlasting love!

CXLVIII. THE SAME. FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Hymn 36.

1 The Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days,
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth He us in mercy spare
Another, and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, Let it still alone!
The Father mild inclines His ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, Thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space,
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To Thy great praise abound,
O let us all Thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

CXLIX. THE SAME. AN HOURLY ACT OF OBLATION.—Hymn 37.

1 God of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek Thy face;
Through Jesus Christ the Just
My faint desires receive,
And let me in Thy goodness trust,
And to Thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I speak, or do,
Thy glory be my aim:
My offerings all are offer'd through
The ever-blessed name:
Jesus, my single eye
Is fix'd on Thee alone,
Thy name be praised on earth, on high,
Thy will by all be done.

3 Spirit of grace, inspire
My consecrated heart,
Fill me with pure celestial fire,
With all Thou hast, or art:
My feeble mind transform,
And perfectly renew'd
Into a saint exalt a worm,
A worm exalt to God.

CL. THE SAME.—Hymn 38.

1 How happy are they
Who the Master obey!
He calls them His friends,
And never their joy, or their happiness ends.

2 At Jesus's feet
Transported we sit,
And all the day long
We tell of His goodness, and sing the new song.

3 His goodness we praise,
His mercy and grace,
And zealously strive
Who most his salvation to Jesus shall give.

4 Salvation to God,
Who bought us with blood;
Through Jesus's name
Acceptance, and pardon, and heaven we claim.

5 By mercy alone
He made us His own:
His mercy is free;
How else could He love such a rebel as me!

6 This still is the cry,
He hath loved us, but why
We never can tell,
The effects of His passion we only can feel.

7 We feel it, and pray
The world might obey
Our Saviour and King,
Whose mercy to all His salvation would bring.

8 O that all men would prove
His sweetness of love,
And come to receive
The pardon to all He so freely did give!

9 O that every knee
Might bow unto Thee!
Their ransom and peace,
Thee, Jesus, let every sinner confess!

O hasten the day:
Thou hear'st what we say:
Thy pleasure be done,
And answer Thyself, for the prayer is Thine own.

CLI. THE SAME.—HYMN 39.

1 O LOVE unknown!
God's only Son,
All earth and heaven's Desire
Leaves for me His glorious throne,
Doth for me expire.

2 See, sinners, see
He dies for me,
For you His life He pours!
Blessings rain from yonder tree
In eternal showers.

3 Come catch the blood,
And life of God,
And lose your guilty fears,
Rise, released from all your load,
Jesus' cross appears!

4 Break hearts of stone
To hear Him groan,
To hear His dying prayer,
Father, look with pity down,
And My murderers spare.

5 He prays, and cries!
He bleeds, and dies!
Appeased by sacred gore
God accepts His sacrifice,
Man is cursed no more.

6 O matchless grace!
The Prince of peace
The' immortal King of heaven
Suffers in His murderers' place,
And we are all forgiven.

CLII. THE SAME.—HYMN 40.

1 O THAT I could
Cast all my load
Of guilt and grief and care
On the sin-atoning God,
Who hangs expiring there!

2 O that my mind
On Him reclined,
Till all these storms are o'er,
Might abiding comfort find,
And disbelieve no more!

3 Thou slaughter'd Lamb,
If Thine I am,
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Blow the spark into a flame,
And set me all on fire.

4 Look from the tree,
As when for me
Thou didst the death endure:
Let Thy blood the medicine be,
And all my sickness cure.

5 Pity my grief,
And *look* relief,
The worst of sinners spare;
Saviour of the dying thief,
Regard my latest prayer.

6 Regard *Thy own*,
Repeat '*Tis done*,
Declare my sins forgiven,
Ransom'd by Thy mortal groan
Receive me up to heaven.

CLIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 41.

1 How truly bless'd
The soul distress'd
That can pour out a prayer
Into his Redeemer's breast,
And tell Him all his care.

2 O when shall I
Find power to cry,
A never-failing power!
Send me succour from the sky,
In my distressing hour.

3 For this alone
I make my moan,
But want that grief sincere:
Let me in Thy Spirit groan,
Till Thou my God appear.

4 Thee, Jesus, Thee
I long to see,
To tell Thee my desire;
Help my soul's infirmity,
And grant what I require.

5 I ask not ease
In my distress,
But till the pain is o'er
Let me pray, and never cease:
I ask, I want no more.

6 What shall I say
Who cannot pray,
Or how my Lord conjure?
Let Thy death the grace convey,
And all my hardness cure.

7 Canst Thou forget
Thy bloody sweat,
Thy agony of passion,
Thy extended hands and feet,
Thy dying exclamation?

8 To Thee alone
The grief is known
Which Thou for me didst bear;
Let it break my heart of stone,
And melt me into prayer.

9 The sight display
Which turn'd the day
Into a night of fears,
Made the sun shrink in his ray,
And shook the frighted spheres.

10 Thee, Saviour, Thee
Could I but see
As for my sins expire,
Surely that must raise in me
The penitent desire.

11 Thy body torn,
Thy soul forlorn,
Must strengthen my petition,
Force my stubbornness to mourn
In tears of true contrition.

12 Now, Lord, appear,
As slaughter'd *here*,

In Thy last conflict crying—
O '*Tis done!*—I see Him near,
My Love, my Jesus dying!
13 I feel applied
The crimson tide,
That makes my conscience pure,
Saviour, keep me in Thy side,
And all my heaven is sure.

CLIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 42.

1 REJOICE, and sing,
(The Lord is King,)
And make a cheerful noise,
To God your ceaseless praises bring,
Again I say, Rejoice.
2 Ye sons of grace,
Your voices raise,
And rival those above,
Delight in your Redeemer's praise,
And dwell upon His love.
3 The great I AM
From heaven He came,
To make that heaven our own:
Bow every knee to Jesu's name
And kiss the incarnate Son.
4 The Son of God
Pour'd out His blood
And soul in sacrifice:
Plunge all in that mysterious flood,
That bears you to the skies.
5 The Victim slain
Arose again.

Returning from the dead:
Ye saints, essay your choicest strain,
And shout your living Head:

6 Who left the sky,
Went up on high,
And reassumed His own:
Ye saints to yon bright regions fly,
And light upon His throne.

7 His glorious reign
He shall maintain;
Your crowns from Him receive,
And live, redeem'd from death and pain,
As long as God shall live.

CLV. THE SAME.—Hymn 43.

"*Come, for all things are now ready.*" [Luke xiv. 17.]

1 Sinners, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready; come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss His late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you His bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of His love
Just now the stony to remove,
To' apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash, and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Is ready with their shining host,
All heaven is ready to resound
"The dead's alive, the lost is found!"

6 Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

7 A pardon written with His blood,
The favour, and the peace of God,
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence;

8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart,
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your soul to heaven;

9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The' unutterable tenderness,
The genuine meek humility,
The wonder, "Why such love to me!"

10 The' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face,
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love!

CLVI. FOR ONE THAT IS SICK, BEFORE USING THE MEANS OF RECOVERY.—

Hymn 1.

1 Virtue Divine, balsamic Word,
All-quickening, all-informing soul,
By whom *Bethesda's* waters stirr'd,
Could make the various lazars whole;

2 Angel of covenanted grace,
Come, and Thy healing power infuse,
Descend in Thine own time, and bless,
And give the means their hallow'd use.

3 Obedient to Thy will alone,
To Thee in means I calmly fly;
My life, I know, is not my own,
To God I live, to God I die.

4 In heaven my heart and treasure is,
Yet while I sojourn here beneath,
I dare not wish for my release,
Or once indulge the lust of death.

5 Thy holy will be ever mine;
If Thou on earth detain me still,
I bow, and bless the grace Divine,
I suffer all Thy holy will.

6 I come, if Thou my strength restore,
To serve Thee with my strength renew'd;
Grant me but this, (I ask no more,)
To spend, and to be spent, for God.

CLVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 Hail, great Physician of mankind,
Jesus Thou art from every ill,
Health in Thine only name we find,
Thy name doth in the medicine heal.

2 Thy name the fainting soul restores,
Strength to the languid body brings,
Renews exhausted nature's powers,
And bears us as on eagle's wings.

3 Faith in Thy sovereign name I have,
And wait its healing power to know,
Assured, that it my flesh shall save,
Till all Thy work is done below.

4 Then, Saviour, for my spirit call,
My spirit all conform'd to Thine;
And let this tabernacle fall,
To rise rebuilt by hands Divine.

CLVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 Jesus, was ever love like Thine,
So strong, and permanent, and pure!
Strange mystery this of love Divine,
That stripes should heal, and death should cure.

2 How costly was the medicine, Lord,
The medicine which Thy wounds supplied!
That I might live, to health restored,
My Lamb, my good Physician died.

3 My God, my all, O Christ, Thou art,
On Thee for every good I call,
Thy death shall life and strength impart;
O Christ, Thou art my God, my all.

4 Let others to the creature fly,
I still betake me to Thy blood,
I on Thy only blood rely
For life, for physic, and for food.

5 Thy blood did all my sorrows calm,
And ease the anguish of my soul,
And when I ask for *Gilead's* Balm,
It still is near to make me whole.

6 Thy powerful blood can clothe again
My feeble flesh with strength renew'd,
Sorrow, and malady, and pain
Shall fly before Thy powerful blood.

7 Whate'er my heavenly Father wills,
Through faith in Thee I still receive,
Thy blood my every promise seals,
And quicken'd by Thy blood I live.

8 Thy blood shall wash me white as snow;
It now hath brought me near to God,
And all my gifts and blessings flow
Through the dear channel of Thy blood.

9 To buy, and make me free indeed,
The ransom of Thy blood was given,
For me Thy blood on earth was shed,
And now it intercedes in heaven.

10 It speaks to God, *my* God, for me,
For me obtains whate'er is best;
And lo! the bleeding Lamb I see,
And in Thy wounds for ever rest.

CLIX. FOR ONE IN PAIN.—Hymn 1.

1 Pain, my old companion pain,
Seldom parted from my side,
Welcome to thy seat again,
Here, if God permits, abide:
Pledge of sure-approaching ease,
Haste to stop my wretched breath,
Rugged messenger of peace,
Joyful harbinger of death.

2 Foe to nature as thou art,
I embrace thee as my friend:
Thou shalt bid my griefs depart,
Bring me to my journey's end:
Yes, I joyfully decay,
Homeward through thy help I haste;
Thou hast shook the house of clay;
Surely it will fall at last.

3 Kind remembrancer, to thee
Many a cheerful thought I owe:
Witness of mortality,
Wise through thee my end I know;
Warn'd by every pain I feel
Of my dissolution near;
Pleased the lessening hours I tell:
Quickly shall the last be here.

4 Sacred, salutary ill,
Thee though foolish man miscall,
Mingled by my Father's skill;
Sweet as honey is the gall:
Who beneath thy pressure groan,
Chief of ills who reckon thee,
Sin, alas! they ne'er have known:
Sin is perfect misery.

5 Free from sin I soon shall live,
Free from sin while here below,
Only thou may'st still survive,
Till the joys of heaven I know,
Of my starry crown possess'd;
All thy office then is o'er,
When I gain the glorious rest,
Pain and suffering are no more.

CLX. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 And shall I, Lord, the cup decline
So wisely mix'd by Love Divine,
And tasted first by Thee!
The bitter draught Thou drankest up,
And but this single, sacred drop
Hast Thou reserved for me.

2 Lo! I receive it at Thy hand,
And bear by Thy benign command
The salutary pain;
With Thee to live I gladly die,
And suffer here, above the sky
With my dear Lord to reign.

3 Here only can I show my love,
By suffering my obedience prove;
But when Thy heaven I share,
I cannot mourn for Jesu's sake,
I cannot there Thy cup partake,
I cannot suffer there.

4 Full gladly then for Thee I grieve,
The honour of Thy cross receive,
And bless the happy load:
Who would not in Thy footsteps tread,
Who would not bow, like Thee, his head,
And sympathise with God!

CLXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 Jesus, Thy sovereign name I bless!
Sorrow is joy, and pain is ease
To those that trust in Thee:

All things together work for good,
To me, the purchase of Thy blood,
The much-loved sinner me.

2 A feeble, helpless child of man
I suffer and *enjoy* my pain,
And hidden sweetness prove;
With pitying eyes and outstretch'd hands,
Before me still the Saviour stands,
In majesty of love.

3 Gladly I drink Thy mercy's cup,
I fill my Lord's afflictions up,
I now am truly great;
Exalted by Thy kind command,
By sufferings placed at Thy right hand,
I in Thy kingdom sit.

4 With Thee, O Christ, on earth I reign,
In all the awful pomp of pain;
But send my piercing eyes
The' eternal things unseen to see,
The crown of life reserved for me,
And glittering through the skies.

5 As sure as now Thy cross I bear,
I shall Thy heavenly kingdom share,
And take my seat above;
Celestial joy is in this pain,
It tells me, I with Thee shall reign,
In everlasting love.

6 The more my sufferings here increase,
The greater is my future bliss;
And Thou my griefs dost tell:

They in Thy book are noted down;
A jewel added to my crown
Is every pain I feel.

7 So be it then, if Thou ordain,
Crowd all my happy life with pain,
And let me daily die:
I bow, and bless the sacred sign,
And bear the cross, by grace Divine,
Which lifts me to the sky.

CLXII. FOR ONE IN A DECLINING STATE OF HEALTH.—Hymn 1.

1 God of my life, for Thee I pine,
For Thee I cheerfully decline,
And hasten to decay,
Summon'd to take my place above,
I hear the call, "Arise, My love,
My fair one, come away!"

2 Obedient to the voice of God,
I soon shall quit this earthly clod,
Shall lay my body down;
The' immortal principle aspires,
And swells my soul with strong desires
To grasp the starry crown.

3 The more the outward man decays,
The inner feels Thy strengthening grace,
And knows that Thou art mine:
Partaker of my glorious hope,
I here shall after Thee wake up,
Shall in Thine image shine.

4 Thou wilt not leave Thy work undone,
But finish what Thou hast begun,
Before I hence remove;
I shall be, Master, as Thou art,
Holy, and meek, and pure in heart,
And perfected in love.

5 Thou wilt cut short Thy work of grace,
And perfect in a babe Thy praise,
And strength for me ordain:
Thy blood shall make me throughly clean,
And not one spot of inbred sin
Shall in my flesh remain.

6 Dear Lamb, if Thou for me couldst die,
Thy love shall wholly sanctify,
Thy love shall seal me Thine;
Thou wilt from me no more depart,
My all in life and death Thou art,
Thou art for ever mine.

CLXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 Lamb, lovely Lamb, for sinners slain,
In weakness, weariness, and pain
Thy tender care I prove;
Continue still Thy tender care,
My spirit for Thyself prepare,
And perfect me in love.

2 In steadfast faith on Thee I call,
Saviour, and sovereign Lord of all,
My Brother, and my Friend;
Lead me my few remaining days,
And finish Thy great work of grace,
And love me to the end.

3 Till I from all my sins am freed,
O may I lean my languid head
On Thy dear, loving breast:
Thou, Jesu, catch my parting breath,
And let me smoothly glide through death
To my eternal rest.

4 Saviour, bring near the joyful hour,
The fulness of Thy Spirit pour,
And while I here remain,
Christ let it be that lives, not I:
Or now, permit me now to die;
To die is greatest gain.

5 Come then, my Health, my Hope, my Home,
My Love, my Life eternal, come,
Me to Thyself receive;
Soul, flesh, and spirit sanctify,
And bid me live in Thee to die,
And die in Thee to live.

CLXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 Jesu, my hope in life and death,
For Thee I spend my latest breath,
Till join'd to those above;
Thy faithful mercies I proclaim,
I sing the glories of the Lamb,
And gasp Thy dying love.

2 Thy dying love hath seal'd my peace,
Hath made my sins and sorrows cease,
And sweeten'd all my pain:
Thy dying love supports me now;
And lo! with Thee my head I bow,
And die with Thee to reign.

3 Out of the dust of death I rise,
I feel a life that never dies,
An hidden life Divine,
The earnest of my glorious bliss;
And this is heaven, and only this,
To know my Jesus mine.

4 Thou art my own, I know Thou art,
I feel Thee, Saviour, in my heart,
My utmost Saviour Thou
Hast seal'd me to redemption's day;
And now I cannot fall away,
I cannot leave Thee now.

5 Divinely confident I am,
And more than conquer in Thy name
Whate'er my hope withstands;
Upheld by Thee I all break through;
For who can loose Thy grasp? for who
Can pluck me from Thy hands?

6 Nor death, nor life can now disjoin,
Nor fiends shall tear my spirit from Thine,
Nor height, nor depth shall move,
Nor this, nor any future hour,
Nor all the creature's utmost power
Can part me from Thy love.

CLXV. FOR A SICK FRIEND.—Hymn 1.

1 Most meek, and tender-hearted Lamb,
Jesus, we call on Thy dear name,
Nor shall we call in vain;
In Thee we have not an high-priest
Who cannot be like us distress'd,
For *God-with-us* is man.

2 Thou feelest all the woes we feel,
A sufferer in Thy members still,
A man of griefs Thou art:
And now Thou dost the sickness bear
Of him, for whom we make our prayer,
And pour out all our heart.

3 Still, gracious Lord, delight to shed
Thy blessings on his favourite head,
Thy choicest blessings shower;
Preserve his mind in perfect peace,
And when his sufferings most increase,
O let his joys be more.

4 Give him Thy meek and quiet mind,
Patient, and perfectly resign'd
In all things let him be,
Nothing desire above, beneath,
Nor ease, nor pain, nor life, nor death,
But to be all like Thee.

5 Yet for Thy desolate *Sion* sake,
Ah! do not now receive him back
To Thy celestial choir:
A burning and a shining light,
Detain him in our land of night,
To set the world on fire.

6 Jesu, approach, and touch his hand,
(We ask in faith,) and now command
The fever to depart;
Now bid him in Thine image rise,
Possess'd of his high calling's prize,
A pure and perfect heart.

CLXVI. THE SAME.—HYMN 2.

1 O GOD, Thy truth, and power declare,
We wait the answer of our prayer,
We know it must be given:
The prayer of faith can never fail,
It enters now within the veil,
And shuts, and opens heaven.

2 Lord, we believe the promise true,
The prayer of faith can all things do,
When guided by Thy will;
It stops the parting spirit's flight,
Or brings it back from realms of light,
To serve Thy pleasure still.

3 In faith we wrestle for that soul;
Stir up Thy power, and make him whole,
Protract his happy days,
And let him all Thy goodness know,
A guardian angel here below,
A vessel of Thy grace.

4 Long may he to Thy glory live,
Thy richest promises receive,
Wash'd by Thy hallowing word
From every wrinkle, every spot;
Sinless in deed, and word, and thought,
In all things like his Lord.

5 We know Thou wilt not long delay,
We have the things for which we pray,
The prayer of faith is seal'd:
And he Thine utmost truth shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love,
With all Thy fulness fill'd.

6 Author of faith, Thy love we praise:
O what omnipotence of grace
Hast Thou on man bestow'd!
Thy mouth, O Lord, hath strangely said,
"Concerning those My hands have made
Ye worms, *command your* God!"

CLXVII. AFTER A RECOVERY.—Hymn 1.

1 All hail, Thou Lengthener of my days!
Thy dear preserving love I praise,
And thankfully receive
The present of my life restored;
O may I spend it for my Lord,
And to Thy glory live.

2 No other end of life I know,
I would not live one hour below,
But to show forth Thy praise,
To suffer all Thy gracious will,
And all Thy counsel to fulfil,
And blazon all Thy grace.

3 For this my soul exults in hope,
Joyful to take her burden up,
And still her flesh to bear,
Ready but now to take her flight,
And spring into the realms of light,
And see Thy glory there.

4 Yet since Thy will ordains it so,
Thy heaven I can awhile forego,
Thy heaven itself for Thee:
Thy good and perfect will to prove,
To do Thy will like those above
Is heaven enough for me.

CLXVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 God of my life, Thy love I praise:
What riches of restoring grace
Hast Thou on me, on me, bestow'd!
In answer to Thy people's prayer,
My body breathes this ambient air,
My soul is circumfused with God.

2 Thou, Lord, Thy promise hast fulfill'd,
The prayer of faith the sick hath heal'd,
Thy strength is in my weakness shown:
Thy goodness here with joy I see,
And give the glory all to Thee;
Thine is the work, and Thine alone.

3 Thou only didst the souls incline,
The gracious souls Thou callest Thine,
In my distress to feel their part:
Thy love infused the tender care,
And bade Thy dearest children bear
My vileness on their faithful heart.

4 Thy Spirit in their hearts did cry;
Thy Spirit would not let me die,
Till I had Thy salvation seen:
Thy Spirit shall the grace impart,
And change, and purify my heart,
And make me glorious all within.

5 *With* me He doth even now reside,
And *in* me He shall soon abide,
Spirit of health, and power, and love;
I shall obtain the perfect grace,
In holiness behold Thy face,
And serve Thee like Thy hosts above.

6 The earnest in my heart I feel;
Spirit of truth, apply Thy seal,
And stamp me with the stamp Divine;
Now, Lord, the glorious grace display,
And seal me to redemption's day,
And keep my soul for ever Thine.

CLXIX. FOR A SICK CHILD.

1 JESU, great Healer of mankind,
Who dost our sorrows bear,
Let an afflicted parent find
An answer to his prayer.

2 I look for help in Thee alone,
To Thee for succour fly;
My son is sick, my darling son,
And at the point to die.

3 By deep distress a suppliant made,
By agony of grief,
Most justly might Thy love upbraid
My lingering unbelief.

4 But Thou art ready still to run,
And grant our heart's desire:
Lord, in Thy healing power come down,
Before my child expire.

5 Surely if Thou pronounce the word,
If Thou the answer give,
My dying son shall be restored,
And to Thy glory live.

6 Rebuke the fever in this hour,
Command it to depart;
Now, let me now behold Thy power,
And give Thee all my heart.

7 O save the father in the son,
Restore him, Lord, to me;
My heart the miracle shall own,
And give him back to Thee.

8 I will, I will obey Thy word,
To Thee my all resign,
I, and my house will serve the Lord,
And live for ever Thine.

CLXX. ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.—Hymn 1.

1 Wherefore should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay,
God recalls the precious loan,
God hath taken him away,
From my bosom to His own;
Surely what He wills is best,
Happy in His will I rest.

3 Faith cries out, It is the Lord!
Let Him do as seems Him good:
Be Thy holy name adored,
Take the gift awhile bestow'd,
Take the child, no longer mine,
Thine he is, for ever Thine.

CLXXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 Glory to that victorious grace,
Through which a worm can all things do!
I stand o'erwhelm'd with vast amaze,
And scarce believe the wonder true;
'Tis more than heart could e'er conceive,
I know my child is dead—and live!

2 Where is the passionate regret,
The fond complaint, and lingering smart?
Can I my sucking child forget,
So freely with my *Isaac* part,
So cheerfully my all resign,
And triumph in the will Divine!

3 Son of my womb, my joy, my hope,
He lived, my yearning heart's desire;
Yet lo! I gladly yield him up,
No longer mine, if God require,
And with a sudden stroke remove,
Whom only less than God I love.

4 Nature would cry, My son, my son!
O that I now had died for thee!
But faith replies, His will be done,
Who lent the blessing first to me;
Lent, and resumes; it is the Lord!
His will be done, His name adored!

5 With all my soul, O Lord, I give
The child Thy love hath snatch'd away;
On earth I would not have him live,
With me I would not have him stay;
The sacrifice long since was o'er,
I stand to what I gave before.

6 I all have left for Jesu's sake,
  And shall I grieve to part with one!
No, if a wish could call him back,
  I would not have my darling son
Brought from his everlasting rest,
Snatch'd from his heavenly Father's breast.
7 Pass a few fleeting days, or years,
  And I shall see my child again;
When Jesus in the clouds appears,
  With Him I shall in glory reign,
I and the children He hath given,
Inseparably join'd in heaven.

CLXXII. OBLATION OF A SICK CHILD.

1 FATHER, Thy will be done, not mine,
  Thy only will be done!
To Thee my *Isaac* I resign,
  I render up my son.
2 Without a murmuring wish I give
  The child Thou gavest to me;
Or let him to Thy glory live,
  Or let him die to Thee.
3 I dare not deprecate the cross,
  Or of my loss complain,
Assured my momentary loss
  Is his eternal gain.
4 I hear the providential word,
  I bless the will Divine;
Remove him from my bosom, Lord,
  And take him up to Thine.

CLXXIII. A MOTHER'S THANKSGIVING FOR THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

1 All praise to God on high,
Who sets His heart on man,
And beckons from the sky,
And bids him turn again,
Gathers unto Himself his breath,
And blesses by an early death.

2 Even now His arms receive
The spirit of my child:
He gave him to believe,
He *show'd* him reconciled,
Cut short the sudden work of grace,
And caught him up to see His face.

3 The hallowing Spirit's prayer
Breathed from his sprinkled heart,
And cried, The new-born heir
Is ready to depart!
And blessings on his friends approve
The faith that sweetly works by love.

4 His faith is lost in sight,
His prayers are lost in praise,
Amidst the saints in light
He sings the Saviour's grace,
Which strangely kept his conscience clean,
Unspotted in a world of sin.

5 So early to remove
And quit the vale of tears,
A miracle of love
Throughout his *fourteen* years,
Preserved his sacred innocence,
And snatch'd him uncorrupted hence.

6 Who kept his garments white,
Hath call'd him to a crown,
And lo! from *Sion's* height
The happy spirit looks down,
Beyond the range of fiends removed,
Took from a world he never loved.

7 He cannot love it now,
Or feel its poisoning power,
To Satan's image bow,
Whom all mankind adore,
Worship the learn'd, or scarlet beast,
Or seek in creature good his rest.

8 Nor pleasure soft can soothe
His unsuspecting heart,
Or tempt his heedless youth
From Jesus to depart;
Nor grandeur turn his steps aside,
That stately littleness of pride!

9 He cannot now aspire
With a malicious joy,
(While envious passions fire
The fond applauded boy)
Or cloak his honourable shame
With *Emulation's* specious name.

10 Ambition in his breast
Shall never, never glow;
In garb angelic drest,
And deified below,
It issued from the dark abodes,
"The glorious fault"* of devil-gods!

* Compare Wesley's Works, "Thoughts on the Writings of Prior," vol. xiii., p. 386.

11 The soul superior soars
To heaven's unfolding scene,
The everlasting doors
Receive the stranger in,
And angels hail the new-born heir,
And kindred saints salute him there.

12 A royal coronet
Upon his head they place,
With stars of glory set,
And pearls of heavenly grace;
They robe him in the milk-white vest,
And deck him for the marriage feast.

13 They bring his golden lyre,
And lo! he strikes the strings,
Amidst the' angelic choir
The song of *Moses* sings,
The' angelic choir, transported prove
Diviner joys, and stronger love.

14 He lives to die no more,
He reigns above the sky,—
And I the blessing bore,
A joyful mother I
My darling son have freely given
To' exalt the happiness of heaven.

CLXXIV. EPITAPH.

1 THREE innocents lie buried here,
Who in their dawn of day
Rejoiced before the Lord to' appear,
And 'scaped at once away.

2 At once their pardon they received
With Jesu's blood applied,
His witnesses awhile they lived,
His witnesses they died.

3 Quicken'd at once they soon shall rise,
Their Saviour's joy to share:
Reader, expect Him from the skies,
And thou shalt meet Him there.

CLXXV. EPITAPH ON MRS. SUSANNA WESLEY.

1 In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A *Christian* here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for the crown.

2 True daughter of affliction she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.

3 The Father then reveal'd His Son,
Him in the broken bread made known,
She knew, and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of *her* heaven.

4 Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, "Arise, My love:"
"I come," her dying looks replied,
And lamb-like as her Lord she died!

CLXXVI. ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH WITHAM.*

1 And is the happy spirit fled?
And is she number'd with the dead,
Who live to God above?
Make haste, my soul, her steps pursue,
And fight like her thy passage through,
To yon bright throne of love.

2 By her example fired I rise,
My blissful mansion in the skies
Determined to secure;
And if I dare believe the word,
And follow her as she her Lord,
The glorious prize is sure.

3 The speaking saint, though dead, I hear,
Who pass'd her time in lowly fear,
Her cheerful time below:
A daily death on earth she died,
Her Jesus, and Him crucified,
Resolved alone to know.

4 Since first she felt the sprinkled blood,
She never lost her hold of God,
She never went astray;
When stronger souls their Lord forsook,
And shamefully threw off His yoke,
And cast His cross away.

5 His welcome cross with joy she bore,
And trod the path He trod before,
And close pursued the Lamb:
His faithful confessor she stood,
And simply own'd the dying God,
And gloried in His shame.

* Compare Wesley's Journal, under date November 29th, 1747.

6 Regardless of their smile, and frown,
She calmly on the world look'd down,
With grief, and wonder moved
That every tongue should not confess,
And every heart *her* Lord embrace,
Whom more than life she loved.

7 With all her heart she clave to God,
Her love by her obedience show'd,
In all His statutes found,
In all the channels of His grace,
Her soul revered the hallow'd place,
And kiss'd the sacred ground.

8 The new-born babe desired the word,
She flew with joy to meet her Lord,
Assembled with His own:
In vain the feeble body fail'd,
The soul its tottering clay upheld,
And lived by faith alone.

9 Before the morning watch her cry
Prevail'd with God, and from the sky
Brought showers of blessings down:
Her treasure, heart, and life was there,
And all her toil and all her care,
To' ensure the starry crown.

10 For this she counted all things loss,
And still took up her Master's cross,
Her Master's joy to know:
Above the reach of sense and pride,
With Jesus fully crucified,
And dead to all below.

11 Her meat His counsel to fulfil,
Her whole delight to do His will,
The task of love sincere
With daily transport to repeat,
And wash His dear disciples' feet,
And serve His members here.

12 Her fervent zeal what tongue can tell?
Her wise, and meek, though fervent zeal
Poor precious souls to win:
Her artless eloquence constrain'd,
Her simple charity unfeign'd
Compell'd them to come in.

13 Resolved, her house should serve the Lord,
The parent unto Him restored
The children He had given,
Her care, and them, on God she cast:
The wife her husband saved at last,
And follow'd him to heaven.*

14 Awhile she lay detain'd beneath,
To triumph in the toils of death,
The truth to testify,
To aid the church with mighty prayers,
And deal her blessings to her heirs,
And teach us how to die.

15 More than resign'd in mortal pain,
How joyfully did she sustain,
And bless the welcome load!
"Do what ye will with this weak clay,
Yet, O! the soul ye cannot stay,
Or keep me from my God.

* Compare C. Wesley's "Journal," vol. i., p. 343.

16 "My God hath called me hence," she cried,
"The Lamb hath now prepared His bride,
And sign'd my soul's release;
I rest within the arms Divine,
He is, He is for ever mine,
The Lord my righteousness.

17 "In life and death I bless His name,
Who sent His servants to proclaim
The everlasting word:
That word hath saved me from all sin;
And O! my friends abide therein,
And ye shall see my Lord.

18 "Obedient faith in Jesu's blood,
This is the way that leads to God;
That saves your dying friend.
To Jesus and His servants cleave,
His word, and ordinance receive,
And ye shall soon ascend.

19 "The gate shall soon unfold to you,
The gate I now am passing through,
My heavenly bliss to share:
My mounting soul is on the wing,
I hear the saints on *Sion* sing,
And die to meet them there!"

CLXXVII. FOR A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL.—Hymn 1.

MOSES'S WISH.*—*Exodus xxxiii.* 12 *to xxxiv.* 9.

1 Ah! Lord, if Thou hast bid me lead
This people from their sins to Thee,
Why am I thus? myself unfreed,
Fast bound in sin and misery,

* In Five Hymns, 177—181.

Still unredeem'd for help I groan,
And still I serve a God unknown.

2 Thou hast not to my soul declared
Whom Thou wilt with Thy servant send;
Who shall the helpless shepherd guard,
Who shall the trembling guide defend:
Yet hast Thou call'd me by my name,
Accepted in Thy sight I am.

3 If then I have acceptance found,
And grace, and favour in Thy sight,
Now let Thy pardoning grace abound,
Now manifest Thy clearest light;
Show me Thy way, Thy life make known,
Thy truth, and goodness, in Thy Son.

4 Ah! give me all Thy grace to know,
Thy grace to this Thy people give;
Lead them throughout their course below,
And bid *me* in Thy presence live;
Thy presence all my steps attend:
O love me, love me to the end.

5 Go with me Thou in all my ways,
And give my weary spirit rest;
May I, may all the chosen race,
Be with Thy special presence blest:
Or let us never hence remove,
Without the convoy of Thy love.

6 How shall it but by this be known
Our sure acceptance in Thy sight?
We *have* found grace, we *are* Thine own,
For lo! we walk with God in light:
Thy presence *shows* the holy seed,
Thy presence makes us saints indeed.

7 Distinct by characters Divine,
Thy sons as priests, and kings, appear,
In Thy reflected light they shine,
And bear Thy glorious image here,
The' election of peculiar grace,
The pure in heart, who see Thy face.

CLXXVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 O God, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me Thy goodness show:
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes
Make all Thy gracious goodness pass:
Thy goodness is the sight I prize:
O might I see Thy smiling face!
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal Thy love, Thy glorious name.

3 There in *the place* beside Thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance stand,
Receive me up into Thy Son,
Cover me with Thy mighty hand:
Set me upon *the rock*, and hide
My soul in Jesu's wounded side.

4 O put me in the cleft, empower
My soul the glorious sight to bear;
Descend in this accepted hour,
Pass by me, and Thy name declare;
Thy wrath withdraw, Thy hand remove,
And show Thyself—the God of love!

CLXXIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 Come down, all-glorious Lord, come down,
Stand with me on the mountain Thou;
Thy great mysterious name make known,
And manifest Thy nature now;
Now in my inmost soul proclaim
Thy attributes, with Thee the same.

2 The Lord, the Lord, and God of love,
All-merciful, all-gracious I!
To man My yearning bowels move,
I would not have one sinner die,
But still pursue the' apostate race,
Long-suffering, full of truth, and grace.

3 Mercy I keep for all mankind,
An infinite, exhaustless store,
A sea unfathom'd, unconfined;
To all, to all My love runs o'er;
Sinners may all My mercy prove;
My first great attribute is love.

4 A pardoning God of mercy, I
Iniquity, and sin forgive:
Those, only those I leave to die,
Who will not come to Me, and live;
Who will not in My mercy trust,
And find Me good, shall find Me just.

5 The guilty I will never clear,
But make on them Mine anger known,
Visit their sin in judgments here,
And scourge the father in the son;
My wrath to distant heirs extends,
And never, but in Jesus, ends.

CLXXX. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 To Thee, great God of love, I bow,
And prostrate in Thy sight adore:
By faith I see Thee passing now:
I have; but still I ask for more:
A glimpse of love cannot suffice,
My soul for all Thy presence cries.

2 I cannot see Thy face, and live!
Then let me see Thy face, and die:
Now, Lord, my gasping spirit receive;
Give me, on eagle's wings to fly,
With eagle's eyes on Thee to gaze,
And plunge into the glorious blaze.

3 The fulness of my great reward
A blest eternity shall be,
But hast Thou not *on earth* prepared
Some better thing than this for me?
What, but one drop! One transient sight!
I want a sun, a sea of light.

4 *Moses* Thy backward parts might view,
But not a perfect sight obtain:
The gospel doth Thy fulness show,
To us by the commandment slain;
The dead to sin shall find the grace;
The pure in heart shall see Thy *face*.

5 More favour'd than the saints of old,
Who now through faith approach to Thee,
Shall all with open face behold
In Christ the glorious Deity,
Shall see, and put the Godhead on,
The nature of Thy sinless Son.

6 This, this is our high calling's prize:
Thine image in Thy Son I claim,
And still to higher glories rise,
Till all-transform'd I know Thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven of Jesu's love.

CLXXXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 5.

1 Yet hear me, for Thy people hear,
If I have with my Lord found grace,
To every rebel soul appear,
And bear with the backsliding race;
Amongst Thy stiffneck'd people go,
And all Thy patient pity show.

2 Forgive us for Thy mercy sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive,
And for Thine own possession take,
And bid us to Thy glory live,
Live in Thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith by our obedient love.

3 The covenant of forgiveness seal,
And all Thy mighty wonders show,
Our inbred enemies expel,
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all of wrath and pride is slain,
And not one evil thought remain.

4 O put it in our inward parts
The living law of perfect love,
Write the new precept on our hearts;
We cannot then from Thee remove,
Who in Thy glorious image shine
Thy people, and for ever Thine.

CLXXXII. THE SAME.—Hymn 6.

1 Shepherd of souls, if Thou indeed
Hast raised me up Thy flock to feed,
(Thy meanest servant me,)
O may I all their burdens share,
And gently in my bosom bear
The lambs redeem'd by Thee.

2 Thy Spirit send me from above,
Spirit of meek long-suffering love,
Of all-sufficient grace;
Endue me with Thy constant mind,
So good, so obstinately kind
To our rebellious race.

3 A faithful steward of my Lord,
Give me to minister Thy word,
And in Thy steps to tread;
By every sore temptation tried,
By sufferings fully qualified
Thy ailing flock to lead.

4 O may Thy bowels yearn in me,
Whene'er a wandering sheep I see,
Till Thou that sheep retrieve;
And let me in Thy Spirit cry
Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why,
When Jesus bids thee live?

5 My bosom fill with soft distress,
With sympathising tenderness
For every tempted soul:
Still would I grieve, and suffer still,
And all their pain and sickness feel,
Till Thou hast made them whole.

6 But chiefly would I make my moan,
And deep beneath the burden groan
Of those who did run well,
But fainted in their evil day,
And swerving from the narrow way
By pride or passion fell.

7 Here let me pour out all my tears,
And spend in prayer my mournful years,
That these may rise renew'd
Who have, like me, their Lord denied,
That these again may feel applied
Thine all-atoning blood.

8 The love which brought Thee from the skies,
And made Thy soul a sacrifice,
Jesu, on me bestow;
Or let me, Lord, my life resign
That these, who once were counted Thine,
Again Thy voice may know.

9 Shepherd, appear, the Great, the Good,
And O! once more remove our load,
Repeat our sins forgiven,
And mark the sheep with Thy new name,
And ascertain our lawful claim
To pardon, grace, and heaven.

CLXXXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 7.

1 My Lord, by sinners crucified,
By me ten thousand times denied,
(And yet Thy bowels move,
And yet Thy heart relents for me,)
Alas! what shall I answer Thee,
When ask'd, if Thee I love?

2 How shall I in Thy presence dare
The' abominable crime declare,
Or speak the horrid word?
And yet compell'd I am to own,
And cry with an heart-breaking groan,
I do not love Thee, Lord!

3 My basest want of love I feel:
The most apostate fiend in hell
Is not so vile as I:
A Man, a Sufferer for *my* sake,
Thou never didst *their* nature take,
Nor didst for devils die.

4 'Twas I that caused Thy mortal pain,
And made Thee bow the head, in vain,
And waste Thy precious blood:
For O! this base ungrateful heart!
I linger still with all to part,
I cannot love my God.

5 Not all Thy passion's bleeding power,
Before the' acceptable hour,
This flinty breast can move:
Yet may I not to Thee appeal?
Thou know'st I *would* Thy goodness feel,
I would my Saviour love.

6 Jesus, pronounce the softening word,
And make me fully willing, Lord,
The blessing to receive;
My faithless heart in love renew,
And then I shall, I shall prove true,
And to Thy glory live.

7 Then shall my tongue delight to own
The wonders Thou for me hast done,
The blessings Thou hast given,

And gladly tell Thee o'er and o'er,
Thou know'st, O Lord, I love Thee more
Than all Thy earth and heaven.

8 Then shall I *labour* to approve
My firm inviolable love,
Obedient to my God,
And guide with all my power, and keep
The tender lambs and yeaning sheep,
Which cost my Lord His blood.

9 Be this my whole employ below,
Before Thy little flock to go,
And in Thy steps to tread;
Shepherd of souls, I fain would be
Their faithful pastor under Thee,
And feed as I am fed.

10 Happy, could I through life declare
How dear to me Thy followers are;
But happier still might I
Like Thee my life at last give back,
And suffer, Saviour, for Thy sake,
And for Thy people die!

CLXXXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 8.

1 O Thou great almighty Lord,
How can I declare Thy word,
Least of all Thy servants I,
Weak as helpless infancy!
Sunk in shame, and deep amaze,
On Thine outstretch'd hand I gaze,
Ask again, How can it be
The great God should send by me!

2 But Thou know'st this heart of mine:
Fain I would the work decline,
Most unworthy as I am,
Most unfit to bear Thy name:
O how often have I cried,
Send by whom Thou wilt beside:
Still I plead for my release,
Let me, Lord, depart in peace.

3 Conscious to myself, I pray
Take me from the evil day,
From the thing I always fear
Save Thy weakest messenger;
Jealous for Thine honour be,
Do not trust Thy cause to me;
Me, a man of lips unclean,
Me, the sinfullest of men:

4 Weary, burden'd, and oppress'd,
Stranger to delight, and rest,
How can I beneath my load
Preach redemption in Thy blood?
Looking every fearful day
To become a castaway,
How shall I in sorrow tell
News of joy unspeakable?

5 But Thou know'st, a sharper pain
Every moment I sustain,
Saviour, for Thy glorious cause,
Lest by me it suffer loss.
Do not, O my Help, my Hope,
Jesus, do not give me up,
Never let me live to be
A reproach to Thine and Thee.

6 Jealous for Thy own great name,
Let me not be put to shame;
Make my perseverance sure,
In the quiet grave secure:
Rid me of my life and fear;
Safe retreat is conquest here,
Happy, and triumphant I,
Suffer'd to escape, and die!

CLXXXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 9.

1 Master, Thy promised help I claim,
Sent forth to testify Thy name,
Which speaks a world forgiven,
Sent forth Thy mercy to display,
And teach, as taught of Thee, the way,
The living way to heaven.

2 Thy servant in the gospel, I
For all my fellow-servants cry,
In never ceasing prayer:
By us in each hard trial stand,
Support us with Thine outstretch'd hand,
And all our burdens bear.

3 Thou seest the threatening of our foes;
A world with restless rage oppose
Thy messengers, and Thee:
Beneath Thy wings our weakness hide,
And turn the furious blast aside,
And end the tyranny.

4 Thou seest the dire malicious fiend
Doth closely all our steps attend,
And watches all our ways:
And lo! the powers of darkness join,
Through us to frustrate the design
Of Thy redeeming grace.

5 But worse than all Thou seest within
The cruel misbelieving sin,
Which tempts us to *depart*,
Staggers our faith, and shakes our hope,
And drinks our fainting spirits up,
And tears our aching heart.

6 Thou know'st the black desponding fear,
The doubt we should not persevere
Till all our course is run,
The conflict in ourselves we have,
Lest we the souls of others save,
And sadly lose our own.

7 We tremble in our evil day,
Lest we ourselves should fall away,
And perish in our blood:
It is mine own infirmity!
There's none hath felt it more than me,
And still I bear my load.

8 But O Thou faithful God of love,
The cause of our distress remove,
The heart to evil prone:
Our doubts, and fears, and sins destroy,
And fill with everlasting joy,
And perfect us in one.

CLXXXVI. THE SAME. FOR A LAY PREACHER.—Hymn 10.

1 I THANK Thee, Lord of earth and heaven,
That Thou to me, e'en me, hast given
The knowledge of Thy grace,
(Which flesh and blood could ne'er reveal,)
And call'd a babe Thy love to tell,
And stammer out Thy praise.

2 None of the *sacred* order I,
Yet dare I not the grace deny
Thou hast on me bestow'd,
Constrain'd to *speak* in Jesu's name,
And show poor souls the' atoning Lamb,
And point them to His blood.

3 I now believe, and therefore speak,
And found myself, go forth to seek
The sheep that wander still;
For these I toil, for these I care,
And faithfully to all declare
The peace which all may feel.

4 My God supply Thy servant's need,
If Thou hast sent me forth indeed
To make Thy goodness known;
Thy Son in sinners' hearts reveal,
By gracious signs my mission seal,
And prove the word Thine own.

5 O for Thy only Jesu's sake,
Into those arms of mercy take
Thy meanest messenger,
And ever in Thy keeping have,
And grant me, Lord, at last to save
Myself with all that hear.

CLXXXVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 11.

1 O thou whose gracious word
I to the world proclaim,
Be mindful of Thy promise, Lord,
Be jealous for Thy name;
From what I always fear
My tempted soul defend,
And keep Thy meanest messenger,
And keep me to the end.

2 Thou seest this feeble heart,
Which trembles every day,
Lest I myself from Thee depart,
And die a castaway,
Lest I the' occasion give
To all who hate Thy cross,
And to reproach Thy people live,
And to disserve Thy cause.

3 Thou know'st the tenfold rage
Wherewith Thy foe pursues,
The men in our adulterous age
Whom Thou art pleased to use,
But never, never leave
A soul employ'd by Thee,
Nor let the subtle fiend deceive,
Or serve himself on me.

4 Rather my spirit take
To rest with Thee above,
For Thy own name and glory's sake,
For Thy own truth and love,

Let me from Satan fly
Into the arms Divine,
And all-renew'd this moment die,
To live for ever Thine.

CLXXXVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 12.

1 O THAT I was as heretofore
When first sent forth in Jesu's name
I rush'd through every open door,
And cried to all, "Behold the Lamb!"
Seized the poor trembling slaves of sin,
And forced the outcasts to come in.

2 The God who kills, and makes alive,
To me the quickening power impart,
Thy grace restore, Thy work revive,
Retouch my lips, renew my heart,
Forth with a fresh commission send,
And all Thy servant's steps attend.

3 Give me the faith which can remove,
And sink the mountain to a plain,
Give me the childlike praying love,
That longs to build Thine house again;
The love which once my heart o'erpower'd,
And all my simple soul devour'd.

4 I want an even strong desire,
I want a calmly fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to the pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

5 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone
To spend, and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known,
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

6 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive,
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me for Thy glory live,
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the Sinner's Friend.

7 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity Divine,
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine,
And lead them to Thine open side,
The sheep, for whom their Shepherd died.

8 Or if, to serve Thy church and Thee,
Myself be offer'd up at last,
My soul brought through the purple sea
With those beneath the altar cast
Shall claim the palm to martyrs given,
And mount the highest throne in heaven.

CLXXXIX. FOR A MINISTER AT HIS COMING TO A PLACE.

Glory, Lord, to Thee we give,
Who hear'st Thy people's prayer,
Thankful at Thy hands receive
Thy welcome messenger:

Thee we praise, on Thee we call,
Jesus, with Thy servant come,
Fix in him, in us, in all
Thy everlasting home.

CXC. FOR THE SAME, AT HIS DEPARTURE.

Forth in Thy name, O Jesus, send
The man we to Thy grace commend,
Our faithful minister secure,
And make him to the day endure,
When all Thy flock shall meet in one
Triumphant round Thy glorious throne.

CXCI. FOR A MINISTER, GOING FORTH TO PREACH.

1 Jesus, the Truth, and Power Divine,
Send forth this messenger of Thine,
His hands confirm, his heart inspire,
And touch his lips with hallow'd fire.

2 Be Thou his mouth and wisdom, Lord,
Thou by the hammer of Thy word
The rocky hearts in pieces break,
And bid the son of thunder speak.

3 To those who would their Lord embrace,
Give him to preach the word of grace,
Sweetly their yielding bosom move,
And melt them with the fire of love.

4 Let all with thankful hearts confess
Thy welcome messenger of peace,
Thy power in his report be found,
And let Thy feet behind him sound.

CXCII. WRITTEN AFTER A DELIVERANCE.

1 Jesus, Thy saving name I bless,
Deliver'd out of my distress,
Thy faithfulness I prove;
I magnify Thy mercy's power:
My refuge in the trying hour
Was Thy almighty love.

2 Snatch'd from the rage of cruel men,
Brought up out of the lions' den,
And through the burning flame:
Jesus, Thine outstretch'd hand I see,
Might, wisdom, strength ascribe to Thee,
And bless Thy saving name.

3 Hereby Thou favourest me, I know,
Because Thou wouldst not let the foe
My hunted soul destroy:
Better than life Thy favour is,
'Tis pure delight, and perfect bliss,
And everlasting joy.

4 Saved by a miracle of grace,
Lord, I with thankful heart embrace
The token of Thy love:
This, this the comfortable sign,
That I the firstborn church shall join,
And bless Thy name above.

CXCIII. ANOTHER.

1 Let all the God of *Daniel* praise
Almighty to redeem,
Who saves, as in the ancient days,
The men that trust in Him.

He hath the great deliverance wrought,
His angel sent again,
And shut the lions' mouths, and brought
Us up out of their den.

2 Give glory to *Elijah's* God,
Elijah's God and ours,
Who hath around His servants stood,
With all His heavenly powers:
Beset we were by Satan's host,
In human shape conceal'd,
He baffled their tyrannic boast,
And all their fury quell'd.

3 That God who saved the faithful three
Let every soul admire:
We too have seen the Deity,
And walk'd unburnt in fire:
Call'd down by faith, from heaven He came,
The Son of Man we knew:
He kept us in the lambent flame,
And strangely brought us through.

4 The floods with horrid discord raged,
And lifted up their voice:
Jehovah on our side engaged,
And still'd their angry noise,
His word rebuked the swelling sea,
Nor suffer'd it to' o'erflow,
"Hither proceed, allow'd by Me,
But dare no farther go."

5 Thou, Lord, beyond their reach didst bear,
And sweetly hide above
The objects of Thy guardian care,
And providential love:

Thou didst the alien host defeat,
And blast their vain design
To slay, or shamefully intreat
A messenger of Thine.

6 For this with all Thy saints we praise
Thy majesty and power,
And tell the wonders of Thy grace,
Till time shall be no more.
For this in sounds of glorious joy
We shall our Saviour own,
And all eternity employ
In hymns around Thy throne.

CXCIV. AFTER PREACHING (IN A CHURCH).

1 JESU, accept the grateful song,
My Wisdom and my Might,
'Tis Thou hast loosed the stammering tongue,
And taught my hands to fight.

2 Thou, Jesus, Thou my mouth hast been;
The weapons of Thy war,
Mighty through Thee, I pull down sin,
And all Thy truth declare.

3 Not without Thee, my Lord, I am
Come up unto this place,
Thy Spirit bade me preach Thy name,
And trumpet forth Thy praise.

4 Thy Spirit gave me utterance now,
My soul with strength endued,
Harden'd to adamant my brow,
And arm'd my heart with God.

5 Thy powerful hand in all I see,
Thy wondrous workings own,
Glory, and strength, and praise to Thee
Ascribe, and Thee alone.

6 Gladly I own the promise true
To all whom Thou dost send,
"Behold I always am with you,
Your Saviour to the end!"

7 Amen, amen, my God and Lord,
If Thou art with me still,
I still shall speak the gospel word,
My ministry fulfil.

8 Thee I shall constantly proclaim,
Though earth and hell oppose,
Bold to confess Thy glorious Name
Before a world of foes.

9 Jesus the Name, high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear, and fly.

10 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given,
It scatters all their guilty fear,
And turns their hell to heaven.

11 Balm into wounded spirits it pours,
And heals the sin-sick mind;
It hearing to the deaf restores,
And eyesight to the blind.

12 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head,
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

13 O that the world might taste, and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love which compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

14 O that my Jesu's heavenly charms
Might every bosom move!
Fly sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love.

15 The Lover of your souls is near,
Him I to you commend,
Joyful the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
Who calls a worm His friend.

16 He hath the Bride, and He alone,
Almighty to redeem,
I only make His mercies known,
I send you all to Him.

17 Sinners, behold the Lamb of God,
On Him your spirits stay;
He bears the universal load,
He takes your sins away.

18 His only righteousness I show,
His saving grace proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, Behold the Lamb!

19 For this a suffering life I live,
And reckon all things loss;
For Him my strength, my all I give,
And glory in His cross.

20 I spend myself, that you may know
The Lord our righteousness,
That Christ in you may live, and grow,
I joyfully decrease.

21 Gladly I hasten to decay,
My life I freely spend,
And languish for the welcome day,
When all my toil shall end.

22 Happy, if with my latest breath
I might but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death
Behold, behold the Lamb!

CXCV. AFTER PREACHING TO THE STAFFORDSHIRE COLLIERS.

1 LIFT up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Triumphant with my Lord, and me,
Look on the fields, and see them white,
Already white to harvest see.

2 Moved by the Spirit's softest wind,
The sinners to their Saviour turn,
Their hearts are all as one inclined,
Their hearts are bow'd as waving corn.

3 The reaper too receives his hire,
Fill'd with unutterable peace;
But farther still his hopes aspire,
And labour for eternal bliss.

4 Till God the full delight reveals,
And all the mighty joy is given,
The earnest in his heart he feels,
A glorious antepast of heaven.

5 The ripest fruit he gathers there,
The fulness of his vast reward,
Ordain'd the sower's joy to share,
And reign triumphant with his Lord.

6 Herein the faithful word is shown,
Its just accomplishments we see,
Another reaps what one hath sown;
The proverb is fulfill'd in me.

7 Sent forth I am to reap the field,
On which I had no pains bestow'd,
My Lord broke up the ground, and till'd,
And sow'd it with the seed of God.

8 Enter'd into His work I am;
Not unto me the praise is due,
Not unto me: I all disclaim,
God, only God, is kind, and true.

9 Who wrought the work shall have the praise,
Jesus hath labour'd for our good,
He purchased all the fallen race,
He water'd all the earth with blood.

10 His grace hath brought salvation nigh,
His grace hath roll'd away the stone:
And now He hears these sinners cry,
And deeply for redemption groan.

11 He hears, and He will soon redeem;
Then let us all our voices raise,
Worship, and strength ascribe to Him,
And might, and majesty, and praise.

12 Honour, and endless thanks, and love,
And glory be to Jesus given,
By saints below, and saints above,
By all in earth, and all in heaven.

CXCVI. AFTER PREACHING TO THE NEWCASTLE COLLIERS.—Hymn 1.

1 Ye neighbours, and friends Of Jesus, draw near;
His love condescends, By titles so dear
To call, and invite you His triumph to prove,
And freely delight you In Jesus's love.

2 The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
On every side Are gather'd to Him,
The weary and burden'd, The reprobate race,
And wait to be pardon'd Through Jesus's grace.

3 The publicans all, And sinners draw near,
They come at His call Their Saviour to hear,
Lamenting and mourning, Their sin is so great,
And daily returning, They fall at His feet.

4 The poor, and the blind, The halt, and the lame,
Are willing to find In Jesus's name
Their help and salvation; Which still they retrieve:
There 's no condemnation For them that believe.

5 The drunkards, and thieves, And harlots return;
For Him, that receives Poor sinners, they mourn:
The common blasphemer On Jesus doth call,
His loving Redeemer Who suffer'd for all.

6 The outcasts of men Their Saviour pursue;
In horror and pain The profligate crew
Cry out for a Saviour, A Saviour unknown,
And look to find favour Through mercy alone.

7 They seek Him, and find, They ask, and receive
The Friend of mankind, Who bids them believe:
On Jesus they venture, His gift they embrace,
And *forcibly* enter His kingdom of grace.

8 The blind are restored Through Jesus's name,
They see their dear Lord, And follow the Lamb;
The halt they are walking, And running their race;
The dumb they are talking Of Jesus's praise.

9 The deaf hear His voice, And comforting word,
It bids them rejoice In Jesus their Lord,
"Thy sins are forgiven, Accepted thou art,"
They listen, and heaven Springs up in their heart.

10 The lepers from all Their spots are made clean,
The dead by His call Are raised from their sin.
In Jesu's compassion The sick find a cure,
And gospel salvation Is preach'd to the poor.

11 To us, and to them, Is publish'd the word;
Then let us proclaim Our life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving His work in our days,
And mightily striving To save us by grace.

12 O Jesus, ride on Till all are subdued,
Thy mercy make known, And sprinkle Thy blood,
Display Thy salvation, And teach the new song
To every nation, And people, and tongue.

CXCVII. ANOTHER.—Hymn 2.

1 Glory to Christ be given
By all in earth and heaven!
Christ, my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Thee with angel choirs I praise,
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
Triumph in Thy sovereign grace.

2 Thou hast the hungry fill'd,
Thou hast Thy arm reveal'd:

Thou in all the heathen's sight,
Hast Thy righteousness display'd,
Brought immortal life to light,
Ransom'd whom Thy hands have made.

3 Even now, all-loving Lord,
Thou hast sent forth Thy word,
Thou the door hast open'd wide:
(Who can shut Thy open door!)
I the grace have testified,
Preach'd Thy gospel to the poor.

4 Thy goodness gave success,
And bless'd it with increase.
Not to me of *Adam's* race
Worst and vilest; not to me!
Thine is all the work of grace,
All the praise be paid to Thee.

5 Still at Thy feet I lie,
The chief of sinners I:
Let me but acceptance find,
Let me but Thy love partake;
Save me, Saviour of mankind,
Save me for Thy mercy sake.

6 On Thee for help I call,
Without Thy help I fall,
Fall a final castaway:
O forbid, forbid it Thou,
Snatch me from the evil day,
Save me, or I perish now.

7 O that ev'n I might share,
The blessings I declare,

Taste the glorious gospel grace,
Rise from sin for ever free,
See in holiness Thy face,
Live by faith, and die in Thee!

8 O that the hour were come
Which calls my spirit home!
O that I my wish might have,
Quietly lay down my head,
Sink into an early grave,
Now be number'd with the dead!

9 Give me that second rest,
And take me to Thy breast:
Only let me cease from sin,
Then the welcome summons send:
Bid me now be pure within,
Bid my useless warfare end.

10 A man of sin and strife
I want no longer life:
Heavenward all my hope aspires,
Full of immortality,
Jesus, Thee my soul requires,
Gasps to be dissolved in Thee.

11 Yet do I this resign,
Thy will be done, not mine:
So I may but serve Thy will,
Lengthen out my wretched span,
Let me bear my burden still,
Bear my sin, and drag my chain.

12 Still let me preach Thy word
The prisoner of the Lord,

Fully my commission prove,
Till the perfect grace I feel,
Saved and sanctified by love,
Stamp'd with all Thy Spirit's seal.
13 Then, Lord, when pure in heart,
O let me then depart,
With my children see Thy face,
(Children whom the Lord hath given,)
Take above the meanest place,
Least of all the saints in heaven.

CXCVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 Who are these that come from far,
Swifter than a flying cloud!
Thick as flocking doves they are,
Eager in pursuit of God:
Trembling as the storm draws nigh,
Hastening to their place of rest,
See them to the windows fly,
To the ark of Jesu's breast!
2 Who are these but sinners poor,
Conscious of their lost estate,
Sin-sick souls, who for their cure
On the Good Physician wait;
Fallen who bewail their fall,
Proffer'd mercy who embrace,
Listening to the gospel call,
Longing to be saved by grace.
3 For his mate the turtle moans,
For his God the sinner sighs;
Hark, the music of their groans,
Humble groans that pierce the skies!

Surely God their sorrows hears,
Every accent, every look,
Treasures up their gracious tears,
Notes their sufferings in His book.

4 He who hath their cure begun,
Will He now despise their pain?
Can He leave His work undone,
Bring them to the birth in vain?
No; we all who seek shall find,
We who ask shall all receive,
Be to Christ in spirit join'd,
Free from sin for ever live.

CXCIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth He came;
Kindled in some hearts it is;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way,
More and more it spreads, and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise,
He the door hath open'd wide,
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesu's word is glorified:
Jesus mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought,
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord shall shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love.

CC. BEFORE PREACHING TO THE COLLIERS IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

1 Jesu, Thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore,
Open the door to preach Thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin, and Satan's power,
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 O that to these poor *Gentiles* now
The door were open'd wide,
O that their stiff-neck'd souls might bow
To Jesus crucified!

4 Lover of souls, Thou know'st to prize*
What Thou hast bought so dear;
Come then, and in Thy people's eyes
With all Thy wounds appear.

5 Appear, as when of old confess'd
The suffering Son of God,
And let them see Thee in Thy vest
But newly dipp'd in blood.

6 The stony from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died,
Show them the tokens of Thy love,
Thy feet, Thy hands, Thy side.

7 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree
To trample down their sin;
Thy hands they all stretch'd out may see
To take Thy murderers in.

8 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

9 Ready Thou art the blood to' apply,
And prove the record true;
And all Thy wounds to sinners cry
I suffer'd this for you.

10 Swearers, and whoremongers and thieves,
Before your Saviour fall,
Receive the Man who all receives,
And paid the debt for all.

11 Lovers of pleasure more than God,
For you He suffer'd pain:
Railers, for you He spilt His blood;
And shall He bleed in vain?

* Compare Wisdom of Solomon, xi. 26.

12 Misers, His life for you He paid,
Your basest crime He bore;
Drunkards, your sins on Him were laid,
That ye might sin no more.

13 Ye liars, and blasphemers too,
Who speak the phrase of hell,
Ye murderers all, He died for you,
He loved your souls so well.

14 Ye monsters of unnatural vice
Too horrible to name,
To ransom you He paid the price,
To pluck you from the flame.

15 Vilest of all the' apostate race,
Who dare your God deny,
Arians, your God did in your place,
In yours, ye *Deists*, die.

16 Haters of God, your madness mourn,
And God will yet forgive;
To Jesus, Friend of sinners, turn,
Who died that ye might live.

17 The God of love, to earth He came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

18 Believe, that Jesus died for thee;
And sure as He hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

CCI. WRITTEN BEFORE PREACHING AT PORTLAND.

1 Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known,
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn,
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day,
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release,
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor,
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And make us feel our load,
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In Thine atoning blood.

7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven:
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

CCII. BEFORE PREACHING IN CORNWALL. —Hymn 1.

1 True Witness of the Father's love,
Celestial Messenger Divine,
Come in Thy Spirit from above,
The hearts which Thou hast made incline
Thy faithful record to receive;
That all may hear Thy voice and live.

2 Send forth the everlasting word,
The word of reconciling grace,
That all may know their bleeding Lord,
The freely proffer'd Gift embrace,
Hang on the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

3 Jesu, Thou only hast the key,
Open the great effectual door,
Extend Thy line from sea to sea,
And glorify Thy mercy's power,
Redeem the wretched slaves of sin,
And force Thy rebels to come in.

4 Now to Thy yoke their spirits bow,
Thy way into their hearts prepare,
Be present with Thy servants now,
With me Thy meanest messenger,
Who humbly at Thy bidding come,
To call my fellow-exiles home.

5 Fisher of men ordain'd by Thee,
O might I catch them by Thy love!
Thy love be first bestow'd on me,
And while the pleasing power I prove,
My tongue shall echo to my heart,
And tell the world how good Thou art.

6 Teach me to cast my net aright,
The gospel net of general grace,
So shall I all to Thee invite,
And draw them to their Lord's embrace,
Within Thine arms of love include,
And catch a willing multitude.

7 O might I every mourner cheer,
And trouble every heart of stone,
Save, under Thee, the souls that hear,
Nor lose, in seeking them, my own,
Nor basely from my calling fly,
But for Thy gospel live, and die.

CCIII. ANOTHER.—Hymn 2.

1 Unchangeable, almighty Lord,
The promise of Thy help I claim,
Entrusted with the gospel word,
I look to find Thee still the same.

2 To me Thy powerful presence show,
As when through Thee in ages past
His net the *human* fisher threw,
And caught three thousand at a cast.

3 Long the lost souls of men I sought
Through a dark, dismal, legal night,
Yet nothing found, myself untaught
To cast the gospel net aright.

4 But let the terrors of Thy law,
The wrath, the curse at last remove,
While with the cords of love I draw,
The' allurements of Thy pardoning love.

5 Give me to catch them by Thy grace,
Thy grace for every sinner free,
Incline their willing hearts to' embrace
Pardon, and life, and heaven in Thee.

6 Speak but the word of grace and power,
And lo! at Thy benign command
I draw them to the' eternal shore,
I bring them to the heavenly land.

CCIV. AFTER PREACHING.—Hymn 1.

1 Not unto me, O Lord,
Not unto me the praise,
If I with power have spoke Thy word,
And testified Thy grace.
Thou didst Thy power bestow,
Thou didst Thy servant find,
And raise, and send me forth to show
Thy love to all mankind.

2 Thy messenger of peace
I have to sinners shown
The blood that sign'd their soul's release,
And did for all atone:
Thy Spirit the word applied
And witness'd with the blood,
And many a sprinkled rebel cried
Thou art my Lord my God!

3 Thou only didst reveal,
How good in Christ Thou art,
And powerfully the message seal
On the believing heart:

Thine is the work of grace,
Lord, I the whole disclaim,
All glory, love, and thanks, and praise
Be paid to Jesu's name.

4 Jesu, to Thee alone,
I would the glory give:
O may I never seek my own,
Or praise from man receive!
Thou wilt, I firmly trust,
My feeble heart secure,
Exclude the sacrilegious boast,
And keep my conscience pure.

5 While with a single eye
I at Thy glory aim,
Thy love shall set me up on high,
In honour of Thy name;
Until I take my place
Among the saints above,
A witness of Thy heavenly grace,
Thy everlasting love.

CCV. ANOTHER.—Hymn 2.

1 Glory, and thanks, and praise
To Him that hath the key!
Jesus, Thy sovereign grace
Gives us the victory,
Baffles the world, and Satan's power,
And open throws the gospel door.

2 Sin, only sin could close
That door of pardoning love;
But spite of all our foes
Thou dost the bar remove,

The door again Thou openest wide
And show'st Thyself the crucified.

3 Thy miracles of grace
We now repeated see,
The dumb proclaims Thy praise,
The deaf attends to Thee,
Leaps as a bounding hart the lame,
And shows the power of Jesu's name.

4 The lepers are made clean,
The blind their sight receive,
Quicken'd the dead in sin,
The humble poor believe
The gospel of their sins forgiven,
With God Himself sent down from heaven.

5 Joyful again we hear
The heart-reviving sound,
Again the Comforter
Within our coasts is found,
The Saviour at the door is seen,
Lift up your hearts, and take Him in.

6 Lord, we the call obey,
In Thee alone confide,
Rejoice to see Thy day,
To feel Thy blood applied;
Our faith has made us whole, we know,
And in Thy peace to heaven we go.

CCVI. FOR THOSE WHO BEGIN TO BE AWAKENED.

1 O Thou who hast in mercy sought
The souls that went astray,
And snatch'd us from the pit, and brought
To see this gospel day:

2 Still in Thy mercy's arms embrace,
Thy servants still defend,
And carry on Thy work of grace,
And save us to the end.

3 For what Thou hast already done,
Jesus, Thy name we bless,
Redeem'd by Thy dear name alone
From outward wickedness.

4 Too long alas, we lived in sin,
Unholy, and unjust,
And wallow'd in the acts unclean
Of drunkenness and lust.

5 By anger, malice, hatred, pride,
By fraud and falsehood we,
By oaths and blasphemies defied
Thy awful Majesty.

6 Thy Spirit of grace we daily grieved
By riot, and excess,
In pleasures and diversions lived,
In *hellish harmlessness.*

7 Lovers of pleasure, more than God,
We sought the things below,
And eagerly the world pursued,
And cared not Thee to know.

8 Slaves to our lusts we all have been,
Profaned Thy day and name,
Sported ourselves with hell and sin,
And gloried in our shame.

9 Despisers of the gospel word
Too long alas, were we;
And in Thy helpless followers, Lord,
We persecuted Thee.

10 Haters of those that would be good,
Nor in our evil join,
By Satan urged to shed their blood
Who pointed us to Thine.

11 But O! suffice the season past:
We now our folly mourn,
And choose the better part at last,
And to our Saviour turn.

12 Our sinful state we partly see,
But long to see it more,
With broken hearts to mourn for Thee,
And tremble at Thy power.

13 Fain would we love the God we fear,
The Lord of earth and heaven;
And feel the grace of which we hear,
And know our sins forgiven.

14 Our sins though great and numberless,
We now at last believe,
O Son of man, O Prince of Peace,
Thou canst on earth forgive.

15 Come then, the saving grace impart,
Remove the mountain load,
Inspeak Thy peace into our heart
Which pants to feel Thy blood.

16 Thy Spirit let us now receive,
And Abba Father, cry,
And happy in Thy service live,
And in Thy service die.

CCVII. NAOMI AND RUTH.

Adapted to the Minister and People.

1 Turn again, my children turn,
Wherefore would ye go with me?
O forbear, forbear to mourn,
Jesus wills it so to be:
Why, when God would have us part,
Weep ye thus, and break my heart?

2 Go, in peace my children go,
Only Jesu's steps pursue:
He shall pay the debt I owe,
He shall kindly deal with you;
He your sure reward shall be,
Bless you for your love to me.

3 Surely you have kindly dealt
With the living, and the dead;
You have oft my burden felt,
When my tears were all my bread:
Jesus lull you on His breast,
Jesus give you endless rest!

4 Lo! thy sister is gone back
To her gods, and people dear;
Weeping soul, a wretch forsake,
Why shouldst thou my sorrows bear?
Turn, and let thy troubles cease,
Go, my child, and go in peace.

5 O entreat me not to leave
Thee my faithful guide and friend;
Let me to my father cleave,
Let me hold thee to the end:
Thy own child in Christ I am,
Following thee, as thou the Lamb.

6 Never will I cease to mourn,
Till my Lord thy tears shall dry,
Never back from thee return,
Never from my father fly:
Do not ask me to depart,
Do not break thy children's heart.

7 Where thou goest, I still will go,
Thine shall be my soul's abode;
Thine shall be my weal or woe,
Thine my people and my God;
Where thou diest with joy will I
Lay my weary head, and die.

8 There will I my burial have,
(If it be the Master's will,)
Sleeping in a common grave,
Till the quickening trump I feel,
Call'd with thee to leave the tomb,
Summon'd to our happy doom.

9 God do so to me, and more,
If from thee, my guide, I part,
Till the mortal pang is o'er,
Will I hold thee in my heart;
And when I my breath resign,
Then thou art for ever mine.

CCVIII. WRITTEN AT THE LAND'S END.

1 Come, Divine *Immanuel* come,
Take possession of Thy home,
Now Thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land.

2 Carry on Thy victory,
Spread Thy rule from sea to sea,
Reconvert the ransom'd race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.

3 Take the purchase of Thy blood,
Bring us to a pardoning God;
Give us eyes to see our day,
Hearts the glorious truth to' obey;

4 Ears to hear the gospel sound;
Grace doth more than sin abound.
God appeased, and man forgiven,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.

5 O that every soul might be
Suddenly subdued to Thee!
O that all in Thee might know
Everlasting life below.

6 Now Thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land;
Take possession of Thy home,
Come, Divine *Immanuel*, come!

CCIX. FOR A PERSON CALLED FORTH TO BEAR HIS TESTIMONY.*

1 O Thou who at Thy creature's bar
Thy glorious Godhead didst declare,
A true and good confession make;
Come in Thy Spirit from above,
And arm me with Thy faithful love,
For Thy own truth and mercy's sake.

* This grand hymn was more than once published as a supplement to an apologetic or controversial tract.

Call'd forth by Thee Thou know'st I am,
Thy truth and mercy to proclaim,
Thy Godhead, and eternal power,
The man whom God His *fellow* owns,
Whom angel-powers, dominions, thrones
Through all eternity adore.

2 Thee, high enthroned above all height,
Thee God of God, and Light of Light,
I come undaunted to confess,
With God essentially the same,
JEHOVAH, JAH, the Great I AM,
The Lord of Hosts, the Prince of Peace.
The sovereign, everlasting Lord,
The glorious, unbeginning Word,
The Son of God, the Son of man,
God over heaven and earth supreme,
Made flesh Thy creature to redeem,
For me incarnated, and slain.

3 Slain for a sinful world, and me,
Our Surety hung upon the tree;
Thy body bore our guilty load:
My Lamb for sin an offering made,
The debt of all mankind hath paid,
And bought, and sprinkled us with blood.
That blood applied by faith I feel,
And come its healing power to tell,
Through which I know *my* sins forgiven;
A witness I, that all may find
The peace deserved for all mankind,
And walk with God, my God, to heaven.

4 I come to testify the grace
My Lord obtain'd for all our race,
Enough ten thousand worlds to save;
Salvation is in Jesu's name,
Which every soul of man may claim,
And all that seek the grace, shall have.
Salvation from the power of sin,
Salvation from the root within,
Salvation into perfect love,
(Thy grace to all hath brought it near,)
An uttermost salvation here,
Salvation up to heaven above.

5 Thy power and saving grace to show,
A warfare at Thy charge I go,
Strong in the Lord, and Thy great might,
Gladly take up the hallow'd cross,
And suffering all things for Thy cause,
Beneath that bloody banner fight.
A spectacle to fiends and men,
To all their fierce or cool disdain
With calmest pity I submit;
Determined nought to know beside
My Jesus, and Him crucified,
I tread the world beneath my feet.

6 Superior to their smile, or frown,
On all their goods my soul looks down,
Their pleasures, wealth, and pomp, and state:
The man that dares their god despise,
The *Christian*, he alone is wise!
The *Christian*, he alone is great!

O God, let all my life declare
How happy all Thy servants are,
How far above these earthly things,
How pure when wash'd in Jesu's blood,
How intimately one with God,
An heaven-born race of priests and kings.

7 For this alone I live below,
The power of godliness to show,
The wonders wrought by Jesu's name.
O that I may but faithful prove,
Witness to all Thy pardoning love,
And point them to the' Atoning Lamb!
Let me to every creature cry,
The poor and rich, the low and high,
"Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven!
Damn'd, till by Jesus saved, thou art,
Till Jesu's blood hath wash'd thy heart
Thou canst not find the gate of heaven."

8 Thou, Jesu, Thou my breast inspire,
And touch my lips with hallow'd fire,
And loose a stammering infant's tongue;
Prepare the vessel of Thy grace,
Adorn me with the robes of praise,
And mercy shall be all my song.
Mercy for those that know not God,
Mercy for all, in Jesu's blood,
Mercy that earth and heaven transcends;
Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love Divine, which never ends.

9 A faithful witness of Thy grace,
Long may I fill the' allotted space,
And answer all Thy great design;
Walk in the works by Thee prepared,
And find annex'd the vast reward,
The crown of righteousness Divine.
When I have lived to Thee alone
Pronounce the welcome word, *Well done*,
And let me take my place above,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

End of the First Volume.

HYMNS

AND

SACRED

POEMS.

IN

TWO VOLUMES.

BY

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HYMNS

AND

SACRED POEMS.

PART I.

I. THE TRIAL OF FAITH.—Hymn 1.

"*Christ also suffered, leaving us an example.*"

1 Come, O my soul, the call obey,
Take up the burden of thy Lord!
His practice is thy living way,
Thy guide His pure unerring word,
The lovely perfect pattern read,
And haste in all His steps to tread.

2 What did my Lord from sinners bear?
His patience is the rule for me:
Walking in Him I cannot err:
And lo! the Man of Griefs I see,
Whose life one scene of sufferings was,
Quite from the manger to the cross.

3 Here then my calling I discern,
('Tis written in affliction's book,)
My first, and latest lesson learn,
For nothing here but sufferings look,
I bow me to the will Divine,
To suffer *with* my Lord be mine.

4 To suffer *as* my Lord I come:
How did the Lamb His wrongs endure?
Clamorous, and warm? or meek, and dumb?
Did He by force His life secure?
His injured innocence defend;
Or bear His burden to the end?

5 Did He evade the pain, and shame,
Impatient of unjust disgrace?
Did He throw off the imputed blame?
Did He from spitting hide His face?
Did He to man for succour fly;
Or offer up Himself, and die?

6 When nature sunk beneath her load,
Would He the dreadful cup decline?
Prostrate, and bruised, and sweating blood,
"Father, Thy will be done, not Mine,"
He speaks, and meets His enemies,
And gives them power Himself to seize.

7 The word, which struck them to the ground,
Could it not strike them into hell?
Whom all the hosts of heaven surround,
He will not force by force repel.
"Put up," He cries, thy needless "sword,"
Nor stain the meekness of thy Lord.

8 He chides His rash disciple's zeal,
Accepts not man's nor angel's aid:
Vouchsafes His wounded foe to heal:
The hands, that had His murderers made,
He stretches out; He lets them bind
The hands that could unmake mankind.

9 Doth He in deed or word gainsay,
Or ask or struggle to be freed?
They lead the speechless Lamb away:
To scorn, and pain, and death they lead
The speechless Lamb; resign'd unto
The utmost earth and hell could do.
10 O that I might like Him *withstand*,
Like Him mine innocency *clear*,
Like Him *resist* the ruffian band,
Like Him *refuse* the cross to bear,
Like Him the persecutor *fly;*
Like Him submit to live, and die?

II. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 Jesu, Thy record I receive,
With lowly self-mistrusting fear:
As many days as here I live,
So many must I suffer here:
In all my Master's steps to go,
To suffer is my lot below.
2 Thy Spirit witnesses to mine,
I must Thy daily cross endure:
I know the warning is Divine:
The word of *promised pain* is sure;
Afflictions all my steps attend,
And but with life my griefs shall end.
3 Whate'er the rage of fiends, and men,
Can by Divine permission do,
I come expecting to sustain:
It must be so, for God is true;
And God hath spoke the faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

4 Master, if Thee the world blasphemed,
Will they not scorn, and cast out me?
I shall be more and more contemn'd,
I shall be more and more like Thee,
Till all conform'd to Thee I am,
And honour'd with Thine utmost shame.

5 If Thee the' ungrateful world could hate,
Thou friend, and lover of mankind,
Shall I not feel their anger's weight,
Shall I not all their malice find,
Hated, oppress'd, despised, abhorr'd,
And persecuted with my Lord!

6 They will, Thyself hast said, they will,
With mortal hate my life pursue,
As helpless sheep Thy people kill,
Service to God by murder do,
Offer Thee human sacrifice,
And glut Thee with Thy martyrs' cries.

7 With steadfast faith for this I wait,
To bear the' inevitable cross,
A sharer in Thy low estate,
Afflicted as my Master was,
I must on earth Thy treatment find,
The scorn, and outcast of mankind.

8 I feel it settled in my heart,
Fix'd in my inmost soul I feel
A looking for that better part,
A sure presage of *promised* ill,
Of all my Saviour bore beneath,
Sorrow, and shame, and bonds, and death.

III. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 Come then, my Jesu, from above,
Endue me with Thy constant mind,
Inspire me with Thy patient love,
Thou bleeding Saviour of mankind,
My faith increase, my heart prepare,
And arm, and bid me all things bear.

2 Mine utter helplessness I own,
And every moment more than see;
Thou know'st I cannot stand alone,
My strength to bear is all from Thee,
Mine all-sufficient strength be Thou,
And lo! I come to suffer now!

3 Thy power into my heart inspeak,
And lo! I come to meet Thy pain,
To turn like Thee the other cheek,
All wrong and violence to sustain,
Never against my foes to stand,
But sink beneath their bruising hand.

4 I will not take the proffer'd sword,
Or stoop to feeble man for aid:
Lead me away with Christ my Lord,
To scorn, or bonds, or slaughter lead,
A follower of that silent Lamb
The man whom now ye seek, I am.

5 Come, threatening world, thy prisoner take,
I will not from my Master fly,
Jesus in life or death forsake,
But stay, with Him to live, and die;
Before His foes my Lord I own,
And tell you all, that I am one.

6 His servant and disciple see,
Resolved His weal or woe to share;
A *Galilean* seize in me,
And let me as my Master fare,
Convict (for I my crime confess)
Of following after righteousness.

IV. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 Yes, Thou dear lamb-like Son of God,
Whom now with eyes of faith I view,
Thou know'st, I in Thy steps have trod,
And would to *Calvary* pursue,
Through all Thy passion's stages run,
Till Thou pronounce the word '*T'is done*!

2 Thy Spirit breathe into my breast,
Spirit of patient charity,
And lo! I meet the fiery test,
To prison go, and death with Thee,
Anticipate the dreadful hour,
And stand in Thine almighty power.

3 A witness of Thy truth I stand,
Arraign'd at man's unrighteous bar,
In vain my answer they demand,
My silence shall Thy truth declare,
A sheep before the shearers dumb,
To answer as my Lord I come.

4 Falsely accused I hold my peace,
The Judge Supreme doth all things know;
I want no rescue, or release,
No justice I expect below,
Nor mercy,—more than Jesus found,
The Man to yonder pillar bound.

5 O what a piteous sight is there!
  His tender hands are tied behind,
His back their cruel scourges tear,
  Yet no complaint, or sigh we find;
Or if He groans in all the smart,
'Tis for the hardness of their heart.

6 My pattern here I plainly see,
  A voice is in Thy streaming blood,
It bids me bear the scourge like Thee,
  Like Thee commit my cause to God,
Like Thee the' injurious world *oppose*,
Like Thee *avenge* me of my foes.

V. THE SAME.—Hymn 5.

1 Still let me on my Pattern gaze,
  How meek and motionless He stands!
They spit upon His sacred face,
  They buffet with unhallow'd hands,
They bow the knee, present the reed,
And mock whom they have doom'd to bleed.

2 No answer yet? no late reply
  To clear His suffering innocence?
So tamely will the guiltless die,
  Die for His guilty foes' offence,
Die, that His murderers may live!
"Father (He gasps in death) forgive!"

3 Silent for them, for them He pleads,
  And spends in prayer His latest breath;
To purge a sinful world He bleeds,
  To bless them dies a cursed death,
Expires into the arms Divine—
Jesu, was ever love like Thine!

4 O might it now my heart constrain,
My every rising thought control,
Sweeten the cup of grief, and pain,
And melt and meeken all my soul,
Conform me to the Crucified,
My God, who for His murderers died.

5 Love only can the conquest win,
And make me as my lamblike God:
Through love I conquer all their sin,
And strive, resisting unto blood;
Strive to secure the glorious wreath,
Resisting, by enduring death.

6 O might I now Thy love retrieve,
And sink among the happy dead,
Into Thine hands my spirit give,
And bow upon Thy cross my head,
When I its utmost virtue prove,
Made perfect by all-patient love.

VI. THE SAME.—Hymn 6.

1 Saviour of all, what hast Thou done,
What hast Thou suffer'd on the tree?
Why didst Thou groan Thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of Thy passion show,
The end of all Thy griefs below.

2 Thy soul for sin an offering made
Hath clear'd this guilty soul of mine;
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To change my human to Divine,
To cleanse from all iniquity,
And make the sinner all like Thee.

3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding Sacrifice expired:
But didst Thou not my pattern die,
That by Thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful I might to death endure,
And make the crown by suffering sure?

4 Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in Thy footsteps tread;
Might like the Man of sorrows grieve,
And groan, and bow with Thee my head;
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all Thy state of passion share.

5 Thy every perfect servant, Lord,
Shall as his patient Master be,
To all Thine inward life restored,
And outwardly conform'd to Thee,
Out of Thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp through death the glorious prize.

6 This is the straight, and royal way,
That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till on the wings of perfect love
I take my last triumphant flight
From *Calvary's* to *Sion's* height.

VII. THE SAME.—Hymn 7.

1 And did my Lord on earth endure
Sorrow, and hardships, and distress,
That I might sit me down secure,
And rest in self-indulgent ease,
His delicate disciple I
Like Him might neither live, nor die!

2 Master, I have not learn'd Thee so:
Thy yoke and burden I receive,
Resolve in all Thy steps to go,
And bless the cross by which I live,
And curse the wisdom from beneath,
That strives to rob me of Thy death.

3 Thy holy will be done, not mine,
Be suffered all Thy holy will:
I dare not, Lord, the cross decline,
I will not lose the slightest ill,
Or lay the heaviest burden down,
The richest jewel of my crown.

4 Sorrow is solid joy, and pain
Is pure delight, endured for Thee;
Reproach and loss are glorious gain,
And death is immortality;
And who for Thee their all have given,
Have nobly barter'd earth for heaven.

5 Saved is the life for Jesus lost,
Hidden from earth, but found in God;
To suffer is to triumph most,
The highest gift on man bestow'd;
Seal of my sure election this,
Seal of mine everlasting bliss.

6 The touchstone, and the proof of grace,
The standard of perfection here,
The measure of my heavenly place,
When Christ and all His saints appear,
The mark Divine by Jesu's art
Imprinted on my faithful heart.

7 O might it deeper sink, (but give
Me strength Thy strongest love to bear,)
Fain would I die with Thee to live,
Fain would I all Thy passion share;
To me Thy thorny crown be given
On earth, Thy glorious crown in heaven.

VIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 8.

1 It must be so; Thou say'st it must:
True is Thine acceptable word,
They will from their communions thrust
The faithful followers of their Lord;
Buffet, and vex, and scourge, and bind
The friends, and patrons of mankind.

2 Full of the wicked one, and born
After the flesh, they *will* pursue
With restless hate, and cruel scorn,
The souls whom Thou hast formed anew,
The saints begotten from above,
Born of the Spirit of Thy love.

3 Who *would* the life of God regain,
And Thee for their example take,
They too the honour shall obtain,
And persecuted for Thy sake,
Thy confessors their seal set to,
True witnesses that God is true.

4 Who only seek in Thee our rest,
Are we not now a proverb made,
Reviled, rejected, and oppress'd,
By brethren and by friends betray'd,
By bitterest household foes pursued,
Hated of all that love not God?

5 Since first we heavenward turn'd our face,
Exposed, and outraged all day long
An helpless, poor, afflicted race,
For doing good we suffer wrong.
We suffer shame, distress, and loss,
And wait for all Thy glorious cross.

6 The Scriptures they in vain deny,
The world unknowingly fulfil;
Bursting through nature's closest tie,
The brother shall the brother kill,
The son shall stop his father's breath,
The parent drag his child to death.

7 No pity or humane regard
We in our savage foes shall find,
For all their cruelties prepared:
From those who cast Thy words behind
Justice, alas! we look for none;
Our help is all in Christ alone.

8 Holpen by Him to suffer more,
From strength to strength we meekly go;
And when we gain the perfect power,
The world their utmost rage shall show,
And when we all Thy life retrieve
Shall count us then not fit to live.

IX. THE SAME.—Hymn 9.

1 Jesu, Thy legacy I take,
The pattern Thou hast left behind,
To suffer all things for Thy sake,
Thy patient, meek, submissive mind
I long throughout my life to' express,
And copy all Thy righteousness.

2 I will not point Thee out the way,
Or rashly this, or that require,
I dare not for affliction pray;
But, Lord, Thou know'st my heart's desire,
Which pants for full conformity,
And struggles to be all like Thee.

3 I thirst to drink my Master's cup,
Thy fiery baptism to know,
To take Thy hallow'd burden up,
Companion of the Man of woe,
To tread where'er the Lamb hath trod,
One with the suffering Son of God.

4 My soul, with just ambition fired,
Hath languish'd to be great in Thee,
Hath oft to *Calvary* aspired,
Honour'd the ignominious tree,
And envied those, who earliest bear
Thy cross, and longest suffer there.

5 Who now to every ill submit,
Foremost of all Thy saints they stand,
Who suffer most, with Jesus sit,
Exalted at their Lord's right hand,
While here on earth, they reign above,
Triumphant on a throne of love.

X. THE SAME.—Hymn 10.

1 How long, Thou suffering Son of God,
Shall sinners take Thy name in vain,
Start from the thorny narrow road
Of sacred salutary pain,
Fondly presume to call Thee, Lord,
But tremble to obey Thy word?

2 The man that will Thy follower be,
Thou bidd'st him still himself deny,
Take up his daily cross with Thee,
Thy shameful death rejoice to die,
And choose a momentary pain,
A crown of endless life to gain.

3 But who the dreadful word receive,
Or gladly take Thy burden up?
We dare not, Lord, the truth believe,
But soothed with a self-flattering hope
To feeble man for succour run,
The crown-ensuring cross to shun.

4 A thousand ways and means we try,
The cross of none effect to make;
To *Egypt* we for chariots fly,
Shelter in human laws we take,
Assured the world will do us right,
And Satan against Satan fight.

5 Fools that we are, and slow of heart,
Our richest portion to refuse,
The patient Saviour's better part,
The labour, and reward, to lose,
The fairest prize to sufferers given,
The largest recompense in heaven.

6 But O! suffice the season past
That we Thy saying have abhorr'd,
Disdain'd Thy passion's cup to taste,
And strove to be above our Lord:
To Thy sweet yoke at length we bow,
And meekly come to suffer *now*.

7 Or let us here on *Tabor* stop,
Thy glorious face awhile to see,
Or climb yon adverse mountain's top,
The height of rugged *Calvary;*
To *Calvary* we with joy repair,
And die to find our Saviour there.

XI. THE SAME.—Hymn 11.

1 Help, gracious Lord, the time is come
Of suffering for Thy righteous cause,
I see, I see Thy people's doom,
To' endure with Thee the sacred cross,
And now my own convictions fear,
And tremble at the trial near.

2 The flesh, alas! Thou know'st is weak,
Nor can the lightest cross sustain,
Convinced, on earth I must not seek
A rescue from reproach, or pain,
Or put the hallow'd cup aside,
But bow with Jesus crucified.

3 Call'd to distress, and patient grief,
Have I not made Thy portion mine?
I have: I look for no relief,
No lessening of my lot Divine,
But hold Thy rigid *literal* word,
A simple follower of my Lord!

4 Let *Jews* their slightest wrong repay,
And fiercely eye for eye require:
More excellent the *Christian* way,
We will not call for vengeful fire,
Evil resist in word or deed,
But close in all Thy footsteps tread.

5 Let others human succour seek,
With all their powers the cross evade,
We learn to turn the other cheek,
We look to Thee alone for aid;
In suffering all we cannot err,
We cannot follow Thee too far.

6 To suffer all things for Thy sake,
My calling this I humbly own;
Nor will from Thee the matter take,
But trust my cause to Thee alone:
My help is all laid up above,
My only refuge is Thy love.

7 The word, the awful word, is true,
Howe'er my feeble flesh may fail,
I should my patient Lord pursue,
The utmost rage of earth and hell,
Meek, as the Lamb of God endure,
And die to make my calling sure.

XII. THE INWARD CROSS.

1 O MY dear Master, and my Lord,
Good is Thine acceptable will,
I yield obeisance to Thy word,
I come, Thy humbled state to feel,
My calling here I plainly see,
To bear, and bleed, and die with Thee.

2 Sufferer for sin my Master was,
A Man of griefs, inured to woe,
I bow me to Thine inward cross,
Sad fellowship with Thee I know:
Thou for another's sin didst groan,
And shall not I lament mine own?

3 Yes, Lord, I drink Thy bitter cup
Of grief, astonishment, and pain;
I fill Thy sore afflictions up,
I faint Thy burden to sustain,
My spirit sweats Thy sweat of blood,
And gasping calls "*My* God, *my* God!"

4 My spirit by Thy pangs is torn,
While Thou art pleased my faith to try;
For Thee disconsolate I mourn,
And still repeat Thy bitter cry,
"My God, my God," I cry like Thee,
Ah! "why hast Thou forsaken me!"

5 Abandon'd to the tempter's power,
Still on Thy daily cross I bleed,
Till all the rage of hell is o'er,
Till all my nature's life is dead;
Then, then my utmost wish I have,
And sink into my Saviour's grave.

6 I sink with Thee, with Thee to rise,
Thy quick'ning Spirit to regain,
To' insure my calling's heavenly prize,
And suffer with my Lord to reign,
Thy resurrection's power to prove,
And live the life of perfect love.

XIII. ANOTHER.

"*And He said to (them*) all, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.*"—Luke ix. 23.

1 MASTER, I own Thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly Thine I long to be;
Thou see'st at last I willing am,
Where'er Thou goest to follow Thee,

* The word "them" is not in the original. [*Author's Note.*]

Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly Thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires
For Thee I cheerfully forego,
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below,
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my lust of creature-good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray,
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only Thee resolved to' obey,
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will than Thine.

4 Reason, blind leader of the blind,
No more my sinking soul shall stay,
The wisdom of the carnal mind
That broken reed I cast away,
And stand by trusting in Thy might,
And follow Thy unerring light.

5 The beast, and devil I deny,
Sensual, and animal delight,
The wanton and the curious eye,
Be closed in everlasting night;
My learned lust be cast aside,
And all my filth of self and pride.

6 Henceforth I will not comfort take,
Or pleasure in myself but Thee;
Myself I cheerfully forsake,
From self I would at once get free,

I would not live, whate'er is (I,)
But O! my God, must *Isaac** die!
7 My joy in Thee, my pure delight,
So long desired, so late bestow'd,
The comfort of Thy blissful sight,
The offspring and the gift of God,
The sweet refreshments of Thy grace,
The glimpses of Thy heavenly face!
8 O the insufferable loss!
To lay my gifts and comforts down,
To nail my *Isaac* to the cross,
Before Thy feet to cast my crown,
Jesus, my Jesus, to restore!
All earth and heaven can give no more.
9 Yet will I offer in Thy might
This only offering worthy Thee,
Give up my spiritual delight,
My taste of glorious liberty,
Thine to Thyself I render back,
Thy all for Thee I now forsake.
10 All power is Thine in earth and heaven,
All fulness dwells in Thee alone;
Whate'er I had was freely given,
Nothing but sin I call my own,
Other propriety disclaim,
Thou only art the great I AM.
11 Wherefore to Thee I all resign,
Being Thou art, and good, and power,
Thy only will be done, not mine;
Thee, Lord, let earth and heaven adore,

* Not necessarily; not always: yet if God call for him, we *must* be ready to sacrifice our *Isaac*, or *joy* in Himself. [*Author's Note.*] [But this never need be. J. W.]

Flow back the rivers to their sea,
And let our all be lost in Thee.

XIV. ANOTHER.

1 O THIS agony of grief,
When shall it all be past?
Surely God will send relief,
And rescue me at last:
Comforter of all that mourn,
Jesus shall my peace restore,
Root out of my flesh the thorn,
And bid me weep no more.

2 Thrice, three thousand, times have I
For speedy rescue pray'd,
Can the God of love deny
His kindly promised aid?
Shall I never, never know
Full release from sin and pain,
First of all the sons of woe
That ask'd His help in vain.

3 No, Thou gracious God and true,
Thy promise cannot fail,
Thou at last shall bring me through
The toils of sin and hell:
This from Thee even now I have—
If Thou art not always nigh,
If Thou canst not, wilt not save,*
Let me for ever die.

[* Too bold. J. W.]

XV. ANOTHER.

1 O MY only Ease in pain,
O my only Joy in grief,
Hear me secretly complain,
Sigh for permanent relief,
Burden'd more than I can bear,
Still with earthly passions torn,
Let me tell Thee all my care,
Let me in Thy bosom mourn.

2 Jesus, why dost Thou delay
Thy poor prisoner to release,
All my sin to take away,
All my soul to fill with peace?
Surely, Lord, I would be free,
Would from every evil fly:
Set my heart at liberty,
Give me love, and let me die.

3 Nothing do I seek below,
Lord, I dare to Thee appeal,
Thou my tempted soul dost know,
All I fear and all I feel:
Nothing here but sin I dread,
Nothing here but love I crave:
Let me rest my weary head,
Let me find a quiet grave.

4 Grant me first the rest from sin,
Then permit me to depart,
Thou who seest this war within,
Thou who read'st this troubled heart.
When it doth to sin incline,
O the agony I bear!
This unworthy heart of mine
Would I not in pieces tear.

5 Wherefore then, Thou gracious God,
(Let me yet again inquire,)
Dost Thou leave me to my load,
Still deny my best desire?
Why dost Thou to help forbear,
Heedless of my griefs and fears,
Deaf to my continual prayer,
Silent at my ceaseless tears?

6 What Thou dost I know not now,
But on Thee my soul I cast,
To Thy secret counsel bow,
Sure to know the whole at last.
Sure Thine utmost grace to know,
Sure to prove Thine utmost will,
Throughly sanctified below,
Caught up to Thy heavenly hill.

XVI. THE LAST WISH.*

1 To do, or not to do; to have
Or not to have, I leave to Thee;
To be or not to be, I leave:
Thy only will be done in me:
All my requests are lost in one,
Father, Thy only will be done.

2 Suffice that for the season past
Myself in things Divine I sought,
For comforts cried with eager haste,
And murmur'd that I found them not:

* Wesley doubted whether two or three expressions in this hymn did not carry the idea of the self-renunciation required by the gospel to an unscriptural length; Fletcher however regarded it as "descriptive of the destruction of corrupt self-will, and expressive of the absolute resignation which characterises a perfect believer." See his works, vol. v., (edit. 1837,) p. 222.

I leave it now to Thee alone,
Father, Thy only will be done.

3 Thy gifts I clamour for no more,
Or selfishly Thy grace require
An evil heart to varnish o'er;
Jesus the Giver I desire,
After the flesh no longer known:
Father, Thy only will be done.

4 Welcome alike the crown or cross;
Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,
Nor toil, nor rest, nor gain, nor loss,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor ease,
Nor life, nor death; but ever groan,
Father, Thy only will be done.

XVII.

1 Rock of everlasting love,
Into Thy clefts I flee,
Never, never to remove
I build my house on Thee;
On Thy dying love I stand,
Hear Thy words, and keep them too;
Duteous to Thy kind command,
By works my faith I show.

2 Made unto salvation wise,
And freely saved by grace,
Thee, on whom my soul relies,
My faithful soul obeys:
Faithful, and obedient still,
Let me not be put to shame,
Coming now to' endure Thy will,
And suffer for Thy name.

3 Lo! the rains descend, o'erflow,
And to a deluge spread;
Winds, and storms, and tempests blow,
And beat upon my head:
Satan drives the furious blast,
Floods of wickedness assail,
Stands my house on Jesus fast;
That Rock can never fail.

4 Higher let the torrent rise,
The tempest louder roar;
Satan, storm with all Thy lies,
And use thine utmost power,
Firm I stand the general shock,
Never from my basis move,
Built, and 'stablish'd on the Rock
Of everlasting love.

XVIII.

1 THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Our Saviour we adore;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify Thy power.
Thy power in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire;
We now Thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburnt in fire.

2 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our Guide;
Surrounded, and upheld by Thee,
The fiery test abide.

The fire our graces shall refine,
Till moulded from above
We bear the character Divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

XIX. FOR THE BROTHERHOOD.

1 HEAD of Thy patient church beneath,
Attend the faithful prayer we breathe
In Thy own Spirit's power;
And by Thy grace protect, and keep,
Thy little flock of helpless sheep
In every trying hour.

2 Our brethren, and companions dear,
Who suffer in Thy kingdom here,
Preserve in their distress;
Support us by that glorious hope,
And bring, O bring us quickly up
Out of the wilderness.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
Ah! do not suffer him to slay
One soul that would be Thine:
To us the wiles of Satan show,
And arm us 'gainst our hellish foe
In panoply Divine.

4 By human wolves encompass'd round,
Let none without the fold be found
Of all Thy lambs or sheep:
From worldly rage and malice hide,
And keep us ever by Thy side,
And in Thy bosom keep.

5 But above all Thy power display,
To screen us in our evil day
And from ourselves defend;
Subdue, destroy our foes within,
And save the tempted soul from sin,
And save us to the end.

6 O for Thy great and glorious name,
The dire reproach, the guilty shame,
The cursed thing avert;
In all the' assaults of sense and pride
Continue on Thy people's side,
And guard the feeble heart.

7 No more may we to sin submit,
But trample it beneath our feet
With holy rage and scorn,
Till each is more than conqueror,
And all obtain the perfect power,
And all to God return.

XX. ANOTHER.

1 Thou God of love, and truth, and power,
Guard us in the evil hour,
By sore temptation tried;
Shelter Thy poor, afflicted flock,
And in the clefts of *Israel's* Rock
Our trembling spirits hide.

2 Long as the war subsists within,
Save, O save us, Lord, from sin,
The lusting flesh subdue;
The Spirit's stronger lust exert,
And watch o'er every helpless heart,
Till Thou hast made it new.

3 For this we strive, for this we pray,
Take the stumbling-block away,
The cursed thing remove;
Uphold, and make our footsteps sure,
And let us stand, and walk secure
In humble faith, and love.

4 Sin, only sin we deprecate,
Fill us with a perfect hate
Of that Thy soul abhors;
O let us every sin eschew
Till all are brought victorious through,
And more than conquerors.

XXI. ANOTHER.

1 Still, Lord, we ask, and urge Thee still,
Ask according to Thy will,
And urge our strong request:
Preserve Thy little flock from sin,
And keep, till Thou hast brought us in
To Thine eternal rest.

2 Ah! do not suffer us to stray,
Thee our Master to betray,
And shamefully deny:
But (for Thou know'st our treacherous heart)
Command us sooner to depart,
And innocently die.

3 Be jealous for Thy glorious name,
Never let the heathen blame
The truth for our offence;
But rather now confirm us Thine,
And let us all our souls resign,
And fly this moment hence.

4 Canst Thou despise our fear and pain,
Suffer us to cry in vain
Beneath the load we bear?
Our load of pain and fear remove,
And answer by the fire of love
Our agonizing prayer.

5 'Tis done! He hears His Spirit's cry,
Surely now we feel Him nigh
To grant *His own* request:
We shall not live to fall away,
But taken from the evil day
With Him for ever rest.

XXII.

1 Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond the vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time, and space,
Look forward to that happy place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 See, where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled with His radiant bands,
And join the' angelic powers,
For all that height of glorious bliss
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours.

4 Who suffer for our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all, that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

5 Thrice-blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head.

6 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see:
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

7 The Father shining on His throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit One and Seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before His feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

8 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain Thy cross,
And at Thy footstool fall,
Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
Till Thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is all in all.

XXIII. DESIRING TO PRAY.—Hymn 1.

1 O THAT I could but pray!
How gladly should I bear
The burden of this evil day
With the support of prayer!
Happy, could I but tell
To God my inward woe,
My depth of wickedness reveal,
My height of trouble show.

2 Alas, He knows it all,
My whole of sin and grief;
Yet O, for help I cannot call,
I cannot ask relief:
Mountains on mountains rise,
And quite block up the way;
O that I could but lift my eyes,
O that I could but pray!

3 I struggle still, and fain
I would throw off my load,
Stir myself up, and strive again
To apprehend my God:
Farther He doth from me,
And farther still depart;
In vain I bow my feeble knee,
But not my stubborn heart.

4 My heart, alas, is dead,
Or unconcern'd it sleeps,
Or starts, of its own wish afraid,
And contradicts my lips;

Or with suggestions fraught
Too horrible to bear,
Breaks off the suit, to' escape the thought
Of blasphemous despair.

5 Ah, whither, or to whom
Shall I for succour fly!
My Saviour bids the weary come,
Yet do I not draw nigh:
I would (but all in vain)
To Him my wants display:
My heart abhors the fruitless pain,
I cannot, cannot pray.

6 But shall I then depart,
And cast away my hope,
Yield to a wretched, faithless heart,
And give my Saviour up?
No, no! that killing thought
Is worse than all I feel;
Still let me seek, though clean forgot,
And want my Saviour still.

7 Dead as I am to God,
I will not Him forego,
But patiently take up my load,
And suffer all my woe:
For ever will I lie
Before His mercy-seat,
Though not allow'd with *Mary* I
To wash, and kiss His feet.

8 In quiet, calm distress
Will I my cross sustain,
Content to sigh for happiness,
And strive to pray,—in vain!

Unless He from His throne
The speechless mourner hear,
The deep, unutterable groan,
The loudly silent tear.
9 He hears, He hears it now!
The anguish not express'd,
The struggle of my soul to bow,
And fall upon His breast!
Silence a voice hath found,
A cry is in the void,
Through earth and heaven my woes resound,
And pierce the ears of God.
10 Believing against hope,
I will expect His grace,
Through all the clouds of sin look up,
And wait to see His face:
Forgotten though I seem,
He knows what I would say;
The darkness is not dark to Him,
The night is clear as day.
11 I dare no longer doubt
His readiness to save;
Will Jesus therefore cast me out,
Because no good I have?
To sinners truly poor
Will God Himself deny!
He cannot cast me out—no more
Than He again can die!

XXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 Jesu, full of grace for me,
Help my soul's infirmity;

Grant the supplicating grace,
Give the power to seek Thy face:
Hear a feeble sinner groan,
Burden'd with an heart of stone;
Take the heart of stone away,
Give me will, and power to pray.

2 Once again revive the dead,
Stir me up to ask Thine aid;
By Thy Spirit's breath incline
This unyielding heart of mine;
Now the rock in sunder rend,
Now eject the silent fiend,
Power into my soul convey,
Sigh the pitying *Ephphatha!*

3 O my God, how long shall I
Coldly with my lips draw nigh,
Lift my eyes with useless pain,
Drop their weary lids again,
Feebly struggle to declare
The sad meaning of my prayer,
Give the fruitless labour o'er,
Gasp for utterance no more!

4 Help a poor and needy soul,
Make the wilderness a pool,
Pour Thy Spirit from above,
Bless me with a flood of love;
For Thy mercy sake alone
Let the miracle be done;
Take my heart of stone away,
Give me will, and power to pray.

XXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 O Thou Father of compassions,
O Thou God of mercies, hear,
Send the Spirit of supplications,
Send the gracious Comforter:
Have respect to Jesus' merit,
To Thy church the Gift impart,
Send Him now; the pleading Spirit
Pour into Thy people's heart.

2 If we have through Him found favour,
If for us He ever prays,
Now in honour of our Saviour,
Grant the all-commanding grace;
Stir us up to prayer unceasing,
Let us all the promise claim,
Wrestle for the mighty blessing,
For the new, mysterious name.

3 Send our long desired *Messias*,
Us to teach Thy perfect way;
Faithful, fervent as *Elias*,
Let us in the Spirit pray,
Let the power to us be given,
(Weak and helpless as we are,)
Power to shut, and open heaven,
All the' omnipotence of prayer.

XXVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 Jesu, Thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend Thy feeblest followers' call,
And O! instruct us how to pray;

Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek Thy face.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till Thou, who call'dst a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in Thy Spirit groan,
And then we give Thee back Thy own.

3 Proceeds from Thee the wish to pray,
The longing wish which now we feel;
But O! we know not what to say,
We would, but cannot, Lord, reveal
The load our fainting spirits bear,
Or tell Thee all our wants in prayer.

4 Lost in a labyrinth of sin,
Long have we wander'd to and fro,
The wilderness hath shut us in,
And only faith the way can show,
And only prayer can lend the clue,
To guide our weary footsteps through.

5 Tormented, destitute, distress'd,
Scatter'd in the dark, cloudy day,
We labour for that farther rest,
And fain would force our hearts to pray,
And strive and pant with endless care
To heave away the mountain bar.

6 Dost Thou not, Lord, our trouble see,
Our sore, unprofitable pain?
A thousand times we bow the knee,
Approach Thee with our lips in vain,
Present with lifted hands and eyes,
An heartless, lifeless sacrifice.

7 A thousand times o'erwhelm'd with woe,
We groan impatient at Thy stay,
Ready to let the promise go,
Ready to cast our shield away,
The fruitless labour to forbear,
And fold our arms in sad despair.

8 Jesu, regard the joint complaint
Of all Thy tempted followers here,
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter,
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix Thine Agent in our heart.

9 To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal Thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our heart an house of prayer,
That promised Intercessor give,
And let us now Thyself receive.

10 Come in Thy pleading Spirit down,
To us, who for Thy coming stay;
Of all Thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
And, if Thou canst, deny the rest.*

XXVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 5.

1 Shepherd Divine, our want relieve
In this our evil day,
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

* Compare Note, Vol. I., p. 236. In an edition of 1780 the line stands, "Thou canst not then"—a great improvement.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast
In never ceasing prayer.

3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle, till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden name.

4 Till Thou the perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let Thee go.

5 I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me,
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain top
Behold Thine open face,
While faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise.

XXVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 6.*

"*Men* ought *always to pray, and not to faint.*"—Luke xviii. 1.

1 Come, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesus' service join;
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance Divine;

* This hymn, with five others, was first published in 1745, at the end of a Tract entitled "A Short View of the Difference between the Moravian Brethren lately in England, and the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley." Two of the five will be found

Let us His command obey,
And ask, and have whate'er we want;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
To the old tempter's will;
Never more our duty leave,
While Satan cries *Be still!*
Stand we in the ancient way,
And here with God ourselves acquaint;
Pray we, &c.

3 Be it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood,
Yet we will the cross sustain,
And bless the welcome load;
All our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint;
Pray we, &c.

4 Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare;
All the promises are sure
To persevering prayer:

in Vol. IV., on pp. 259 and 380 respectively; and two others as Nos. 11 and 12 of the series of Hymns of Intercession, in the present volume. As at first published they were a valuable contribution to the defence of a truth then strangely assailed. To the first in the series, (Vol. IV., p. 380,) was prefixed the text "Ask and it shall be given you," Matt. vii. 7. To the second, (Vol. IV. p. 259,) the text "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet," &c., Matt. vi. 6. To the third, which will appear in a subsequent Volume, the text "Thou meetest those that remember Thee in Thy ways," Isaiah lxiv. 5. The fourth is given above. The next, which was originally entitled "A Prayer for Believers in Temptation," and the last, "For those that are turned out of the way," taken with the rest, supply a beautiful example of "speaking the truth in love."

Till we see the perfect day,
And each wakes up a spotless saint,
Pray we, &c.

5 Pray we on, when all-renew'd,
And perfected in love,
Till we see the Saviour-God
Descending from above,
All His heavenly charms survey,
Beyond what angel minds can paint,
Pray we, &c.

6 Pray we, in the realms of light
Till we behold His face;
Faith shall there be lost in sight,
And prayer in endless praise,
Blest through one eternal day,
Possess'd of all that God can grant;
There we need not, cannot pray,
For heaven is all we want.

XXIX. ON THE LOSS OF HIS FRIENDS.—

Hymn 1.

1 Take these broken reeds away!
On the Rock of Ages I
Calmly now my spirit stay,
Now on Christ alone rely,
Every other prop resign,
Sure the Sinners' Friend is mine.

2 Fly, my friends, with treacherous speed,
Melt as snow before the sun,
Leave me at my greatest need,
Leave me to my God alone,
To my help which cannot fail,
To my Friend unchangeable.

3 O! how constant is my Lord,
While I to His promise cleave!
True, and faithful to His word,
Me my Lord will never leave,
None shall us by violence part,
None shall tear me from His heart.

4 Keep me then, my Lord, my Love,
Keep me close to Thy own breast,
Till Thou take me up above,
Till I gain the heavenly rest,
Seated on Thy glorious throne,
With Thyself for ever one.

XXX. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 Glory to the awful God!
Object of Thy kindest care,
Thankful I adore Thy rod,
Bless Thee for the griefs I bear,
Griefs which all my steps attend,
Hasten on the joyful end.

2 O how wonderful Thy love,
Most benign, when most severe!
All Thy rivals to remove,
All my hopes of comfort here,
Forcing me to feel, and see,
All on earth is vanity.

3 Long as in the vale I live,
Calmly in the vale I mourn,
Thankfully my lot receive,
Till I to Thy arms return;
Harden'd in my grief, till I
Sink into Thy arms, and die.

4 Till that welcome hour I see,
Brood I o'er my hoarded grief,
Hug my sacred misery,
Wretched above all relief,
Smile I with superior pain,
Earth, and all its joys disdain.

5 What a mighty blessing this!
Peace on earth I cannot know,
Cannot taste a moment's bliss,
Stripp'd of all I prized below;
Shall I of my loss complain?
Only heaven is greater gain.

XXXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 Disconsolate tenant of clay,
In solemn assurance arise,
Thy treasure of sorrow survey,
And look through it all to the skies:
That heavenly house is prepared
For all who are sufferers here,
And wait the return of their Lord,
And long for His day to appear.

2 Who suffer in Jesus's shame,
Shall triumph in Jesus's love:
A child of affliction I claim
My sure habitation above;
My seal of election is this,
His marks in my body I bear;
My fulness of infinite bliss,
My crown of rejoicing is there.

3 There all the tempestuous blast
Of bitter affliction is o'er,
The spirit is landed at last,
And sorrow and shame are no more,
Temptation and trouble are gone,
The trial is all at an end—
And there I shall cease to bemoan
The loss of my brother, and friend.

4 'Tis there I shall meet him again
Whose burden through life I must bear,
No longer the cause of my pain,
No longer a fugitive there:
Here only the world could divide,
Here only the tempter could part,
And turn the unwary aside,
And poison the innocent heart.

5 Then let me with meekness attend
The word that shall summon me home,
The days of my pilgrimage end,
And bury my griefs in the tomb;
The tears shall be wiped from my eyes,
When him I behold with the blest,
Who hasten'd my soul to the skies,
And follow'd me into my rest.

XXXII. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 O my best, my only Friend,
Ever constant, kind, and true,
Let my days of mourning end,
Let me bid the world adieu,
From its vice and vanity
Take, O take me up to Thee.

2 Weary of my friends below,
Friends that quickly melt away,
Friends, that faint to share my woe,
Friends, that promise and betray,
Let me quit the faithless kind,
Truth in Thee alone to find.

3 O that now my spirit might fail,
Suddenly from earth remove!
Snatch me from the weeping vale,
Bear me to the world above:
There at rest the weary are,
Vex'd with no false brethren there.

4 Jesu, Lord, when shall it be?
End of all my wishes Thou,
Set my struggling spirit free,
Hasten to my rescue now:
Bid me to the mountain fly,
Get me up this hour, and die.

XXXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 5.

1 Or if Thy great will ordain
In the vale my longer stay,
Let me cease from wretched man,
Cast the broken reed away,
Give my vainest labour o'er,
Look for faith in man no more.

2 Pass away the empty shade,
Idle dream of friendship here,
Let the fond idea fade,
Let the vapour disappear:
Human friends, I give you up,
Thou, O Christ, art all my hope.

3 Only Thou canst never be
Wearied out with my complaint:
Crush'd by my own misery,
Oft as at Thy feet I faint,
Thou my grief dost more than share,
Thou dost all my burden bear.

4 Never will Thy patience fail,
Never leave me in distress,
Though my enemies prevail,
Though my miseries increase,
Though Thou dost my follies see,
Though my faults are known to Thee.

5 Weak, and wayward as I am,
Naked, indigent, and blind,
Thou dost hide my guilty shame,
Kindly cast my sins behind,
Freely my backslidings heal,
Love the faithless sinner still.

6 Sinning on so oft, so long,
Though I did Thy Spirit grieve,
Patient Love endured the wrong,
Love refused His spoils to leave;
Though I *would* from Thee depart,
Love pursued, and broke my heart.

7 Let me then on Thee rely,
All Thy faithful mercies prove,
Till I meet Thee in the sky,
Till I join the church above,
Love me, love me to the end,
Be my everlasting Friend.

XXXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 6.

1 O my condescending Lord,
How hast Thou to earth stoop'd down!
Sinners vile and self-abhorr'd
Thou dost for Thy brethren own;
O the grace on man bestow'd,
Man is call'd the friend of God!

2 What can I desire beside?
Jesus for my friend I claim,
Jesus is my faithful guide,
Happy in His love I am,
Fulness of delight I prove
In His all-sufficient love.

3 From the faithless sons of men,
Saviour, to Thy arms I flee,
Sweetly on Thy bosom lean,
Find my happiness in Thee,
Happiness that cannot fail,
Gloriously unchangeable.

4 While I thus my soul recline
On my dear Redeemer's breast,
Need I for the creature pine,
Fondly seek a farther rest,
Still for human friendship sue,
Stoop, ye worms of earth, to you!

5 Jesus, Thee alone I know,
Monarch of my simple heart,
Thou my only friend below,
Thou my heavenly portion art,
Here, and in eternity,
Thou art all in all to me.

XXXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 7.

1 Father, take Thy plague away,
And give me back my peace,
In the dark and cloudy day
I show Thee my distress:
Fear, rebuke, and blasphemy
Beset my soul on every side:
See, the helpless sinner see,
For whom Thy Son hath died.

2 Earth and hell their counsel take
Thy servant to devour,
Do not, Lord, my soul forsake,
Nor leave me to their power;
Be not Thou mine enemy,
Nor in Thy fierce displeasure chide;
See, the helpless sinner see,
For whom Thy Son hath died.

3 Let the gathering storm descend;
Let the triumphant foe
Sweep away my dearest friend,
My every good below,
Vent his utmost rage on me,
So Thou my God art pacified;
See, the helpless sinner see,
For whom Thy Son hath died.

4 Lord, I will not deprecate
The utmost sufferings here,
Let the world condemn, and hate,
If Thou in mercy clear:

Let them set their brand on me,
So Thou pronounce me justified;
See, the helpless sinner see,
For whom Thy Son hath died.

XXXVI. THE SAME. FOR MIDNIGHT.—HYMN 8.

1 AT this solemn noon of night,
Lo! I rise to sing Thy praise,
All Thy judgments, Lord, are right,
True, and holy all Thy ways:
Dark, and grievous though they be,
Just are all Thy ways to me.

2 Glory to the God unknown!
Chasten'd from my infant years,
Thy afflictive love I own,
Mingle praises with my tears,
Bless Thee for my troubles past,
Calmly wait to feel the last.

3 Thee I awfully adore,
Bruised by Thy severest rod;
Strengthen me to suffer more,
Still increase my heaviest load,
Child of sorrow from the womb
Send me weeping to the tomb.

4 Still in weariness, and pain,
Will I a sad vigil keep;
Lift my mournful eyes again,
Only wake, to pray, and weep;
To my midnight task return,
Bless Thee for my power to mourn.

5 O how gracious is Thy love,
Thus to strip me of my joy!
All my comforts to remove,
All my idols to destroy,
Forced by stress of misery
Happiness to seek in Thee.

6 Wounded in the tenderest part,
Spoil'd of all my friends below,
Can I thank Thee from my heart,
Bless the Hand that deals the blow?
Lord, beneath Thy hand I bow;
What Thou dost I know not now.

7 Yet I can Thy mercy praise,
Doom'd my chastening *here* to feel
That I with the godless race
May not be adjudged to hell;
Lord, for this my thanks receive,
Wretched out of hell, I live.

8 Of his earthly all bereft
Should a living man complain?
Or have I a blessing left?
Take that blessing back again,
Now my latest good remove,
Give me but at last Thy love.

XXXVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 9.

1 O bitter, bitter loss!
My bosom friend is gone,
My life, and comfort was
Wrapp'd up in him alone:

My eyes' and heart's desire is fled,
The intercourse is o'er,
My bosom friend to me is dead,
He loves my soul no more.

2 To Satan's malice left,
By human furies torn,
Of all my joys bereft,
For none but this I mourn;
As *Rachel* obstinately grieve,
Disconsolate in woe,
Nor will I ever more receive
Comfort in things below.

3 I lift my broken heart
To Him that reigns above:
O would He once impart
The medicine of His love!
His only love can be my balm,
My wounded spirit ease;
His only voice the storm can calm,
And bid my sorrows cease.

4 O wouldst Thou, Lord, appear,
And answer to my cry,
Thy hopeless mourner cheer,
Thy balmy blood apply.
From Thee, the God of pardoning love,
I never would depart,
But seek my whole delight above,
And give Thee all my heart.

5 Were I from all my pain
Miraculously freed,
Might I receive again
My *Isaac* from the dead,

He still should on Thine altar lie,
Till both translated were,
And met each other in the sky,
And met the Saviour there!

XXXVIII. THE SAME. JONAH'S GOURD.—HYMN 10.

1 WHERE is the gourd, that sudden rose
To screen a weary pilgrim's head,
To' assuage the violence of my woes,
And bless me with its cooling shade,
Make all my cares, and sorrows cease,
And turn my anguish into ease?

2 A worm hath smote my verdant bower,
And lo! how soon it fades away!
It could not stand the morning hour,
Or bear the scorching heat of day:
My wither'd joy, alas, is fled,
My fence is gone—my friend is dead.

3 Dead, dead are all my hopes below,
On earth I look for no relief:
No pause, or interval of woe,
No respite, or suspense of grief;
My short-lived happiness is o'er,
And human friendship is no more.

4 The fiery sun's directest ray,
The vehement wind's severest blast,
Beat on me in this evil day:
O might I now complain my last,
Now, now lay down my fainting head,
And weary sink among the dead!

5 Better for me to die, than live
An useless life of grief and pain:
O wouldst Thou, Lord, my spirit receive!
But purge it first from every stain,
From all my foes, and friends set free,
And then receive me up to Thee.

XXXIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 11.

1 O 'tis enough! my God, my God,
Thy hand withhold, Thy wrath forbear;
Spare, for I hear the speaking rod,
Thy prodigal in mercy spare,
And in Thy gracious arms embrace,
And kiss the sorrow from my face.

2 My every idol I resign,
By Thy afflicting love compell'd;
Jesu, the victory is Thine,
Hardly at last I yield, I yield
With every creature-good to part,
I give Thee all this worthless heart.

3 With solemn dread my life, my fame,
My friend I on Thy altar lay,
All human help, and hope disclaim,
And meekly wait the welcome day,
That shall my weary soul release,
And lull me in eternal peace.

4 O might I now Thy goodness taste,
And know the pardoning God is mine,
Calmly lament, and groan my last,
Into Thy hands my soul resign,
And plunge into the depths above,
The ocean of Thy heavenly love!

XL. THE SAME.—Hymn 12.

1 Why should a living child of man
Beneath the scourge repine,
Or dare with impious grief to' arraign
The righteousness Divine?
Why should I murmur at my load,
And farther still rebel,
So lightly chasten'd by my God,
And not thrust down to hell?

2 What are the sorest plagues I bear
To those the damn'd sustain?
What is my temporal despair
To their eternal pain?
My sins demand their dreadful hire,
My sins for vengeance call,
And short of that infernal fire
'Tis grace and mercy all.

3 What though my soul with shame is fill'd,
My heart o'erwhelm'd with dread,
What though my tender joys are kill'd,
And every comfort fled;
What though my darling *Isaac* I
Am forced to offer up,
And live, when all my blessings die,
And drink the bitterest cup:

4 Shall I resent my slighted love,
Or mourn my murder'd fame,
Worthy the hate of all above,
And everlasting shame!

5 From the world I remove
To a city above,
Whose basis stands fast,
And long as the heavenly Founder shall last.

6 No mournful complaints
In a city of saints,
No evil, or sin,
No want, or temptation can ever break in.

7 No curse to annoy,
No death to destroy,
No trouble, or care,
No anguish, or sorrow, or crying is there.

8 The King of the place
Shall show me His face;
The rapturous sight
Shall fill me with pure and unfading delight.

9 O thrice-blessed hope!
Even now it lifts up
My soul to the skies,
And wipes for a moment the tears from my eyes.

10 The vale I look through
To the glory in view,
That eternal reward
For all, who endure to the end with their Lord.

11 For that heavenly prize
The cross I despise,
Till with life I lay down
The burden, through which I inherit the crown.

XLVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 Great Author of my being,
Who seest mine inward care,
The ills of Thy decreeing
Enable me to bear;
The justice of Thy sentence
With meekest awe to own,
And spend in deep repentance
My last expiring groan.

2 The grief beyond expressing
To me, to me impart,
I ask this only blessing
An humble broken heart:
The spirit of contrition
O might I now receive,
For all my soul's ambition
Is worthily to grieve.

3 In sacred melancholy
I would through life abide,
And wail my days of folly,
My years of sin, and pride,
Far from the paths of pleasure,
Disdaining all relief,
Would count my mournful treasure,
And hug my hoard of grief.

4 Be this my constant care
From all delight to flee,
And suffer none to share
My sacred misery;

No succour, or compassion
Of feeble man I crave,
No earthly consolation,
Or refuge—but the grave.

5 *The friend*, whom once I wanted
To mitigate my woe,
Revoked as soon as granted,
I calmly now forego;
My latest strife is over,
The fleeting good to stay,
Nor would I, Lord, recover
Whom Thou hast snatch'd away.

6 Thou know'st my heart's desire
Is only to be gone,
And silently retire,
And live, and die alone:
No sweet companion near
To catch my latest sighs,
My dying words to hear,
Or close these weary eyes.

7 Only Thou God of power,
Thou God of love attend,
In that decisive hour,
When pain with life shall end:
Thou only bear my burden,
And help my last distress,
And give me back my pardon,
And bid me die in peace.

8 O for Thy Jesus' merit,
The forfeiture restore,
And land my fainting spirit
On yonder happy shore:

In safety waft me over,
And harbour in Thy breast,
And let me there recover
Mine everlasting rest.

XLVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 To the fountain of Thy blood
With trembling haste I fly;
Wash me, O my pardoning God,
From crimes of deepest dye;
Purge my every crimson stain,
And give my burden'd conscience ease,
Turn me to my rest again,
And bid me die in peace.

2 None of all Thy gifts below
Do I, O Lord, desire,
Grant me but Thy love to know,
And quietly expire;
From my sin's, my body's chain
This weary wretched soul release;
Turn me, &c.

3 If Thou canst, the whole remit
Of what I feel, and fear,
Send me up out of the pit
Of temporal despair:
All the sad arrears of pain
Discharge by Thy own righteousness;
Turn me, &c.

4 Let the punishment suffice
I have already borne,
Wipe the sorrow from my eyes,
And bid me now return;

Me a wretched sinful man
Redeem from all my sinfulness:
Turn me, &c.

5 Weak, and coward as I am,
I dare no longer live:
Hide me from my grief, and shame,
And to Thyself receive:
Might I now the port obtain,
Might all these storms and sorrows cease!
Turn me, &c.

6 Plunge me in the purple tide
Of Thy atoning blood;
Take me, Lord, into Thy side,
And bring me pure to God:
If Thou hast not died in vain,
The purchase of Thy passion seize;
Turn me to my rest again,
And bid me die in peace.

XLVIII. THE SAME. AT LYING DOWN.—HYMN 5.

1 WHEN shall I lay down my head
On my softest, earthen bed,
Have the rest I fain would have,
Sink into the quiet grave!

2 When shall I my haven find,
Leave my cares and griefs behind,
Gain the good for which I weep,
Close mine eyes in lasting sleep!

3 Might I now escape away,
Quit the tenement of clay,
Take my unsuspected flight,
Steal into the world of light.

4 Only this do I desire,
Change, and O! my soul require,
Come, my Lord, and Saviour come,
Now prepare, and take me home.

5 Now pronounce the welcome word,
Pardon, and receive me, Lord;
Now the hallowing blood apply,
Bid me lay me down, and die.

6 Work a sudden work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness,
Liken'd to the saints in light,
Call me hence this happy night.

7 Save me now from all my fears,
Let me pour my latest tears,
Ere I see the' approaching morn,
Bid my spirit to God return;

8 Breathless leave this heavy clod,
Faint into the arms of God,
Glide in blissful dreams away,
Wake in everlasting day.

XLIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 6.

1 Thou wretched man of sorrow,
Whose eyes all day o'erflow,
Indulge thy grief, and borrow
The night for farther woe;

In ceaseless lamentation
Thy solemn moments spend,
And groan thy expectation,
That pain with life shall end.

2 Till then in fix'd despair
Of all relief I live,
My utmost burden bear,
And *now* retire to grieve;
To taste my only pleasure,
In secret sighs complain,
Augment my mournful treasure,
And aggravate my pain.

3 To pain and grief inured
I from the womb have been,
And all the rage endured,
And all the shame of sin,
Wander'd my forty years
Throughout the desert wide,
And in ten thousand fears
Ten thousand deaths have died.

4 Eternal death's sad sentence
I still, alas, receive;
With fruitless, vain repentance
For final mercy grieve:
The agony of temptation
I every moment feel,
As doom'd to desperation,
As rushing into hell.

5 My comforts all are blasted,
My Comforter is gone:
The joy which once I tasted,
O that I ne'er had known!

The gourd which soothed my anguish
Is wither'd o'er my head,
And faint with grief I languish
To sink among the dead.

6 From all I suffer here,
(If God my sins forgive,)
From all I feel, and fear,
I there redeem'd shall live:
No serpent to deceive me,
No sin to stain my thought,
No loss, or wrong to grieve me,
Where all things are forgot.

7 No heart-distracting passion
Is there to break my peace,
But joy without cessation,
And love without excess:
Of paradise secure,
I shall no longer mourn;
The bliss is full, and sure,
The rose without a thorn.

8 Safe on the happy shore,
My soul the storm defies,
Where pain afflicts no more,
And grief no longer cries:
In that celestial city
From all our toils we cease,
And lose our sighing pity
In universal bliss.

9 In hope of that salvation
I feel a moment's rest,
The calm of expectation
Has stole into my breast;

The loss of one weak, faithless friend,
Still, still shall I bemoan,
When God, whose favours never end,
May yet be all my own?

5 God of my life, to Thy decree
I humbly now submit,
Accept my punishment from Thee,
And tremble at Thy feet:
Whate'er Thy will inflicts I take,
Till all Thy plagues are past;
But while my soul I render back,
O give me peace at last.

XLI. THE SAME. THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS DISAPPOINTMENTS.—Hymn 13.

1 God of my life, how good, how wise
Thy judgments on my soul have been!
They were but mercies in disguise,
The painful remedies of sin:
How different now Thy ways appear,
Most merciful when most severe!

2 Since first the maze of life I trod,
Hast Thou not hedged about my way,
My worldly vain designs withstood,
And robb'd my passions of their prey,
Withheld the fuel from the fire,
And cross'd my every fond desire?

3 Trouble, and loss, and grief, and pain
Have crowded all my forty years;
I never could my wish obtain,
And own at last with joyful tears

The man whom God delights to bless,
He never curses with success.

4 How oft didst Thou my soul withhold,
And baffle my pursuit of fame,
And mortify my lust of gold,
And blast me in my surest aim,
Withdraw my animal delight,
And starve my grovelling appetite!

5 Thy goodness, obstinate to save,
Hath all my airy schemes o'erthrown,
My will Thou wouldst not let me have;
With blushing thankfulness I own
I envied oft the swine their meat,
But could not gain the husks to eat.

6 Thou wouldst not let Thy captive go,
Or leave me to my carnal will,
Thy love forbad my rest below,
Thy patient love pursued me still,
And forced me from my sin to part,
And tore the idol from my heart.

7 Joy of mine eyes, and more beloved
(Forgive me, gracious God!) than Thee,
Thy sudden stroke far off removed,
And stopp'd my vile idolatry,
And drove me from the idol's shrine,
And cast me at the feet Divine.

8 But can I now the loss lament,
Or murmur at Thy friendly blow?
Thy friendly blow my spirit hath rent,
From every seeming good below;
Thrice happy loss, which makes me see
My happiness is all in Thee.

9 How shall I bless Thy thwarting love,
So near in my temptation's hour!
It flew my ruin to remove,
It snatch'd me from my nature's power,
Broke off my grasp of creature good,
And plunged me in the' atoning blood.
10 See then at last I all resign,
I yield me up Thy lawful prey:
Take this poor, long-sought soul of mine,
And bear me in Thine arms away,
Whence I may never more remove,
Secure in Thy eternal love.

XLII. WRITTEN WHEN UNDER REPROACH.

1 O MY *Galilean* King,
Can I glory in *this* shame?
Can I *this* dishonour bring,
As a suffering for Thy name?
Lord, Thou know'st, and Thou alone,
All our hearts to Thee are known.
2 Naked, and without disguise
In Thy sight my spirit stands:
Have I not from outward vice
Wash'd, in innocence, my hands,
From the great transgression free?
Lord, I dare appeal to Thee.
3 Inwardly like other men,
Wholly born in sin I am:
Only Thou didst still restrain
For the honour of Thy name;
Kept by Thine almighty grace,
Thee I render all the praise.

4 Nought have I whereof to boast,
Only sin to me belongs,
Scorn of the *Philistine* host,
Subject of the drunkard's songs,
Mark of Pharisaic zeal,
All the virtuous rage of hell.

5 Master, is it not for Thee?
If I suffer for Thy cause,
Bless the sacred infamy,
Crown the scandal of Thy cross,
Now the peaceful answer give,
Let me now Thy love receive.

6 Me if Thou hadst never sent,
Satan's strongest holds to' o'erthrow,
Would he thus his malice vent,
Stir up all his powers below,
Make me as his children black;
Would he his own kingdom shake?

7 Lord, my time is in Thy hand:
Judged in man's unrighteous day,
Let me in Thy judgment stand,
When the wicked melt away,
Vindicate Thy servant there,
Clear me at the last great bar!

XLIII. ANOTHER.

1 Thou Man of Griefs, I fain would be
Perfectly conform'd to Thee:
Bestow the patient power,
The meekness of my injured Lamb,
And arm me for the fiery hour
Of suffering for Thy name.

2 Unknown to men, and meanly born,
Happy object of their scorn,
Content to live obscure,
And all things, but Thy favour, need,
And want, as my great Master poor,
A place to lay my head.

3 When call'd to testify Thy grace,
Set as adamant my face,
My steadfast heart prepare:
Rejected, and abhorr'd of men,
O might I all Thy burden bear,
And glory in Thy pain.

4 Such honour all Thy saints possess,
Sufferers for righteousness:
Such honour I have here;
But O! Thy righteousness I want,
I want to' endure till Thou appear,
And never, never faint.

5 Give me to triumph in Thy shame,
Branded with a madman's name,
A false, deceiving liar,
A winebibber, and glutton too,
I rise in sacred scandal higher,
And all Thy steps pursue.

6 The world that mock'd, and slander'd Thee.
Let them scorn and blacken me,
Pervert my good to evil,
(The lot my Lord did first receive,)
And falsely cry, he hath a devil,
And is not fit to live.

7 By bosom friends betray'd, forsook,
Let me to my Pattern look,
No human help desire,
But stand, secure without defence,
And force the heathen judge to' admire
My speechless innocence.

8 Let all in Satan's counsel join,
Jews and *Gentiles* both combine,
People and priests conspire
To drive me to my heavenly home,
And hoary *Caiaphas* require
The vile blasphemer's doom.

9 Happy, for ever happy I,
Sentenced on Thy cross to die!
But shall a sinner dare
Aspire to such a glorious grace?
Thou know'st I *would* Thy passion share,
And die to see Thy face.

10 I would for Thee my life resign,
Suffer in the strength Divine;
Through love's almighty power,
Would tread the path my Jesus trod,
And calmly meet the fiery hour,
Resisting unto blood.

11 Ah! let it not my Lord displease,
That I long for my release!
Thy mind to me be given,
Thy Spirit breathe within my heart,
And let my soul, by violence driven,
Into Thy arms depart.

12 Among the slaughter'd souls might I
Underneath the altar cry,
How long Thou True and Holy,
Dost Thou delay to' avenge our blood!
Come, Lord, and glorify us fully,
The martyr'd saints of God.

XLIV. DESIRING DEATH.—Hymn 1.

1 To languish for his native air,
Can the poor wandering exile cease?
The tired his wish of rest forbear?
The tortured help desiring ease?
The slave no more for freedom sigh?
Or I no longer pine to die?

2 As shipwreck'd mariners desire
With eager grasp to reach the shore,
As hirelings long to' obtain their hire,
And veterans wish their warfare o'er,
I languish from this earth to flee,
And gasp for immortality.

3 To heaven I lift my mournful eyes,
And all within me groans *How long?*
O were I landed in the skies!
The bitter loss, the cruel wrong
Should there no more my soul molest,
Or break my everlasting rest.

4 No faithless friend shall there be found
To mock me with his offers vain,
By deep ingratitude to wound,
To cause, and then upbraid my pain,
To leave me at my greatest need,
Or trample on my sinking head.

5 In that *Jerusalem* above,
No pain the happy spirit meets,
No sense of ill-requited love,
No sad complaining in their streets;
Crying, and curse, and death are o'er;
And there temptation is no more.

6 O could I break this fleshly fence,
Drop all my sorrows in the tomb,
On angels' wings remove from hence,
And fly this happy moment home,
Quit the dark house of mouldering clay,
And launch into eternal day!

XLV. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 O sorrowful soul,
Thy measure is full,
Thy cup it runs o'er,
On earth thou canst sorrow, and suffer no more.

2 My comfort is fled,
My joy is all dead,
Extinguish'd my hope,
And never again I on earth shall look up.

3 In patient distress
From the creature I cease,
Disdain the relief,
Which can neither remove, nor diminish my grief.

4 From the things that are seen,
From the children of men,
To the comforts I fly,
To the joys, and the pleasures that never shall die.

I weep at rescue near,
I struggle to be gone,
And joy is in the tear,
And God is in the groan!
Hear then Thy own petition,
And suddenly release,
And crown my sole ambition,
And let me die in peace:
Or lengthen out my care
To threescore years and ten,
But then in mercy spare,
But O! receive me then!

L. THE SAME. IN WEARINESS.—Hymn 7.

1 Worn out with long fatigue, and pain,
Let my feeble flesh complain,
Or fail beneath its load;
My spirit shall superior rise,
Regaining swift her native skies,
And sooner reach her God.

2 Too long this corruptible clay
Clouded the ethereal ray,
And press'd my spirit down;
A gainer now by every loss,
I find in weariness a cross
That lifts me to a crown.

3 Of pain I now advantage make,
Meekly bear it for His sake,
Who suffer'd death for me:
To suffer death for Him I wait,
And pain shall open wide the gate
Of immortality.

4 O blessed hope of lasting peace!
Let me *lawfully* decrease,
And sensibly decay:
Welcome whate'er my Lord ordain,
Disease, or weariness, or pain,
To hasten me away.

5 I come, with eager joy I come
To my everlasting home,
Where toil and sorrow end,
Where all my stores of grief shall fail,
And I no more in groans bewail
My poor departed friend.

6 In that *Jerusalem* above
All is harmony and love,
And joy without a sting:
The tears are banish'd from our eyes,
And not a single sigh can rise,
Where saints for ever sing.

7 O might I, from this dungeon freed,
Now lay down my weary head,
My mournful soul resign,
This moment meet the' appointed day,
And faint, and sink, and die away
Into the arms Divine.

LI. THE SAME.—Hymn 8.

1 Jesu, help Thy fallen creature!
Conqueror of the world Thou art,
Stronger than the fiend, and greater
Than this poor rebellious heart:

Power, I know, to Thee is given,
Power to sentence or release,
Power to shut, or open heaven;
Thou alone hast all the keys.

2 Open then, in great compassion,
Open mercy's door to me,
Out of mighty tribulation
Bring me forth Thy face to see;
O cut short my days of mourning,
Quickly to my rescue come,
Let me suddenly returning
Reach my everlasting home.

3 Hear me, Lord, myself bemoaning,
Banish'd from my native place,
Languishing for God, and groaning
To appear before Thy face:
From this bodily oppression
Set my earnest spirit free,
Give me now the full possession,
Let me now Thy glory see.

4 If Thou ever didst discover
To my faith the promised land,
Bid me now the stream pass over,
On that heavenly border stand,
Now surmount whate'er opposes,
Into Thine embraces fly;
Speak the word Thou spak'st to *Moses*,
Bid me get me up, and die.

LII. THE SAME.—Hymn 9.

1 Weary world of sin, and anguish,
How I long from thee to fly!
Fainting for relief I languish,
Dying through desire to die:
O my life, my only treasure,
Let me cast it all behind,
Now fill up my mournful measure,
Now my heavenly *Canaan* find.

2 Never shipwreck'd mariner wanted
More to reach the distant shore,
Never wandering exile panted
For his native country more:
Hear my earnest supplication,
Thou who only canst release,
Show me now Thy full salvation,
Let me now depart in peace.

3 Hear me, Lord, my suit redouble,
Till the promise I obtain,
Cease from all my grief, and trouble,
Everlasting comfort gain:
Can it be to Thee displeasing
That I fain Thy face would see,
Eager for the mighty blessing,
All on fire to die for Thee?

4 Present with me in temptation,
Thou my troubled soul hast known,
All my sorrow, and vexation,
All my fear to Thee I own:

Lord, I would not live to grieve Thee,
Would not from Thy bosom stray;
Place me, where I cannot leave Thee,
Now transport my soul away.

LIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 10.

1 O MIGHT the gracious Hand
Which into being brought,
Transport me to that quiet land,
Where all things are forgot!
That land of settled rest,
Where fear, and grief is o'er,
And loss, and pain no more molest,
And sin torments no more.

2 This mountain load of care,
This bitterness of shame,
This memory—I shall lose it there,
With all I feel, and am:
In sweet oblivion drown'd
My sorrows all shall cease;
There only peace for me is found,
A sure eternal peace.

3 I dare not hope to see
My sufferings end below,
But wait the hour that sets me free
From life, and all its woe:
No gleam of joy shall steal
Into this wretched heart,
Till God His perfect love reveal,
And bid me hence depart.

4 Harden'd in just despair
I hug the destined cross,
The wound incurable I bear,
The' irreparable loss:
The pangs through which I groan
On earth shall never end,
For O! eternity alone
Can give me back my friend.

5 O happy, happy hope,
(My only hope of bliss,)
I, even I, shall there look up,
And see my troubles cease;
Beyond the cruel power
Of sin I there shall be,
I, even I, shall reach the shore
Of calm eternity.

6 Come then, my friendly foes,
With kindest violence come,
Fill up the measure of my woes,
Hasten my spirit home.
Let grief, and loss, and shame
With men and devils join,
To drive a wretch—without a name—
Into the arms Divine.

LIV. ON THE DEATH OF SAMUEL HITCHENS.*—Hymn 11.

1 Again we lift our voice,
And shout our solemn joys!

* One of the earliest lay-preachers in Cornwall. See Wesley's Works, (1772,) vol. x., p. 169.

Cause of highest rapture this,
Rapture that shall never fail,
See a soul escaped to bliss,
Keep the *Christian* festival!

2 Our friend is gone before
To that celestial shore!
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all these storms outrode,
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

3 And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies!
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from his eyes?

4 No, dear companion, no!
We gladly let thee go
From a suffering church beneath
To a reigning church above:
Thou hast more than conquer'd death,
Thou art crown'd with life, and love.

5 Thou in thy youthful prime
Hast leap'd the bounds of time;
Suddenly from earth released,
Lo! we now rejoice for thee,
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

6 Thither we all repair,
That glorious bliss to share;

We shall see the welcome day,
We shall to the summons bow:
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Now prepare, and take us *now!*

LV. FOR ONE DEPARTING.—Hymn 12.

1 Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest:
For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain,
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

LVI. ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.—Hymn 13.

1 Farewell thou once a sinner,
My poor afflicted friend!
Thy Lord, thy faith's Beginner,
Is now its glorious End!

The Author of thy being
Hath summon'd thee away,
And faith is lost in seeing,
And night in endless day.

2 Thy days of pain and mourning,
Thy punishment is past,
And to thy God returning
Thy soul is saved at last:
Saved from a world of evils,
With Jesus Christ shut in,
Beyond the range of devils,
Beyond the reach of sin.

3 No more o'erwhelm'd with terrors,
Or rack'd with doubts thou art,
No more the' Almighty's arrows
Transfix thy bleeding heart:
No more thy wounded spirit
Faints under its full load,
Or cries, What man can bear it,
The heavy wrath of God!

4 The waves and storms of passion
Are all pass'd o'er thy head,
From trouble and temptation
Thou livest for ever freed:
No loss of friends shall grieve thee,
While all thy *Eden* share;
They cannot, cannot leave thee,
Thy kind companions there.

5 With those that went before thee,
The saints of ancient days,
Who shine in sacred story,
Thy soul hath found its place:

Acquainted with *their* sadness,
While in the weeping vale,
Thou sharest now *their* gladness,
And joys that never fail.

6 Thine earthly course is ended,
Thou hast obtain'd the prize,
Triumphantly ascended
To God in paradise:
From all thy care and sorrow
Thou art escaped *to-day*—
And I shall mount to-morrow,
And I shall soar away.

7 Jesus, my hope of glory,
I owe it to Thy grace,
That I shall soon adore Thee,
And see Thee face to face:
Fulfil my expectation,
And O! to take me home,
With all Thy great salvation,
This happy *moment* come!

LVII. ANOTHER.—Hymn 14.

1 While angel choirs their harps employ,
Strung with everlasting joy,
A stranger to receive,
Our joy with sorrow mix'd we find,
The widow'd friends he left behind,
And innocently grieve.

2 Stripp'd of her choicest blessing here,
Nature drops a blameless tear,
From all impatience kept:

Calm we bewail our friend removed,
As Jesus mourn'd for His beloved;
He died; and Jesus *wept!*

3 Our loss we solemnly deplore,
Not like men who hope no more
Their ravish'd friend to see,
Sure to o'ertake his parted soul,
In grief, in death, our hope is full
Of immortality.

4 Superior to ourselves we rise,
Struggle after to the skies,
And antedate the day,
When coming in the clouds we shall
The Judge of quick and dead with all
His glorious saints survey.

5 Amidst that bright ethereal train
We shall find our friend again,
Distinguish'd in the throng;
Our spirits shall his spirit *know*,
And sing with all we loved below
The Lamb's eternal song.

LVIII. ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS BEARD, WHO WAS IMPRESSED FOR A SOLDIER, AND DIED IN THE HOSPITAL AT NEWCASTLE.*—Hymn 15.

1 Soldier of Christ, adieu!
Thy conflicts here are past,
Thy Lord hath brought thee through,
And given the crown at last:

* See a fuller account of his case in Wesley's Journal, under date June 11th, 1744.

Rejoice to wear the glorious prize,
Rejoice with God in paradise.

2 There all thy sufferings cease,
There all thy griefs are o'er,
The prisoner is at peace,
The mourner weeps no more;
From man's oppressive tyranny
Thou livest, thou livest for ever free.

3 Torn from thy friends below
In banishment severe,
A man of strife, and woe,
No more thou wanderest here,
Join'd to thy better friends above,
At rest in thy Redeemer's love.

4 No longer now constrain'd
With human fiends to dwell,
To see their evil pain'd,
Their blasphemies to feel:
Angels and saints thy comrades are,
And all adore the Saviour there.

5 Thou canst not there bemoan
Thy friends' or country's loss,
Through sore oppression groan,
Or faint beneath the cross;
The joy hath swallow'd up the pain,
And death is thy eternal gain.

6 What hath their malice done
Who hurried hence thy soul?
When half thy race was run,
They push'd thee to the goal,
Sent to the souls supremely blest,
And drove thee to thy earlier rest!

7 Thou out of great distress
To thy reward art past,
Triumphant happiness,
And joys that always last:
Thanks be to God, who set thee free,
And gave the final victory.

8 Thy victory we share,
Thy glorious joy we feel,
Parted in flesh we are,
But join'd in spirit still:
And still we on our brethren call
To praise the common Lord of all.

9 Not for your needless aid,
Not for your useless prayers,
(Jesus for us hath pray'd,
And all our burdens bears,)
Yet still on you we call, and cry,
Extol the Lord of earth and sky.

10 Thus let us still maintain
Our fellowship Divine,
And till we meet again
In Jesus' praises join,
Thus, till we all your raptures know,
Sing you above, and we below!

LIX. ANOTHER.—Hymn 16.

1 All worship and love
To the Father above,
Who hath summon'd another His glory to prove:
Who in pity and grace
Hath shorten'd his race,
And caught up a worm to the sight of His face.

2 Our friend is at rest
In a paradise blest,
Which sorrow, and Satan can never molest:
He hath shook off his clay,
He is wafted away,
And escaped to the regions of permanent day.

3 Thrice-happy remove
To a country above,
Where all are employ'd in the triumph of love!
We thitherward tend,
We too shall ascend,
And begin the enjoyment which never shall end.

4 For this do we mourn,
Till by angels upborne,
We again to our heavenly border return:
Caught up in the air
We soon shall be there,
And our happy, unfading inheritance share.

5 What joy shall abound,
When our brethren around
The throne of our glorious Redeemer are found!
When our comrades in pain
We embrace them again,
And in Jesus's bosom eternally reign.

6 With loving surprise
The whole company cries,
How strangely at last are we met in the skies!
What a wonder of grace
Transcending our praise,
That *we* should be seen in this holiest place!

7 Poor sinners below,
Acquainted with woe,
How heavily once with our load did we go!
In trials severe
How oft did we fear [here!
We should never hold out, we should never come

8 Fellow-prisoners beneath,
Our sorrowful breath
We wasted in passionate wishes for death;
Our evils so rife,
So painful our strife,
And so long did it seem the sad moment of life!

9 That moment is past!
We are landed at last,
We are safely arrived, where our anchor was cast:
On *Immanuel's* land
With a numberless band,
Of cherubs and seraphs exulting we stand.

10 For a moment of pain
We on earth did sustain,
An eternal reward we in heaven obtain:
Who governs the skies
Hath banish'd our sighs, [our eyes.
And the Lamb He hath wiped all the tears from

11 No uneasy alloy
Shall sully our joy,
While our harps in *Immanuel's* praise we employ;
Not a dissonant string
Shall be heard while we sing
With the chorus of angels, our Saviour and King.

12 Our Saviour we own
Who sits on the throne,
Salvation ascribe to the Father and Son!
We are saved by the Lamb!
Let all heaven proclaim,
Let all heaven bow down to the Wonderful Name.

13 Our Jesus surround
With majesty crown'd,
And Amen to our praises ye seraphim sound:
Lo! He shows us His face!
Ye seraphim gaze,
Or fall, and adore in the spirit of praise.

14 Thus, thus let us lie,
Till raised by His eye,
Hallelujah, again Hallelujah we cry!
Progressively move,
And in rapture improve,
And eternity spend to the praise of His love.

LX. ON THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER WHITE.*—Hymn 17.

1 O WHAT a soul-transporting sight
Mine eyes to-day have seen,
A spectacle of strange delight
To angels, and to men!
Nor human language can express,
Nor tongue of angels paint
The vast mysterious happiness
Of a departing saint!

* Compare Journal of Charles Wesley, vol. ii., pp. 47—49.

2 See there, ye misbelieving race,
The wisdom from above!
Behold in that pale, smiling face
The power of Him we love.
How calmly through the mortal vale
He walks with Christ his Guide,
And treads down all the powers of hell,
And owns the Crucified!

3 Where is the king of terrors? where
The pomp of deadly pain?
A child of God his frowns can dare,
And all his darts disdain:
"The king of fears," he greatly cries,
"Can never frighten me,
Who grasp through death the glorious prize
Of immortality.

4 "The life, which in my spirit dwells,
He never can destroy,
And all the pain my body feels
Is swallow'd up in joy.
Jesus doth all my burdens bear:
And gladly I commend
The objects of my latest care
To my eternal Friend.

5 "Whate'er ye ask, whate'er ye want,
My Lord shall richly give:
The blessing of a dying saint
On all your souls I leave.
Come, follow to that happy place,
Our Master's joy to see,
For O! in one short moment's space
Ye all shall rest with me.

6 "Rejoice, my friends, I go before,
To meet my happy doom,
And tell them on the heavenly shore,
Ye all are hastening home.
For me my Father's chariot waits,
I see the flaming steeds,
And lo! the everlasting gates
Lift up their pearly heads!

7 "The blessed messenger is sent
To lead me to the throne,
Above that starry firmament,
Above that glimmering sun.
The angel beckons me away
To fairer worlds on high:
And let me now the call obey,
And lay me down, and die.

8 "At this thrice welcome time of grace,
When God for me was born,
Made ready for His kind embrace,
My spirit shall return.
To-day I shall with rapture see
The Child to mortals given,
And kiss the' Incarnate Deity,
And keep the feast in heaven.

9 "Even now the earnest He reveals
Of my eternal rest,
The' immeasurable comfort swells
This weak transported breast:
My body fails, my soul wants air,
And gasps for its remove,
So much of heaven I cannot bear,
I am too full of love."

10 Thrice happy soul! by special grace
So highly favour'd here,
To sound in death the Saviour's praise,
And breathe the Comforter:
On earth to' enjoy the blissful sight
To dying *Stephen* given,
And see his Lord enthroned in light,
And see his opening heaven.

11 That heavenly bliss, when language fails,
His every look displays,
And every smile divinely tells
The raptures of the place.
The glory, while he lays it down,
Shines through the sinking clay,
And lo! without a parting groan,
The soul ascends away!

12 Without a groan the *Christian* dies!
But not without a word:
On *me*, on *me*, he loudly cries,
To meet our common Lord.
He calls me by my worthless name,
My soul he beckons home:
And lo! in Jesus' hands I am,
And lo! I gladly come!

13 Witness my undissembled tears,
If here I wish to stay,
Or rather to shake off my fears,
And corruptible clay.
Witness the Searcher of my heart,
Whose absence I bemoan,
And pine, and languish to depart,
And struggle to be gone.

14 Lord, if Thou didst indeed inspire
Thy servant's dying breast,
And fill him with Thine own desire,
That I with Thee might rest;
Thine own desire in me fulfil,
Thy perfect love dispense,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And now transport me hence.

LXI. HYMNS OF INTERCESSION.—Hymn 1.

1 Head of Thy church, whose Spirit fills,
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and simplifies the whole;

2 Less than the least of saints, I join
My littleness of faith to theirs;
O King of all, Thine ear incline,
Accept our much availing prayers.

3 Come, Lord, the glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan;
Come, Lord, the bride on earth replies,
And perfect all our souls in one.

4 Pour out the promised gift on all,
Answer the universal *Come*,
The fulness of the gentiles call,
And take Thine ancient people home.

5 To Thee let all the nations flow,
Let all obey the gospel word,
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Fill'd with the glory of the Lord.

6 O for Thy truth and mercy sake,
The purchase of Thy passion claim,
Thine heritage the gentiles take,
And cause the world to know Thy name.

7 Thee, Lord, let every tongue confess,
Let every knee to Jesus bow:
O! all redeeming Prince of peace,
We long to see Thy kingdom now.

8 Hasten that kingdom of Thy grace,
And take us to our heavenly home,
And let us now behold Thy face:
Come, glorious God, to judgment come!

LXII. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 O Thou our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise,
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, unceasing sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for *Sion's* peace,
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase,
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before Thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into Thy perfect will;
Cause us Thy hallow'd name to know,
The work of faith with power fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure,
O! let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as God Himself is pure,
Conform'd in all things to our Head.

5 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood;
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow,
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply,
And wash, and make us throughly clean,
And change, and wholly sanctify.

7 From all iniquity redeem,
Cleanse by the water and the word,
And free from every touch of blame,
And make the servants as their Lord.

8 Wash out the deep, original stain,
And make us glorious all within,
No wrinkle on our souls remain,
No smallest spot of inbred sin.

9 Then, when the perfect life of love
The bride and all her children live,
Come down, and take us from above,
And to Thy heaven of heavens receive.

LXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.*

1 O most compassionate High-Priest,
Full of all grace we know Thou art;
Faith puts its hands upon Thy breast,
And feels beneath Thy panting heart.

* First published, in 1743, as "A Prayer for those who are Convinced of Sin," at the end of "The Nature, Design, and General Rules of the United Societies," &c.; and to be found there in most if not all the editions of that tract published during Wesley's life.

2 Thy panting heart for sinners bleeds;
Thy mercies and compassions move;
Thy groaning Spirit intercedes,
And yearn the bowels of Thy love.

3 Hear then the pleading Spirit's prayer,
(The Spirit's will to Thee is known,)
For all who now Thy sufferings share,
And still for full redemption groan.

4 Poor tempted souls, with tempests toss'd,
And strangers to a moment's peace;
Disconsolate, afflicted, lost,
Lost in an howling wilderness.

5 Torn with an endless war within,
Vex'd with the flesh and Spirit's strife,
And struggling in the toils of sin,
And agonizing into life.

6 O! let the prisoners' mournful cries
As incense in Thy sight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel Thee near.

7 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home Thy banish'd ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

8 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransom'd prisoners up.

9 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt, and fear!

10 Pity the day of feeble things:
O! gather every halting soul,
And drop salvation from Thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

11 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend;
And in their weakness show Thy power,
And make them patient to the end.

12 O! satisfy their soul in drought;
Give them Thy saving health to see,
And let Thy mercy find them out;
And let Thy mercy reach to me.

13 Hast Thou the work of grace begun,
And brought them to the birth in vain?
O let Thy children see the sun!
Let all their souls be born again.

14 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
For whom Thy suffering members mourn;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer:
Bid every struggling child be born.

15 Hark, how Thy turtle-dove complains,
And see us weep for *Sion's* woe!
Pity Thy suffering people's pains;
Avenge us of our inbred foe.

16 Whom Thou hast bound, O Lord, expel,
And take his armour all away;
The man of sin, the child of hell,
The devil in our nature slay.

17 Him, and his works at once destroy,
The *being* of all sin erase,
And turn our mourning into joy,
And clothe us with the robes of praise.

18 Then, when our sufferings all are past,
O! let us pure and perfect be,
And gain our calling's prize at last,
For ever sanctified in Thee.

LXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 Author of faith, we seek Thy face,
For all who feel Thy work begun;
Confirm, and stablish them in grace,
And bring Thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants Thou know'st their names:
Be mindful of Thy youngest care;
Be tender of Thy new-born lambs,
And gently in Thy bosom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear, and slay,
If found one moment from their Guide.

4 Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.

5 Baffle the crooked serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest dart aside;
Hide from their eyes the devilish ill,
O save them from the plague of pride.

6 The *dreaming, visionary* fiend
Unmask, and drag to open light,
And let his wild illusions end,
And chase him to eternal night.

7 In safety lead Thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the Rock,
And make in Thee their goings sure.

8 From idol loves, and vain desires,
O God, Thy little children keep,
And fill their hearts with holy fires,
And lull them in Thy arms to sleep.

9 There let them lie secure, and take
Their rest, and never thence remove,
Till in Thy likeness they awake,
The glorious likeness of Thy love.

LXV. THE SAME. FOR THE FALLEN.—Hymn 5.

1 Shepherd of *Israel*, hear
Our supplicating cry,
And gather in the souls sincere,
That from their brethren fly;
Scatter'd through devious ways
Collect Thy feeble flock,
And join by Thine atoning grace,
And hide them in the Rock.

2 Thou every simple heart
With pity dost behold:
Ah! bring again whom Satan's art
Hath sever'd from the fold;
The souls far off removed,
Whose burden still we bear,
Ah! give them back so dearly loved,
To faith's almighty prayer.

3 We steadfastly believe
Such power belongs to Thee,
Thou canst the lawful prey retrieve,
And set the captives free,
Canst bring the wanderers back,
So perfectly restore,
That Satan never more shall shake,
Shall never touch them more.

4 O wouldst Thou end the storm,
That keeps us still apart;
The thing impossible perform,
And make us of one heart,
One spirit, and one mind,
The same that was in Thee;
O might we all again be join'd
In perfect charity.

5 Jesu, at Thy command,
We know it shall be done:
Take the two sticks into Thy hand,
The two shall then be one;
One body, and one fold,
We then shall sweetly prove,
And live in Thee, like those of old,
The life of spotless love.

6 God of all power, and grace,
Set up Thy bloody sign,
And gather those, that seek Thy face,
And by Thy Spirit join:
Thy few remaining sheep
In *Britain's* pastures bred,
United to each other keep,
United to their Head.

7 The soul transforming word
In us, even us fulfil:
Join to Thyself, our common Lord,
And all Thy servants seal;
Confer the grace unknown,
The mystic charity:
As Thou art with Thy Father one,
Unite us all in Thee.

8 So shall the world believe
Our record, Lord, and Thine,
And Thee with thankful hearts receive
The Messenger Divine,
Sent from His throne above,
To *Adam's* offspring given,
To join, and perfect us in love,
And take us all to heaven.

LXVI. THE SAME. FOR A SICK FRIEND.—HYMN 6.

1 SEE, Lord, with pity see
The object of Thy love,
And help his soul's infirmity,
And all his griefs remove,
Support the tottering clay
That weighs his spirit down,
And lead him through this thorny way
To that eternal crown.

2 Yet now in life detain
His soul for *Sion's* sake,
In mercy lift him up again,
And to his friends give back:

In answer to our cry,
Thy chosen servant raise,
And send him forth to testify
The gospel of Thy grace.

3 Regard Thy faithful ones,
Who all his burden bear,
And hear in us the earnest groans,
The Spirit's silent prayer;
The prayer that oft hath stay'd
The saints in their remove,
And in the vale their souls delay'd,
To' enhance their joy above.

4 According to Thy will
If now Thy Spirit prays,
The prayer of faith the sick shall heal,
And lengthen out his days:
Thou know'st the Spirit's mind
To us, O Lord, unknown;
But lo! we wait on Thee, resign'd,
Till all Thy will be done.

LXVII. ANOTHER.—Hymn 7.

1 See, Lord, the object of Thy love,
And O come quickly from above,
The blessing to impart,
Him to Thyself by faith unite,
And in large bloody letters write
Forgiveness on his heart.

2 Feeble, and languishing in pain,
He only longs Thy love to gain,
That medicine of the soul:

Jesus, Thy pardoning love reveal,
And give him now the balm to feel,
Which made *our* spirits whole.

3 Lo! in the arms of faith and prayer
To Thee his sin-sick soul we bear,
And place beneath Thine eye;
Pronounce the comfortable word,
And speak him now to health restored,
And freely justify.

4 Thou Son of Man, with equal ease
The body's and the soul's disease
Canst in a moment heal,
Canst from his bed of sickness raise,
And by Thine instantaneous grace
His *present* pardon seal.

5 But that the faithless world may know
Thou canst forgive our sins *below*,
Before we reach the skies,
The double miracle repeat,
Absolve the sinner at Thy feet,
And bid his body rise.

6 Body, and soul at once restore,
And bid him testify the power
That shows his sins forgiven;
Bid him by faith take up the bed,
On which Thy sacred limbs were laid,
And bear his cross to heaven.

LXVIII. THE SAME. FOR A BACKSLIDER IN DESPAIR.—Hymn 8.

1 See, Lord, with tenderest pity see
A wandering sheep, cut off from Thee,
And from Thy people driven,
A fallen soul that did run well;
Arrest her on the brink of hell,
And snatch her up to heaven.

2 Her to the throne of grace we bear,
And strive, in agony of prayer,
To tear her from the foe:
Break, Jesu, break the lion's teeth,
And pluck her from the toils of death,
And let the captive go.

3 Is she so near the burning lake,
That Thou no more canst bring her back,
Canst ransom her no more?
Nay, but Thou able art to save
A soul *within* the gaping grave,
And bid the deep restore.

4 Stir up, O Lord, Thine utmost power,
And pluck her in this gracious hour
Out of the fowler's snare,
Command the' accuser to depart,
And kill the worm that gnaws her heart,
The viper of despair.

5 For her the plaintive turtle moans,
For her the pleading Spirit groans,
And lo! Thy saints agree
Touching this thing, in faith to claim
A pardon, Jesus, in Thy name,
A pardon full and free.

6 Canst Thou reject Thy Spirit's cry?
Canst Thou Thy bride, Thyself deny?
Nay, but Thou shalt not rest,
No, never will we let Thee go,
Till she again Thy mercy know,
And sink upon Thy breast.

7 Extend Thine arms, and take her in,
A weary fugitive from sin,
To show Thy utmost power,
Now, Lord, from Satan's bond release,
And freely give her back her peace,
And bid her sin no more.

LXIX. THE SAME. FOR A BACKSLIDER.—HYMN 9.

1 MASTER, come, no more delay,
From Thine own no longer stay,
Whom Thou lov'st is sick of pride,
Sick for whom Thyself hast died.

2 See the soul whose fall we weep,
Come, and wake him out of sleep,
Lull'd in self-security,
Halting 'twixt the world and Thee.

3 Hear our faith's effectual prayer,
Snatch him from the fatal snare,
Now Thy ready help supply,
Come, before our brother die.

4 Ask, (Thyself hast said,) and have:
Save him then, in mercy save,
Grant the grace for him we claim,
Life we ask in Jesu's name.

5 Jesu, call to mind Thy word,
Give him to our faith restored,
Freely his backslidings heal,
On his heart his pardon seal.

6 Make him as the troubled sea,
Till he find his rest in Thee,
Bind, and then his soul release,
Bid him then depart in peace.

LXX. THE SAME. FOR THE WAVERING.—Hymn 10.

1 See, Lord, our wavering brethren see,
Ready to leave Thy church and Thee,
Beguiled by hellish art;
O save them, save them from the snare,
Watch o'er Thine own with jealous care,
And keep their feeble heart.

2 O do not quit Thy gracious hold,
Nor let them straggle from the fold
In danger's trying hour;
Thine arm in their behalf display,
Bear them on eagles' wings away
Beyond the tempter's power.

3 Why should a child of Thine give place
To Satan with his angel face?
Jesu, the cloud dispel,
Give them to see his specious lies,
And strip him of his fair disguise,
And all his depths reveal.

4 Apprize them of the ruin near,
Fill all their soul with sacred fear,
With wisdom from above
Their unsuspicious heart inspire;
Surround them as a wall of fire,
And wrap them in Thy love.

5 Thy love, that found the wandering sheep,
O! let it still in safety keep
The children of our prayer;
In answer to our faithful cry,
Preserve them, till they reach the sky,
And own Thy people there!

LXXI. THE SAME. FOR THE TEMPTED.—HYMN 11.

1 MEEK, patient Son of God and man,
With us in our temptation stay;
Our fainting, feeble minds sustain,
And keep throughout the evil day;
The evil day of doubts, and fears,
And fightings, till Thy face appears.

2 We have not an high-priest in Thee,
Who cannot our afflictions feel;
The tempted soul's infirmity
With kind concern affects Thee still;
Touch'd with our every grief Thou art,
And bleeds for us Thy pitying heart.

3 For us, by men and fiends distress'd,
For us by various passions torn,
Who toil to enter into rest,
Who for Thy second coming mourn,

And fill Thy sacred sorrows up,
And drink Thine agonizing cup.

4 Companions to the Man of Woe,
O! let us still with Thee abide;
Tempted, alas! to let Thee go,
And start from the command aside,
By every wind of doctrine driven,
To seek a broader way to heaven.

5 Yes, Lord, with deepest shame we own
Our weariness of all Thy ways,
Our haste to throw Thy burden down,
Nor bear the hidings of Thy face,
Nor wait till Thou create us new,
And give the crown to conquest due.

6 We fear'd to wait Thy leisure, Lord,
Or make the crown through sufferings sure,
Nature the killing word abhorr'd,
Nor would we to the end *endure*,
But snatch a cheap fallacious peace,
And rest in *fancied* holiness.

7 Ah! do not let Thy sheep depart,
Wide scatter'd, in the cloudy day,
But cross the' *angelic* tempter's art,
But spoil the lion of his prey,
Nor let us from our hope remove,
Our gospel hope of perfect love.

8 Us, and our brethren in distress,
Patient within Thy kingdom keep,
Sure all Thy fulness to possess,
Our harvest in the end to reap,
Thy sinless nature to retrieve,
And glorious in Thine image live.

LXXII. THE SAME.—HYMN 12.*

1 SAVIOUR, to Thee we humbly cry:
The brethren we have lost restore,
Recall them by Thy pitying eye,
Retrieve them from the tempter's power,
By Thy victorious blood cast down,
Nor suffer him to take their crown.

2 Beguiled, alas, by Satan's art
We see them now far off removed,
The burden of our bleeding heart,
The souls whom once in Thee we loved,
Whom still we love with grief, and pain,
And weep for their return in vain.

3 In vain, till Thou the power bestow,
The double power of quickening grace,
And make the *happy sinners* know
Their tempter with his angel face,
Who leads them captive at his will,
Captive—but *happy sinners* still:

4 O wouldst Thou break the fatal snare
Of carnal self-security,
And let them *feel* the wrath they bear,
And let them groan their want of Thee,
Robb'd of their false pernicious peace,
Stripp'd of their fancied righteousness.

5 The men of careless lives, who deem
Thy righteousness *accounted* theirs,
Awake out of the soothing dream,
Alarm their souls with humble fears,
Thou jealous God, stir up Thy power,
And let them sleep in sin no more.

* Originally published with the title "For them that are turned out of the Way." See p. 177.

6 Long as the guilt of sin shall last,
Them in its misery detain,
Hold their licentious spirits fast,
Bind them with their own nature's chain,
Nor ever let the wanderers rest,
Till lodged again in Jesu's breast.

LXXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 13.

1 Shepherd Divine, at whose command
I seek the wandering souls of men,
Supported by Thy chastening hand,
To Thee I groan mine inmost pain,
To Thee pour out my sad complaint,
And sweetly on Thy bosom faint.

2 Thou only know'st the load I bear,
For every weak and wavering sheep:
For them I in Thy bowels care,
For them in secret places weep,
And tremble at their danger nigh,
And daily mourn, and daily die.

3 I mourn for those that did run well,
But now have left the narrow way;
Have lost their former love, and zeal,
And fainted in their evil day,
And weakly given to Satan place,
To Satan with his angel face.

4 Beguiled, alas, of their reward,
And baffled by his soothing lie,
Poor blinded souls, they call Thee Lord,
But all Thy kingly power deny,
Thy perfect power to root out sin,
And bring the heavenly nature in.

5 Removed from the sure gospel hope,
They vilely cast their shield away,
Their calling's glorious prize give up,
Down the smooth path of pleasure stray,
Blaspheme the grace they will not prove,
And spurn the pearl of perfect love.

6 Lull'd in imaginary peace,
Rich in a fancied faith they reign,
And fold their arms, and take their ease,
And settled on their lees again
All inward holiness disclaim,
Since Christ was meek, and chaste *for* them.

7 Thy righteousness to cloak their sin
They claim with lips and hearts impure,
Unchanged, unhallow'd, and unclean,
They fancy their salvation sure,
Wrapp'd up in fleshly liberty,
Happy in sin, but not in Thee.

8 Ah! wouldst Thou, Lord, once more awake
Their souls out of the dead repose,
Their *Babel* schemes in pieces shake,
And give them back the Spirit's throes,
The labour for substantial peace,
The strife for real righteousness.

9 My heart's desire, and prayer to Thee
Is, that they may be saved at last,
Though toss'd on error's stormy sea,
Late on the Rock of Ages cast,
In pieces let them dash their pride,
And sink—into the Crucified!

10 Who will not be by love constrain'd,
O bring them by Thy judgments back,
Regard the prayer of faith unfeign'd,
And save them for Thy mercy's sake;
Answer our labouring heart's desire,
And save them by affliction's fire.

LXXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 14.

1 Ah! Lord, regard my endless woe,
Remove at last the load I bear,
I will not, will not let Thee go,
Without an answer to my prayer,
But grieve, till Thou suppress my sighs,
And dry the fountains of my eyes.

2 Ceaseless I mourn my children lost,
The children whom Thy grace had given,
Or to and fro by Satan toss'd,
By every wind of doctrine driven,
Or hamper'd in the toils of hell—
Poor helpless souls, that did run well!

3 Part by their own inventions led,
Down the broad path of pleasure stray,
In *Egypt* hide their guilty head,
And happy by the fleshpots stay,
Indulge their sensual hearts' desires,
And mock at what Thy law requires.

4 Choked by the thorns of worldly care
Others give up their calling's prize,
No fruit unto perfection bear,
But bound in lust, or avarice,
Eternity for time forego,
And seek their base delight below.

5 Stumbling on shame's offensive rock,
Others have left the thorny road,
Thy people, and Thy cause forsook,
And *prudently* denied their God,
Secured an *honourable* name,
And lost their souls, to keep their fame.

6 How many to the' angelic foe
Have weakly fallen an easy prey,
And let their holy calling go,
And wander'd down a smoother way,
Charm'd by his *Antinomian* lore,
To watch, and pray, and strive no more!

7 Ah! Lord, the grievous havoc see,
Which Satan of Thy church hath made,
And set once more the prisoners free,
By pride into his toils betray'd,
Once more the keen conviction dart,
And break the self-deceiving heart.

8 O! for the honour of Thy name,
Release the slaves to evil sold,
Again with heavenly fire inflame
The souls whose love is waxen cold,
And fix, and stablish us in grace,
The monuments of Thy perfect praise.

LXXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 15.

1 Shepherd of souls, lay to Thine hand,
And vindicate Thine injured cause,
The troublers of Thy flock withstand,
The foes, and haters of Thy cross,
Who cause Thy little ones to stray,
And lead them down an easier way.

2 Thy poor, oppress'd disciples, Lord,
In peril 'mongst false brethren see,
And O! Thy timely help afford
To us, that look for help in Thee,
Who hear'st the tempted soul's complaint,
And givest power to all that faint.

3 We beckon'd to our friends for aid,
Our partners in the other ship;
They came; our easy trust betray'd,
They came—to sink us in the deep,
Our vessel 'gainst their own to break,
And then to gather up the wreck.

4 Deceitful workers, in Thy name,
With guile they catch the simple heart;
The feeble followers of the Lamb
They make them from Thy paths depart;
Remove from their high calling's prize,
And rob them of their paradise.

5 Deceiving, and deceived, they glide
Down the smooth stream of carnal peace,
The gate through which they pass is wide,
And broad their path of righteousness,
No strife, no conflict, and no care,
No cross, or holiness is there.

6 Perfect at once, and pure, and clean,
Yet foul, imperfect, and impure,
They sin, and bless themselves in sin,
And boast of their salvation sure:
Saviour, the fond delusion show,
For O! they know not what they do.

7 Alas, for them, that *will* not know
The Lord abhors their sacrifice!
Who weak, unstable souls o'erthrow,
And on their brethren's ruin rise;
Offer Thee fraud, and robbery,
And fawn, and lie, and steal for Thee.
8 Forgive them, Lord, but O! restrain,
No longer let their guile proceed:
O might they their first love regain,
And simply in Thy statutes tread,
Their faith by their obedience prove,
And rise with us to perfect love.

LXXVI. HYMNS FOR THE PERSECUTED.—

Hymn 1.

1 Jesu, the growing work is Thine,
And who shall hinder its success?
In vain the alien armies join,
Thy glorious gospel to suppress,
And vow, with Satan's aid, to' o'erthrow
The work Thy grace revives below.
2 The wary world, as *Julian* wise,
Wise with the wisdom from beneath,
Awhile its *milder* malice tries,
And lets these mad enthusiasts *breathe*,
Breathe to infect their purest air,
And spread the plague of virtue there.
3 Wondering the calm despisers stand,
And dream that *they* the respite give;
Restrain'd by Thine o'erruling hand,
They kindly suffer us to live,
Live, to defy their master's frown,
And turn his kingdom upside down.

4 Still the old Dragon bites his chain,
Not yet commission'd from on high;
Rage the fierce *Pharisees* in vain,
Away with them, the Zealots cry;
And hoary *Caiaphas* exclaims,
And *Bonner* dooms us to the flames.

5 But our great God, who reigns on high,
Shall laugh their haughty rage to scorn,
Scatter their evil with His eye,
Or to His praise their fierceness turn;
While all their efforts to remove
His church, shall stablish her in love.

6 Yes, Lord, Thy promise-word is true,
Our sacred hairs are number'd all;
Though earth, and hell our lives pursue,
Without Thy leave we cannot fall:
And if Thou slack the murderer's chain,
We suffer but with Thee to reign.

7 Our sufferings shall advance Thy cause,
And blunt the persecutor's sword,
Dispread the victory of Thy cross,
And glorify our conquering Lord;
Evil shall work for *Sion's* good:
Its seed is still the martyrs' blood.

LXXVII. THE SAME. FOR THE BRETHREN AT WEDNESBURY.*—Hymn 2.

1 Dear dying Lamb, for whom alone
We suffer pain, and shame, and loss,

* The sufferings of the Methodists in this neighbourhood, in the year 1743, are related in a publication sarcastically entitled "Modern Christianity exemplified at Wednesbury, and other adjacent places in Staffordshire." Wesley's Works, vol. xiii., pp. 139—162; or for a much shorter account, see pp. 277, 278.

Hear Thine afflicted people groan,
Crush'd by the burden of Thy cross,
And bear our fainting spirits up,
And bless the bitter, sacred cup.

2 Drunkards, and slaves of lewd excess,
Bad, lawless men, Thou know'st, we lived:
The world and we were then at peace,
No devil his own servants grieved,
Evil we did, but suffer'd none;
The world will always love its own.

3 But now we would Thy word obey,
And strive to' escape the wrath Divine,
Exposed to all, an helpless prey,
Bruised by our enemies, and Thine,
As sheep 'midst ravening wolves we lie,
And daily grieve, and daily die.

4 Smitten, we turn the other cheek,
Our ease, and name, and goods forego;
Help, or redress no longer seek
In any child of man below;
The powers Thou didst for us ordain,
For us they bear the sword in vain.*

5 But wilt Thou not at last appear,
Into Thine hand the matter take?
We look for no protection here,
But Thee our only refuge make,
To Thee, O righteous Judge, appeal,
And wait Thine acceptable will.

* For the illustration and proof of this statement, compare Wesley's "Short History of the People called Methodists:" Works, vol. xiii., pp. 274, 275, 298, &c.

6 Thou wilt not shut Thy bowels up,
Or justice to the' oppress'd deny;
Thy mercy's ears Thou canst not stop
Against the mournful prisoners' cry,
Who ever make our humble moan,
And look for help to Thee alone.

7 Then help us meekly to sustain
The cross of man's oppressive power,
To slight the shame, endure the pain,
And calmly wait the welcome hour,
That brings the fiery chariot down,
And whirls us to our heavenly crown.

LXXVIII. THE SAME. FOR THE BRETHREN AT THE DEVIZES.*—Hymn 3.

1 Jesus of *Nazareth*, look down
On those Thou call'st Thy flesh and bone,
Thy suffering members here:
Arise, in their defence arise,
And now, in all the heathen's eyes,
On *Israel's* part appear.

2 Thy weakest confessors defend,
And let them on Thyself depend
For help in their distress:
Support, confirm the feeble mind,
And keep them all on Thee reclined,
And keep in perfect peace.

* Where the author was violently assaulted, and the Society suffered much persecution. See his Journal, vol. i., pp. 442—449. Also Wesley's Journal under date January 13th, 1747.

3 Let none forsake the fold, and fly,
Let none through fear their Lord deny,
But stand the fiery hour,
The greatness of Thy mercy prove,
The truth of Thy redeeming love,
And all-sufficient power.

4 Let none unwarily give place
To Satan, with his angel face,
And yield their souls to sell,
To sell their conscience, and their God,
Or weary leave the narrow road,
And go for ease—to hell.

5 Still may they on the world look down,
Superior to its smile and frown,
Its threats and promises;
The tempter tread beneath their feet,
And Thee, where Satan keeps his seat,
In life, and death confess.

6 Now, Saviour, now their fears remove,
The sense of Thy redeeming love
Abundantly impart,
To all whose sacred love we feel;
The prayer of faith this moment seal
On every panting heart.

LXXIX. THE SAME. FOR ONE IN PRISON.—HYMN 4.

1 O SAVIOUR of sinners distress'd,
The sighs of Thy captive attend,
And succour, and set him at rest,
And ransom his soul to the end:

Our brother, whose burden we bear,
Whom into Thy hands we resign,
Preserve with Thy tenderest care,
And seal him eternally Thine.

2 Afflicted, and hated of men,
Of Thee, and Thy servants beloved,
We see him with pity and pain,
From all his companions removed:
Whom present in spirit we find,
Him absent in body we mourn,
And long to be perfectly join'd,
And pray for his happy return.

3 O Father, who hearest the prayer,
Presented in Jesus's name,
The peaceable answer declare,
Confirm'd in the blood of the Lamb;
We pray Thee, for Jesus's sake,
The prisoner of Jesus retrieve,
And give us His confessor back,
And all to Thy glory receive.

LXXX. ANOTHER.—HYMN 5.

1 HEAR, O Lord, the ceaseless prayer
The suffering members groan,
Lo! we all the burden bear,
And grieve the grief of one:
Pray we, Jesus, in Thy name,
Give him to Thy church restored,
Him whom now in faith we claim,
The prisoner of the Lord.

2 All together bound with him
We for deliverance cry:
Thou art mighty to redeem,
Thy help is ever nigh:
Who against Thy power can stand?
Jesu, Lord, the matter take
Into Thine almighty hand,
And send our brother back.

3 Now into his dungeon shine,
And sweeten his distress,
Fill his heart with love Divine,
And keep in perfect peace;
Let his mind on Thee be stay'd,
Lull him in Thy arms to rest,
Bid him lean his weary head
On his Redeemer's breast.

4 Keep him, till the' appointed hour
Thy glory to display,
Then put forth Thy kingly power,
And make an open way;
From his sins, and bonds release,
Stamp him with the stamp Divine,
Thou Thy lawful captive seize,
And seal him ever Thine.

LXXXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 6.

1 Hear, O Thou Strength of *Israel*, hear
Thy poor, afflicted people's cry,
From Satan, and his legions near,
To Thee our only Help we fly;
All human confidence resign,
Nor trust in any arm but Thine.

2 Not *one* of all the rich, or great,
Or *noble*, on our side is *seen*,
They shrink to bear Thy cross's weight,
They seek the praise that comes from men,
Thine honour sell, to save their own,
And leave us to our God alone.

3 Exposed we seem to Satan's will,
As sheep 'midst ravening wolves we lie,
Our foes have learnt the *art* to kill,
By *legal* wrong they doom to die
The faithful followers of our Lord,
And slay them as with *Ammon's* sword.

4 In haste to fill their measure up,
And bring Thy plague on all the race,
Their ears against Thy calls they stop,
Reject the gospel of Thy grace,
Slaughter against Thy people breathe,
And drag Thy messengers to death.

5 But wilt Thou not Thy cause maintain,
Thy helpless, injured people right?
Yes, Lord; our faith shall not be vain,
Our faith in Thy all-saving might
Shall bring the promised succours down,
And win the fight, and take the crown.

6 Thou wilt, we steadfastly believe,
Thy glorious arm at last display,
Out of the toils of hell retrieve,
And take us for Thy lawful prey,
Call home Thy flock to exile driven,
And lead us to Thy fold in heaven.

LXXXII. THE SAME.—Hymn 7.

1 Rejoice, ye happy saints,
Who only Jesus know,
Whom vice and folly paints
As monsters here below,
Rejoice in the Divine applause,
The honour from above,
And glory in your Master's cross,
And triumph in His love.

2 Ye wise and pious few,
Whose names the world blaspheme,
They therefore know not you
Because they know not Him:
Strangers, approved of God alone,
To all their wrongs submit,
And let them spurn, and tread you down
As clay beneath their feet.

3 'Tis thus ye learn to be
True followers of the Lamb,
Who died upon the tree,
That ye might do the same;
With humble thankfulness receive
The scandal of the cross,
The grace not only to believe,
But suffer for His cause.

4 By fools accounted mad,
Of His reproach possess'd,
He bids your hearts be glad,
Your Lord declares you blest;

Exult in your despised estate,
Enjoy the token given,
For O! beyond conception great
Is your reward in heaven.

LXXXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 8.

John xvi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

1 Master, we call Thy word to mind,
Thy truth and faithfulness we find
Our sure support, and stay:
The time is come, by Thee foretold,
Like sheep we are to slaughter sold,
And made to wolves a prey.

2 The world, who take Thy name in vain,
Afflict our shrinking flesh with pain,
Our feeble spirits grieve;
The *Christian* world with furious zeal,
Out of their synagogues expel,
And murmur that we live.

3 They load us with reproach, and shame,
As loathsome heretics disclaim,
And from Thine altars chase;
Assured they do Thee service good,
And *merit* much, who shed the blood
Of such a poisonous race.

4 Because our God they have not known,
Nor Thee His meek, pacific Son,
They all these evils do;
Born of the flesh with cruel scorn
They vex us of the Spirit born,
And would to death pursue.

5 In every place, in every age,
The restless persecutor's rage
Continues still the same;
Reform'd in show, refined in ill,
The heathen world is heathen still,
And *Christian* but in name.

6 Beneath their anger's utmost weight
We rise, we glory in their hate,
That token of Thy love;
Thou, Lord, hast said, It must be so,
And lo! through great distress we go
To greater joys above.

LXXXIV. HYMNS FOR THE WATCHNIGHT.* —Hymn 1.

1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread
We all shall soon appear;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty, and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

* Of this series Nos. 1, 3, 4, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, together with the Midnight Hymn found on p. 193, Vol. II., were frequently reprinted in a separate form.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears,
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come,
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom."

4 O! may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord:
O! may we thus ensure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

LXXXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 Ah, what a wretch am I!
I cannot watch one hour:
The roaring lion still is nigh,
And ready to devour:
A constant watch he keeps,
He eyes me night and day,
And never slumbers, never sleeps,
Lest he should lose his prey.

2 The world are always nigh,
And for my halting wait,
The *Philistines* in ambush lie,
On me to wreak their hate:

They watch my every turn,
They mark where'er I go,
Their malice not to sleep hath sworn
Till it hath kill'd their foe.

3 The *Delilah* within
Ready each moment stands
To give me up, fast bound by sin,
Into their cruel hands:
I slight my Saviour's aid,
Take my destroyer's part,
And still am falling, self-betray'd
By my own faithless heart.

4 How weak my heart and blind,
That I can think of ease,
Can comfort for a moment find
In such a state as this!
Can fold my arms to sleep,
Nor pain nor horror feel,
While sinking swift into the deep,
And dropping into hell.

5 Gracious Redeemer shake
This slumber from my soul,
Say to me now, Awake, awake,
And Christ shall make thee whole:
Lay to Thy mighty hand,
Alarm me in this hour,
And make me fully understand
The thunder of Thy power.

6 Give me on Thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away:

For each assault prepared,
And ready may I be,
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to Thee.

7 O! do Thou always warn
My soul of evil near,
When to the right or left I turn,
The Witness let me hear,
"Come back; this is the way:
Come back, and walk herein:"
O may I hearken, and obey,
And shun the paths of sin.

8 I would from every sin
As from a serpent fly,
Abhor to touch the thing unclean,
And rather choose to die.
I would, I would my last
This very moment breathe,
Would die, that I may never taste
Of sin, and second death.

9 Thou seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be Thou my power:
My help, and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower:
Cause me to trust in Thee,
Be Thou my sure abode,
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.

10 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

My soul to Thee alone
Now therefore I commend;
Thou, Jesus, having loved Thine own,
Shalt love me to the end.

LXXXVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 I, I am the man that have known
Distress by the stroke of His rod:
And still through the anguish I groan,
And pine for the absence of God:
The happy in Jesus, may sleep:
But O! till in me He appears,
Be this my employment to weep,
And water my couch with my tears.

2 Or, rather, if any are nigh,
Forlorn, and afflicted like me,
All night let us lift up our cry,
And mourn His appearing to see,
(As watchmen expecting the morn)
Look out for the light of His face,
And wait for His mercy's return,
And long to recover His grace.

3 His grace to our souls *did* appear,
And brought us salvation from sin;
We felt our *Immanuel* here,
Restoring His kingdom within:
But O! we have lost him again,
His Spirit hath taken its flight,
Our joy, it is turn'd into pain,
Our day it is turn'd into night.

4 O what shall we do to retrieve
The love for a season bestow'd!
'Tis better to die than to live
Exiled from the presence of God:
With sorrow distracted, and doubt,
With palpable horror oppress'd,
The city we wander about,
And seek our repose in His breast.

5 Ye watchmen of *Israel*, declare
If ye our Beloved have seen,
And point to that Heavenly Fair,
Surpassing the children of men:
Our Lover and Lord from above,
Who only can quiet our pain,
Whom only we languish to love,
O where shall we find Him again!

6 The joy, and desire of our eyes,
The end of our sorrow and woe,
Our hope, and our heavenly prize,
Our height of ambition below;
Once more if He show us His face,
He never again shall depart,
Detain'd in our closest embrace,
Eternally held in our heart.

LXXXVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 O Jesus, the Rest
Of spirits distress'd,
In whom all the children of men may be blest,
The blessing design'd
For the whole of mankind,
Give us in the love of Thy Spirit to find.

2 For this do we keep
A sad vigil, and weep,
The fruit of our tears that in joy we may reap;
While sent from above
The comfort we prove,
The unspeakable gift of Thy ransoming love.

3 Our brethren we see
By mercy set free,
They have found the abundant redemption in Thee.
Thy tenders of grace
They gladly embrace,
And tell of Thy goodness, and live to Thy praise.

4 But still we remain
In bondage and pain,
Unable to bear, or to shake off our chain;
In the furnace we cry,
Come, Lord, from the sky,
Make haste to our help, or in *Egypt* we die.

5 O Jesus, appear
Thy mourners to cheer,
Our grief to assuage, and to banish our fear:
Thy prisoners release,
Vouchsafe us Thy peace,
And our troubles and sins in a moment shall cease.

6 That moment be now;
The petition allow,
Our present Redeemer, and Comforter Thou,
The freedom from sin,
The' atonement bring in,
And sprinkle our conscience, and bid us be clean.

7 Thy blessing of grace
Now let it take place,
The dew of Thy mercy descend on our race;
Thy Spirit, O God,
Pour out on the crowd,
And water us all with a shower of Thy blood!

LXXXVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 5.

1 Father of mercies, hear!
Who didst of old send down
An heavenly messenger,
With tidings of Thy Son:
Shepherds, who watch'd their flocks by night,
They first believed the word,
And sang, o'erwhelm'd with heavenly light,
The birth of Christ, the Lord.

2 To men of simple heart
The Saviour still reveal,
The welcome news impart
Of joy unspeakable;
To us, who here our stations keep,
To us a Child be given,
Who wait to find, while others sleep,
The Lord of earth and heaven.

3 With pure celestial day
Our ravish'd souls surround,
Or let the heavenly ray
Within our hearts be found:
Let all Thy ransom'd sons of grace
The' angelic army join,
And chant in ceaseless songs of praise
The Majesty Divine.

4 Glory to God above
For His redeeming plan,
And peace on earth, and love
Benevolent to man:
We justly own the glory His,
With heaven's acclaiming powers;
For O! the benefit and bliss
Is all for ever ours!

LXXXIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 6.

1 Jesus, my Master, and my Lord,
I would Thy will obey,
Humbly receive Thy warning word,
And always watch, and pray.
My constant need of watchful prayer
I daily see, and feel,
To keep me safe from every snare
Of sin, and earth, and hell.

2 Into a world of ruffians sent,
I walk on hostile ground,
Wild human beasts, on slaughter bent,
And ravening wolves surround.
The lion seeks my soul to slay,
In some unguarded hour,
And waits to tear his sleeping prey,
And watches to devour.

3 But worse than all my foes, I find
The enemy within,
The evil heart, the carnal mind,
My own insidious sin:

My nature every moment waits
To render me secure,
And all my paths with ease besets,
To make my ruin sure.

4 But Thou hast given a loud alarm,
And Thou shalt still prepare
My soul for all assaults, and arm
With never ceasing prayer.
Thou wilt not suffer me to sleep,
Who on Thy love depend,
But still Thy faithful servant keep,
And save me to the end.

XC. THE SAME.—Hymn 7.

1 Jesus, bestow the power,
Who gavest the command:
Unwearied on Thyself, my tower,
Enable me to stand;
Cheerful to undergo
Whole nights of sweet distress,
And watch against my threefold foe,
Till all my conflicts cease.

2 Bid me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed,
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.
O might I calmly wait
Thy succours from above,
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love.

3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join,
Against the wiles of Satan, arm
In panoply Divine.
O may I fix my face
His onsets to repel,
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell.

4 But above all afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me sue to Thee for aid,
To Thee my weakness show,
Hang on Thine arm alone
With self-mistrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

5 Give me a sober mind,
A quick-discerning eye
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
Still may I cleave to Thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart.

6 Thus let me pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath,
In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see Thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with Thee to reign.

XCI. THE SAME.—Hymn 8.

1 Hark, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound,
Stand to your arms; the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain's top
The ensign of your God,
In Jesu's name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood:
His standard-bearer I
To all the nations call,
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh;
He bore the cross for all.

3 Ye who His call obey,
Behold the banner spread
To cover in the evil day
His faithful soldier's head:
Be strong in Jesu's might;
The panoply Divine
Put on, beneath this standard fight,
And conquer in this sign.

4 Go up, with Christ, your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see,
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory:

All power to Him is given,
He ever reigns the same,
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesu's name.

5 Ye now have took the field,
And fearlessly march on,
Fight the good fight, hold fast your shield,
Till Satan is cast down.
Cast down he soon shall be,
He shall, he shall submit,
Compell'd with all his host to flee
Or bruised beneath your feet.

6 Only have faith in God,
In faith your foes assail,
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

7 Angels your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible;
With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try,
Legions of dire malicious fiends,
And spirits enthroned on high.

8 On earth the' usurpers reign,
Exert their baleful power,
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour.

But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?

9 Jesu's tremendous name,
Puts all our foes to flight!
Jesus the meek, the angry Lamb
A lion is in fight:
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow,
And conquering them through Jesu's blood,
We still to conquer go.

10 Our Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies,
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize;
"Be faithful unto death,
Partake My victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with Me."

11 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith,
Eternal life is the reward
Of all-victorious faith:
Who conquer in His might
The victor's meed receive,
And claim a kingdom in His right,
Which God is bound to give.

12 But let us all abide
Throughout the glorious war,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And more than conqueror;

Till every perfect one
To heavenly joys remove,
And sit with Jesus on His throne
Of everlasting love.

XCII. THE SAME.—Hymn 9.

1 Captain, God of our salvation,
Night and day
Will we pay
Thee our adoration:
All day long our lips confess Thee,
All the night
Our delight
Is in songs to bless Thee.

2 Whom Thy dying love o'erpowers,
Lost in Thee
Happy we
Never count the hours:
Love, our one delightful lesson,
Love and joy
Still employ
Every gracious season.

3 Rivals of the heavenly choir,
Lo! we rise
To the skies,
Higher still, and higher:
There we have our conversation,
Talk with God,
Him whose blood
Purchased our salvation.

4 We like all Thy host adore Thee:
Restless they
Night and day
Render Thee the glory.
Author of our every blessing,
God of grace,
Thee we praise
Never, never ceasing.

5 This be here our whole employment,
Till we claim,
Through Thy name,
All Thy love's enjoyment;
Till we drink the crystal river,
Drink and sing
To our King,
Sing and shout for ever.

XCIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 10.

1 Jesus, God of our salvation,
Give us eyes Thyself to see,
Waiting for Thy consolation,
Longing to believe on Thee:
Now vouchsafe the sacred power,
Now the faith Divine impart,
Meet us at this solemn hour,
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 *Anna*-like within the temple,
Simeon-like we meekly stay;
Daily with Thy saints assemble,
Nightly for Thy coming pray:

While our souls are bow'd before Thee,
While we humbly sue for grace,
Come, Thy people's Light and Glory,
Show to all Thy heavenly face.

3 If to us Thy sacred Spirit
Hath the future grace reveal'd,
Let us by Thy righteous merit
Now receive our pardon seal'd;
To eternal life appointed,
Let us Thy salvation see,
Now behold the Lord's Anointed,
Now obtain our heaven in Thee.

XCIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 11.

1 JESUS, guard Thy gather'd sheep,
Who Thy voice begin to know,
Day and night in safety keep,
Help us after Thee to go:
Eyeing Thee with fix'd regard,
By Thy word and Spirit led,
Walk we in the works prepared,
Close in all Thy footsteps tread.

2 In Thy pilgrimage with men,
(Objects of Thy constant care,)
Thou didst all their griefs sustain,
Labouring, watching unto prayer:
Thou whole nights in prayer didst spend
On the mount for us employ'd,
Prompt the helpless to defend,
Prevalent with man and God.

3 By no private wants compell'd,
Only love inspired Thy breast,
Love Thy steady hands upheld,
Love enforced the kind request:
And shall *we* refuse to join,
We who all the good receive,
Reap the fruit of toil Divine,
By the prayer of Jesus live!

4 Nay, but in Thy strength we rise,
Nightly to the mountain go,
Breathe our wishes to the skies,
For the sleeping crowd below;
Pray, my watchful brethren, pray,
Full of wants, and sins, and fears,
Wrestle till the break of day,
Till the saving grace appears.

5 Jesus, hear our midnight cry,
Execute Thy love's design,
Bring Thy great salvation nigh,
Claim a ransom'd world for Thine,
Take the purchase of Thy blood,
(Blood that speaks our sins forgiven,)
Let it bring us near to God,
Let it pray us up to heaven!

XCV. THE SAME.—Hymn 12.

1 To Thee, the true eternal Light,
At this awful noon of night,
Our longing souls ascend;
For Thee we watch, for Thee we pray,
And hasten to the joyful day
When all our toils shall end.

2 The joyful day we soon shall see,
With no sad obscurity
Attended, or pursued;
No dark eclipse shall intervene,
Nor gloomy grief pollute the scene,
Or stain the day of God.

3 The day of God shall then be ours,
Number'd with the angel-powers,
And souls on earth forgiven,
We in the New *Jerusalem*
Shall all our happy mansions claim,
The citizens of heaven.

4 We all shall see the golden blaze
Of that high and lofty place,
And breathe the purpled air:
It needs nor sun, nor candle's light,
Divinely fair, Divinely bright,
For Christ the Lamb is there.

5 By faith we now the veil look through,
Now a glimpse of glory view,
And bless the opening ray;
Far, far above all height we soar,
The depths of Deity to' explore
In everlasting day.

XCVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 13.

1 How happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow Thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only Thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing Thy praise:
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant Thy name on high,
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
(A bright harmonious throng!)
We long Thy praises to repeat,
And restless sing, around Thy seat,
The new, eternal song.

XCVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 14.

1 Meet and right it is to sing
At every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine!

2 Thee the first-born sons of light
In choral symphonies
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease:

Angels, and archangels all
Sing the mystic Three in One,
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before Thy throne.

3 Vying with that happy choir
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee they sing with glory crown'd,
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb,
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die,
Jesus full of truth and grace
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter Divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

XCVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 15.

1 Join all ye ransom'd sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls He leads,
Thither He bids us rise;
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet Him in the skies.

4 To seal the universal doom,
The skies He soon shall bow—
But if Thou must at midnight come,
O let us meet Thee *now!*

XCIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 16.

1 Call aloud on Jesu's name,
Watchmen of *Jerusalem*,
Ye, that by our Lord's command
On her ruin'd rampart stand;
Day and night your care express,
Never, never hold your peace,
For a gracious answer cry,
Urge, and force Him to reply.

2 Well maintain the post assign'd,
Put your faithful God in mind,
Instantly the promise plead,
Till the word of grace proceed,
Never suffer Him to rest,
Till He answer your request,
Till our *Sion* He repair,
Fix His constant presence there.

3 Set for this if, Lord, I am,
Let *me* now the promise claim,
Let my faithful brethren join,
All remembrancers Divine;

All who *Sion's* burden bear,
Join ye in the fervent prayer,
Till His utmost truth we prove,
Edified in perfect love.

4 Jesus, Head, and Lord of all,
Answer to our midnight call,
Our *Jerusalem* repair,
Build again Thy house of prayer,
Now Thy ancient wonders show,
Raise a glorious church below,
Sion from her ruins raise,
Spread throughout the earth her praise.

5 Spread throughout the earth Thine own,
Fully by Thy people known;
Let us with Thy lustre shine,
Pillars in the dome Divine,
Master of the building art,
'Stablish every faithful heart,
Finish Thy great work of grace,
Perfect us in holiness.

C. THE SAME. INNOCENT DIVERSIONS.—

HYMN 17.

1 COME let us anew
Our pleasures pursue:
For *Christian* delight
The day is too short; let us borrow the night.
In sanctified joy
Each moment employ,
To Jesus's praise,
And spend, and be spent in the triumph of grace.

2 The slaves of excess,
Their senses to please
Whole nights can bestow,
And on in a circle of riot they go:
Poor prodigals, they
The night into day
By revellings turn,
And all the restraints of sobriety scorn.

3 The drunkards proclaim
At midnight their shame,
Their sacrifice bring,
And loud to the praise of *their* master they sing.
The hellish desires
Which Satan inspires,
In sonnets they breathe,
And shouting descend to the mansions of death.

4 The civiller crowd,
In theatres proud,
Acknowledge his power,
And Satan in nightly assemblies adore:
To the masque and the ball
They fly at his call;
Or in pleasures excel,
And chant in a grove* to the harpers of hell.

5 And shall we not sing
Our Master and King
While men are at rest,
With Jesus admitted at midnight to feast?
Here only we may
With innocence stay,
The' enjoyment improve,
And abide at the banquet of Jesus's love.

* Ranelagh's Gardens, Vauxhall, &c.

6 In Him is bestow'd
The spiritual food,
The manna Divine,
And Jesus's love is far better than wine:
With joy we receive
The blessing, and give
By day and by night
All thanks to the Source of our endless delight.

7 Our concert of praise
To Jesus we raise,
And all the night long
Continue the new evangelical song:
We dance to the fame
Of Jesus's name,
The joy it imparts
Is heaven begun in our musical hearts.

8 Thus, thus we bestow
Our moments below,
And singing remove,
With all the redeem'd to the *Sion* above:
There, there shall we stand
With our harps in our hand,
Interrupted no more,
And eternally sing, and rejoice, and adore.

CI. THE SAME.—Hymn 18.

1 Ye virgin souls arise,
With all the dead awake,
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take,
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the Heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, He comes to call
The nations to His bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet Him in the sky
Your everlasting Friend,
Your Head to glorify
With all His saints ascend,
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see without a veil His face.

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in His Spirit lived
Obedient to His love,
Jesus shall claim you for His bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When all shall be caught up
And stand before His throne,
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our *Immanuel's* breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel powers
In glorious joy to live:
Far from a world of grief, and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our Lord appear
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as Lord Thou find'st us now.

CII. THE SAME.—Hymn 19.

[*Revelation iv.*]

1 Sinners look up, by grace forgiven,
Behold an open door in heaven;
Attend, ye souls in Jesus found,
The Saviour's voice, the trumpet's sound.
Hither come up, He cries, and see
The secrets of eternity.

2 Rise, in the Spirit's rapture, rise
To yon bright throne above the skies;
To Him who sits sublime thereon,
In colour like a sardine stone,
And scatters, as the jasper's rays,
The glories of His dreadful face.

3 Tremble; yet O! with love draw near,
The showery bow forbids your fear,
The throne it quite encircles round,
(And grace on every side is found,)
In colour like an emerald seen,
Delightful, and eternal green.

4 Turn as He will, the eyes Divine
Must ever meet that sacred sign,
Sign of His covenanted grace,
Confirm'd to all our ransom'd race,
Who sing the great Redeemer's love,
Triumphant with that host above.

5 Near the Most High, on either hand
Behold a venerable band!
Twenty-and-four on seats behold!
Enrobed in white, and crown'd with gold,
With Jesu's joy supremely blest,
Enthroned in everlasting rest!

6 God over all His state maintains,
And high amidst His ancients reigns,
Voices are heard, and thunders roar,
And loud proclaim His awful power,
And waving flames of lightning shine,
Thick flashing from the throne Divine.

7 Burning before the Sovereign Sire
Are seven lamps of living fire,
His ministerial spirits they,
Who ever in His presence stay,
The purest essences above,
The brightest flames of heavenly love.

8 Fronting the throne a crystal sea
Rolls on its perfect purity,
Laver of sanctifying grace,
It justly holds the middle space,
For none approach the holy God,
Till throughly wash'd in Jesu's blood.

9 Between the saints, and Holy One,
Around His seat, and placed thereon,
Four emblematic creatures shine,
Replete with eyes and powers Divine,
And all the various virtues show
Of Jesu's ministers below.

10 The lion bold their heart displays,
The labouring ox their strength of grace,
The man their mind discreet humane,
The eagle doth their speed explain,
Wherewith they soar aloft, to gaze
On the bright Sun of Righteousness!

11 Spangled with eyes before, behind,
(Fit emblem of a watchful mind,)
The six-wing'd messengers appear,
And full of inward eyes severe,
Themselves with strictest search to scan,
Till modell'd by the perfect plan.

12 God they extol above the sky,
And Holy, holy, holy cry,
Who was, and is, and still shall be
In essence One, in persons Three,
By all incessantly adored,
Omnipotent, eternal Lord.

13 Soon as in hymns the mystic four
The everlasting God adore,
The elders prostrate at His seat
His glorious attributes repeat,
The Source of all their blessings own,
And cast their crowns before His throne.

14 Honour, and might, and majesty,
Who gavest all that is to be,
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive:
And lo! for this in heaven we live,
With all Thy creatures to commend
Our Source, Support, and glorious End!

HYMNS

AND

SACRED POEMS.

PART II.

CIII. HYMNS FOR THOSE THAT WAIT FOR FULL REDEMPTION.—Hymn 1.

1 O Saviour from sin,
If mine Thou hast been,
And sprinkled my conscience, and bid me be clean;
With Thy servant, while tried
In the furnace, abide,
And O! let me never be torn from Thy side.

2 I never shall rest,
Or be perfectly blest,
While the tempter hath left any hold in my breast:
Thou hast loosen'd the chain,
Thou hast soften'd the pain,
Yet my sorrow, as long as my sin, *must remain.*

3 From actual blame
I am saved by Thy name,
But mourn, till Thou save me from all that I am
Till more than subdued,
Till entirely renew'd
Both my heart, and my nature are wash'd in Thy [blood.

4 My pardon is sure,
If I *always endure;*
But still I expect Thee to perfect my cure:
With trembling and fear,
While sin is so near,
I pass the short time of my pilgrimage here.

5 Fain would I be clean,
And all-holy within;
I thirst for Thine utmost salvation from sin:
Thou still dost restrain;
But how great is my pain,
When I *do* not commit it, to feel that I *can.*

6 For this do I wail
Through the sorrowful vale,
Till my sin and my trouble at once Thou expel:
This, this is my load,
Though absolved by Thy blood,
I am *capable* still of offending my God.

7 Come, Jesus, and cleanse
My inbred offence,
O take the occasion of stumbling from hence,
The infection within,
The *possible sin**
Extirpate, by bringing Thy righteousness *in.*

8 By all Thou hast done
For me to atone,
By all Thou hast suffer'd to make me Thine own,
By all which Thou art,
I beseech Thee, convert,
And renew, and eternally reign in my heart.

* See note on p. 299.

CIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 2.

1 O THOU gentle Lamb of God,
Hear Thy ransom'd follower pray,
Wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
Bear my inbred sin away;
All the curse, the plague remove,
All the hell of creature-love.

2 Take the guilt and power of sin,
Take its cursed relics hence;
Make me throughly pure within
By Thy love's omnipotence;
Let me all Thy nature have,
Feel Thine utmost power to save.

3 Bounds I will not set to Thee,
Shorten Thine almighty hand:
Save from all iniquity,
Let not sin's foundations stand,
Every stone o'erturn, o'erthrow;
I believe it *may* be so.

4 Wilt Thou lop the boughs of sin,
Leaving still the stock behind?
No, Thy love shall work within,
Quite expel the carnal mind,
Root and branch destroy my foe;
I believe it *shall* be so.

CV. THE SAME.—HYMN 3.

1 BEING of beings, God of love,
High-seated on Thy dazzling throne,
Pity, and draw me from above,
Raise, and bring home Thy banish'd son.

2 I am not as from Thee I came:
Out of my second chaos call:
Fallen alas! from Thee I am;
O God, redeem me from my fall.

3 Laid in the lowest deep of sin,
Enslaved to vain and base desires,
Sensibly dead, and dark within,
Fit fuel for infernal fires;

4 An outcast from Thy blissful face,
Broke off from God, and scatter'd wide,
Most fallen of that fallen race,
For which Thy only Son hath died.

5 Father of mercies, hear my cry,
This, only this is all my plea,
Jesus the Just hath bow'd the sky,
Thy Son hath died, hath died for me.

6 Jesus hath undertook my cause,
Finish'd the great redeeming plan,
Humbled to death my Saviour was,
And stoop'd to raise His creature man.

7 By love, mere pitying love, inclined,
He caught my nature in its fall,
A common Head of all mankind,
Assumed the flesh, and guilt of all.

8 Father, Thou know'st He bought my peace,
My life, and health, and liberty,
My present, and eternal bliss;
He purchased all Thou art for me.

9 Assured Thy fulness to receive,
With earnest, calm desire I wait,
For all Thou hast in Christ to give,
The glories of my first estate.

10 I trust Thy image to regain,
Whate'er Thou hast to sinners given,
All, all I shall in Christ obtain,
Pardon, and paradise, and heaven.

CVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 Happy soul, that safe from harms
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest,
Who shall violate his rest?

2 Jesus doth his spirit bear,
Jesus takes his every care,
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus still delights to keep.

3 Dogs, and wolves in vain appear,
Roaring lions still are near,
Ravening wolves unmoved he sees
Howling in the wilderness.

4 Calm he eyes them from above,
Safe in his Protector's love,
There he rests, and undismay'd
Drops his arms, and hangs his head.

5 O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
On His only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh!

6 Free from sin, and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near,
All His care rejoice to prove,
All His paradise of love.

7 Jesu, seek Thy wandering sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep,
Take on Thee my every care,
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear.
8 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More, and more in Thee rejoice;
More, and more of Thee receive,
Ever in Thy Spirit live:
9 Live, till all Thy life I know,
Perfect in my Lord below,
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above.
10 O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand,
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to heaven!

CVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 5.

1 Jesu, my Hope, my Joy, my Rest,
Indulge me in this one request,
Thou know'st what I would say,
My every want to Thee is known,
Thou hear'st the' unutterable groan,
Thou hear'st Thy Spirit pray.
2 Give me the thing Thou long'st to give,
The thing for which Thou here didst live
A life of grief and pain;
Give me the dearly purchased good,
Bought with Thy heart's last drop of blood,
Nor live, nor die in vain.
3 Give me what God to Thee did give,
The grace Thou didst for me receive,
When all Thy pangs were o'er;

Send down Thy Spirit from above,
Spirit of power, and health, and love,
And let me sin no more.

4 I ask nor joy, nor life, nor ease,
I ask not earthly happiness,
But purity within;
On others, Lord, those gifts bestow,
But let me cease from sin below,
But let me cease from sin.

5 Hasten to grant my sole request,
Take me into that second rest,
That glorious liberty;
And let me then my soul resign,
Received into the arms Divine,
For ever lost in Thee.

CVIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 6.

"*Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon.*"—[Joshua x. 12.]

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, arise,
And save a soul that hangs on Thee;
Put on Thy strength, and bow the skies,
And work Thy ancient work in me,
Thy grace miraculous display,
The rapid course of nature stay.

2 My *Joshua*, bid the sun stand still,
Suspend the storm in mid career,
Arrest the torrent of my will,
Restrain me from the sin I fear;
The power of loving faith impart,
And fix my poor unsettled heart.

3 Jesus, my constant Jesus stand
Betwixt my bosom-sin and me:
Nature submits to Thy command,
All things are possible to Thee;
Thou Infinite in love and power,
Preserve me, that I sin no more.

CIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 7.

"*The flesh lusteth against the Spirit*, but *the Spirit against the flesh, (and these are contrary the one to the other,) that ye* may not *do the things which ye would.*"—Galatians v. 17.

1 While pride and wrath remain within,
While aught of the old *Adam* lives,
The fleshly principle of sin
Against the Spirit lusts, and strives;
We groan our evil heart to feel,
Children in Christ, and carnal still.

2 But God is to His promise just,
And arms us with sufficient grace,
The Spirit exerts a stronger lust,
We *need* not once to sin give place;
We *do* not yield to flesh and blood,
Or do the things which nature would.

3 Who in the Spirit walk, and live,
Their fleshly lusts shall not fulfil;
O God, Thy saying we receive,
And wait to prove Thy perfect will,
To sin we will no longer bow,
It shall not have dominion now.

4 It shall not *always vex* us here,
But lose its being with its reign;
Thou, Lord, shalt in our flesh appear,
And sin shall then no more remain;
The devil's works destroy'd shall be,
And all our souls be fill'd with Thee.

CX. THE SAME.—Hymn 8.

1 Jesu, come, my Hope of glory,
Purify Me, that I
May with saints adore Thee.

2 Big with earnest expectation,
Still I sit At Thy feet,
Longing for salvation.

3 My poor heart vouchsafe to dwell in,
Make me Thine, Love Divine,
By Thy Spirit's sealing.

4 Give me, Lord, Thy Holy Spirit,
Let me see All in Thee,
All in Thee inherit.

5 Thou hast laid the sure foundation:
O my Hope, Build me up,
Finish Thy creation.

6 From this inbred sin deliver,
Let the yoke Now be broke,
Make me Thine for ever.

7 Partner of Thy perfect nature,
Let me be Now in Thee
A new spotless creature.

8 Perfect when I walk before Thee,
Soon, or late, Then translate
To the realms of glory.

9 Then the blissful sight be given,
Then to gaze On Thy face
This be all my heaven.

CXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 9.

Luke i. 68, *&c.*

1 Blest be the Lord! by earth and heaven
For ever blest be *Israel's* God!
Himself He hath to sinners given,
His Son He hath on all bestow'd.

2 God was in Christ, and dwelt with men,
The Father sent His only Son,
To bring us to His arms again,
And make a sinful world His own.

3 He to Himself hath reconciled
The whole of *Adam's* rebel race,
The world by sin destroy'd, defiled,
May all be cleansed, and saved by grace.

4 Jesus for us our God raised up,
Jesus almighty to redeem,
The nation's Joy, Desire, and Hope,
Who all may now be saved through Him.

5 Salvation is in Jesu's name,
The Lord of *David*, and His Son;
To save a world from heaven He came,
To perfect all our souls in one.

6 The Father hath His word fulfill'd,
The prophecies of ancient days,
Honour'd His messengers, and seal'd
The records of His promised grace.

7 He by the holy men of old,
His prophets since the world begun,
The great salvation hath foretold,
Salvation in His dying Son.
8 Salvation from our foes within,
From death, and hell, and Satan's chains,
Salvation from the power of sin,
Salvation from its last remains.
9 His word for ever shall endure,
His word doth now on us take place;
He made it to our fathers sure,
The promise of His perfect grace.
10 The covenant of redemption He,
The faithful God, hath call'd to mind,
The covenant from all sin to free
The captive souls of all mankind.
11 The oath he hath to *Abraham* sworn,
That all mankind should in his Seed
Be blest, and find a power to turn,
And live from sin for ever freed.
12 Yes, with a solemn oath the Lord
Hath us, even us, engaged to bless,
To free, and hallow by His word,
And cleanse from all unrighteousness.
13 From all our foes, our sins redeem,
The possible* offence remove,
And make us pure, and all like Him,
Renew'd, and perfected in love.
14 Perfect in love, that casts out fear,
We here shall His commands fulfil,
Walk in the light, and see Him here,
And answer all His righteous will.

* *i. e.* The possibility of offending. [Author's note.] Compare Note, Vol. II., p. 97.

15 In all His glorious image bright
We here shall serve Him all our days,
And then with saints in heavenly light
Record His everlasting praise.

CXII. THE SAME.—Hymn 10.

"*All things are possible to him that believeth.*"—[Mark ix. 23.]

1 All things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's name believe:
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in Thee,
All things are possible to me.

2 The most impossible of all,
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease;
Yet shall it be: I know, it shall:
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

3 I without sin on earth shall live,
Even I, the chief of sinners I:
Thy glory, Lord, to Thee I give,
O God of truth, Thou canst not lie;
What Thou hast said shall surely be:
All things are possible to me.

4 Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail:
The Lamb shall take my sins away,
'Tis certain, though impossible;
The thing impossible shall be:
All things are possible to me.

5 When Thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in Thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree:
All things are possible to me.

6 The' unchangeable decree is past,
The sure predestinating word,
That I, who on my Lord am cast,
I shall be like my sinless Lord:
'Twas fix'd from all eternity:
All things are possible to me.

7 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
That I shall serve Thee without fear,
Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
Holy, and pure, and perfect here,
The servant as his Lord shall be:
All things are possible to me.

8 All things are possible to God,
To Christ the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renew'd,
When I in Christ am born again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

CXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 11.

"*This is the Victory!*"—[1 John v. 4.]

1 Surrounded by an host of foes,
Storm'd by an host of foes within,
Nor swift to fly, nor strong to' oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin,

Single, yet undismay'd I am:
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake,
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
Shall drive the alien armies back,
Pourtray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb:
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God, from heaven He came:
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

4 Salvation in His name there is,
Salvation from sin, death, and hell,
Salvation into glorious bliss,
How great salvation who can tell!
But all He hath for mine I claim:
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

CXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 12.

"*Come unto Me*"—"*Learn of Me*," &c.—Matt. xi. 28, 29.

1 Lovely Lamb, I come to Thee,
Thou hast oft invited me;
Surely now I would be blest,
Give me now the promised rest.

2 All my business and concern
Is of Thee, my Lamb, to learn;
Show me Thy first lesson show,
Now alas! I nothing know.

3 Gentle Thou, and meek in heart,
All humility Thou art;
Full of wrath, and pride I am,
How unlike my lowly Lamb!

4 But Thou canst my soul transform,
Humble an aspiring worm,
My unbroken spirit break,
Make the angry leopard meek.

5 Thou art greater than my heart,
Thou canst make me as Thou art,
Sink the proud, and tame the wild,
Change me to a little child.

6 Turn me, Lord, and turn me now,
To Thy yoke my spirit bow;
Grant me now the pearl to find
Of a meek and quiet mind.

7 Calm, O calm my troubled breast,
Let me gain that second rest,
From my works for ever cease,
Perfected in holiness.

8 Soon, or later then remove,
Take me to my rest above:
All's alike to me, so I
In my Lord may live, and die.

CXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 13.

1 My Jesus, my Lamb,
I trust in Thy name,
And all Thy unsearchable riches I claim.

2 For me Thou hast died,
Thy blood is applied;
I am come to the fountain of Jesus's side.

3 The earnest I prove,
Thy Spirit doth move,
And melt my hard heart with a spark of Thy love.

4 Yet can I not rest,
Till perfectly blest
I lean every moment on Jesus's breast.

5 What tongue cannot tell
In believing I feel,
The pledge and the witness; but where is the seal?

6 The seal is secure,
And keeps my heart pure:
This, this is the proof I shall always endure.

7 For this do I call
On my Jesus, my All:
O tell me by love that I never shall fall;*

8 That I never shall sin:
O wash my heart clean:
Now, Lord, Thy immovable kingdom bring in.

9 Thy nature impart,
My soul to convert,
And 'stablish the thing Thou hast wrought in my [heart.

10 My Alpha is here,
Thou always art near,
But in me, my Lord, the Omega appear.

11 Thy gifts that are past
Behind me I cast:
The Beginning, and First, be the End, and the Last.

* Compare Wesley's Works, vol. xi., pp. 426, 446.

12 Now, now let me feel,
Thou in me dost dwell;
To the day of redemption, O Comforter, seal.

13 Return from above
In the Spirit of love,
And the mountain of sin by Thy presence remove.

14 For this do I pray,
Nothing else can I say,
But, take the occasion of stumbling away.

15 Then shall I be clean,
And live without sin,
Till the life of my Jesus breaks out from within.

16 My body that dies
With advantage shall rise,
And be fashion'd like His, when we meet in the skies.

17 In the skies we shall meet;
Who am now at Thy feet,
I at Thy right hand in Thy kingdom shall sit:

18 I the glory shall see
Thou hast purchased for me,
And inherit my heaven of heavens in Thee.

CXVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 14.

1 Jesu, cast a pitying eye,
Humbled at Thy feet I lie,
Fain within Thy arms would rest,
Fain would lean upon Thy breast;
Thrust my hand into Thy side,
Always in the cleft abide,
Never from Thy wounds depart,
Never leave Thy bleeding heart.

2 Surely I have pardon found,
Grace doth more than sin abound,
God, I know, is pacified,
Thou for me, for me hast died:
But I cannot rest herein,
All my nature still is sin,
Comforted I will not be,
Till my soul is all like Thee.

3 See my burden'd, sin-sick soul,
Give me faith, and make me whole,
Finish Thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness:
Speak the second time, Be clean,
Take away my inbred sin,
Now the stumbling-block remove,
Cast it out by perfect love.

4 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire;
None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth, or heaven.
O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall,
Let my Lord be all in all.

CXVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 15.

1 Jesu, my good and faithful Lord,
To Thee with confidence I fly;
I hang upon Thy changeless word,
The Truth itself can never lie;
I have the promises I claim,
Whate'er I ask in Jesu's name.

2 The word Thy blessed lips hath past,
Ask, and ye shall the grace receive,
Seek, and be sure to find at last,
Knock, and I will admittance give;
Ye shall whate'er ye ask obtain,
Ye cannot seek My face in vain.

3 O Jesus, full of truth, and grace,
Thy love and faithfulness I plead,
Thine all-containing word embrace,
Thou know'st alas, I all things need,
But only one I now implore;
I ask, that I may sin no more.

CXVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 16.

1 Get thee behind me, fiend! no more
To flesh or thee I credit give:
The snare is broke, the charm is o'er,
In Jesus I at last believe;
Whate'er I want, whate'er I claim,
Is mine through faith in Jesu's name.

2 Faith asks impossibilities,
Impossibilities are given;
And I, even I, from sin shall cease,
And live on earth the life of heaven;
I dare believe through Jesu's power,
That I, even I, shall sin no more.

3 Thy every faithful promise, Lord,
I bring to bear against my sin;
Thy pardoning, and Thy hallowing word,
Thy power, and will to make me clean.
Thy truth, and love, are on my part,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

CXIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 17.

1 What is the reason of my hope,
My hope to live and sin no more?
After His likeness to wake up,
And God in spirit and truth adore,
To serve Him as the hosts above
In perfect peace, and perfect love?

2 Faith in the blood of Christ I have;
He freely loved, and died for me:
Sinners He came from sin to save,
From all, from all iniquity;
Without the camp He deign'd to die,
Us by His blood to sanctify.

3 His blood shall sanctify throughout
My spirit, soul, and body *here:*
Because He died, I cannot doubt,
Because He died, I cannot fear;
His blood shall make me pure within,
His blood shall cleanse me from all sin.

4 He wills, that I should holy be,
He promises to make me clean,
His oath confirms the sure decree;
The remnant, and the root of sin
The God of truth hath sworn to slay,
And take its being all away.

5 God hath ordain'd that I should see
In perfect holiness His face,
Retrieve His image here, and be
For ever sanctified by grace;
His truth, and power, and mercy join,
The will, and word, and oath Divine.

6 Here then my foot of faith stands sure,
And earth, and hell in vain deny;
I shall be pure as God is pure,
Holy as God is holy I,
Perfect, as God is perfect, rise,
And take my mansion in the skies.

CXX. THE SAME.—HYMN 18.

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire,
Love Divine, Thyself impart,
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart,
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God appear, appear,
To Thine human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour,
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in,
Fill us with the glorious power
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less:
Thou art all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

3 Whom but Thee have we in heaven,
Whom have we on earth but Thee?
Only Thou to us be given,
All besides is vanity;
Grant us love, we ask no more,
Every other gift remove;
Pleasure, fame, and wealth, and power,
Still we all enjoy in love.

CXXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 19.

1 O God, was ever heart like mine!
So sick of every sore disease,
So false, so contrary to Thine,
So full of desperate wickedness!

2 So weak, so impotent, so blind,
So earthly, sensual, devilish all!
What words of horror can I find
To picture out my total fall?

3 My total fall I never knew,
Till I had tasted of Thy grace,
Thy Spirit then the veil withdrew,
And show'd the inbred monster's face.

4 The Man of Sin, the mystery
Of wickedness, Thou hast reveal'd,
(Sure pledge of good!) my plague I see;
My plague I know, shall all be heal'd!

5 A perfect soundness faith shall give,
A perfect holiness below;
Jesu, I in Thy blood believe,
Thy blood shall wash me white as snow.

6 The loss I by the first sustain
The Second *Adam* shall repair:
I shall the life of God regain,
The image of the Heavenly bear.

7 Let others from themselves remove,
And chase salvation far away;
But Thou canst perfect *me* in love,
Canst perfect me in love *to-day*.

8 Let others madly hug their chains,
Their idol of inbeing sin;
I cannot plead for sin's remains,
When Thou hast said, Ye shall be clean.

9 If Thou hast power and will to save,
Saved to the utmost I shall be,
The fulness of the Godhead have;
For all the Godhead is in Thee.

CXXII. THE SAME.—Hymn 20.

1 Jesu, Thou Strength of all that turn
The battle to the gate,
Behold us for Thy glory burn,
And for Thy kingdom wait.

2 O that Thy foes were all subdued,
In bonds of love confined,
And forced to own the' all-cleansing blood,
That flow'd for all mankind.

3 Captain of our salvation, hear,
Saviour of human race,
Appear, in Thy own cause appear,
And vindicate Thy grace.

4 Thy grace for all divinely free
Doth every sinner call;
Thou drawest all men unto Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all.

5 Lo! here we are, Thy truth to prove,
To witness Thou art good,
To' assert Thine universal love,
And all-redeeming blood.

6 Thy blood from all iniquity
Redeems, and makes us clean;
From pride, and wrath, it sets us free,
From all indwelling sin.

7 The Spirit's living law it writes
Upon our inward parts,
Our new-born souls to God unites,
And purifies our hearts.

8 It keeps our mind in perfect peace,
Thy kingdom it brings in,
Thine everlasting righteousness,
And makes an end of sin.

9 This sovereign antidote expels
The poison from our veins;
Our old congenial sickness heals,
And purges all our stains.

10 A perfect soundness it imparts,
Destroys the carnal mind,
And forms in all believing hearts
The Saviour of mankind.

11 Come O Thou Lamb, for sinners slain,
Bring in the cleansing flood;
Apply, to wash out every stain,
Thine efficacious blood.

12 O let it sink into our soul
Deep as the inbred sin,
Make every wounded spirit whole,
And every leper clean.

13 Thy sanctifying word is sure;
Lord, we our sins confess,
Faithful and Just, O make us pure
From all unrighteousness.

14 Such power belongeth unto Thee,
Thy saying we receive;
We shall be pure in heart, and see
Thy smiling face, and live.

15 Lord, we believe, and with calm zeal
For this our faith contend,
Waiting till Thou Thyself reveal,
And hoping to the end.

16 Our high, and holy calling's prize
We earnestly pursue;
Nor fear we, lest our thoughts should rise,
Above what Thou canst do.

17 Thy goodness, O all-gracious Lord,
Is equal to Thy power;
And we shall try Thy utmost word,
And we shall sin no more.

18 Thou willest, and it must be done,
That we should holy be;
And we shall live to Thee alone,
And we shall die to Thee.

CXXIII. THE SAME. FOR ANY WHO THINK THEY HAVE ALREADY ATTAINED.—HYMN 21.

1 OMNIPOTENT, omniscient Lord,
Present in heaven, and earth, and hell,
Spirit and soul-dividing Word,
Searcher of hearts unsearchable,
Behold us with Thine eyes of flame,
And tell *me* what by grace I am.

2 We would not our own souls deceive,
Or fondly rest in grace begun:
Thy wise discerning unction give,
And make us know as we are known;
Search, and try out our hearts, and reins,
And show if sin in us remains.

3 Thy thoughts and ways are not as ours,
Thou only know'st what is in man;
Even now we taste the heavenly powers;
But tell us, are we born again?
Are we redeem'd from inbred sin?
What saith the Oracle within?

4 Shine on the work Thyself hast wrought,
If Thou hast wrought the work in *me:*
Or show us, if we know Thee not:
Am I, my God, stopp'd short of Thee?
The powerful, quick conviction dart,
And shine in every naked heart.

5 Thou wouldst not have Thy children stray,
Thou never canst mislead the blind;
If brought into Thy perfect way,
O let us now the Witness find,
And shout to hear Thy speaking blood,
And echo to the voice of God.

6 Touching this thing we all agree,
Father, to ask in Jesu's name,
That each his true estate may see:
In faith we now the promise claim;
Now, now for Jesu's sake reveal
Our inward heaven, or inward hell.

7 Send forth Thy pure, unerring light,
Jesus, the Truth, the Life, the Way,
And guide our helpless spirits right,
That all may see Thy perfect day,
May all Thy glorious fulness prove,
The depth of everlasting love.

CXXIV. ANOTHER.—Hymn 22.

1 Come, Thou omniscient Son of Man,
Display Thy sifting power;
Come with the winnowing Spirit's fan,
And throughly purge the floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the' accursed thing
Far from our souls be driven;
The wheat into Thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Now let us by Thy word be tried,
Search out our reins and heart;
Spirit and soul, O Lord, divide,
And joints and marrow part.

4 Look through us with Thine eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase;
And show me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.

5 We would not of ourselves conceive
Above what Thou hast done;
But still to Thee the matter leave,
Till Thou shalt make it known.

6 We would not, Lord, ourselves conceal,
But walk in open day;
We pray Thee, all our sin reveal,
And purge it all away.

7 Whate'er offends Thy glorious eyes
Far from our hearts remove,
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by Thy love.

8 Then let us all Thy fulness know,
From every sin set free:
Saved, to the utmost saved below,
And perfectly like Thee.

CXXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 23.

Philippians iii. 13.

1 Come, let us who to Christ are join'd,
Forgetting still the things behind,
This only thing persist to do,
Our calling's glorious prize pursue.

2 Our works, and gifts, and graces past,
All, all behind our back be cast,
This, only this remember'd be,
Jesus hath died for us,—for me.

3 He died, that we to Him might live,
Might all His righteousness receive,
Fulness of love, and health, and power;
He died, that we might sin no more.

4 He shed His blood to wash us clean
From all unrighteousness, and sin,
To save from all iniquity;
Jesus hath died for us,—for me.

5 He died that we might be made whole,
Holy in body, spirit, soul;
Might do His will like those above,
Renew'd in all the life of love.

6 Lay the foundation then no more,
Reach forth unto the things before,
On to the prize undaunted press,
And seize the crown of righteousness.

7 We shall the end of faith attain,
The uttermost salvation gain.
(Our calling's hope, our calling's prize,
The tree of life in paradise.)

8 Shall taste the manna of His grace,
And pure in heart behold His face,
Our Jesus shall Himself impart,
And cleanse, and fill the sinless heart.

9 His nature to our souls make known,
And write the name in the white stone,
We all shall all His fulness prove,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

CXXVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 24.

Ephesians iv. 8, 11, *&c.*

1 Let all mankind in Christ rejoice!
The Lord is risen for you, and me,
Ascending with a merry noise,*
He captive led captivity.

* Compare Psalm xlvii. 5. [P. B. V.]

2 Our Jesus is gone up on high,
And gifts He hath received for men,
He sends His Spirit to purify
Our souls from every sinful stain.

3 Teachers He gives our souls to feed,
The word of truth and grace to' impart,
Dispensers of the living bread,
And pastors after His own heart.

4 He makes them apt to teach, and guide
The flock with wisdom from above,
Till all are wholly sanctified
Through faith, and perfected in love.

5 The glorious ministry Divine
For this he did on earth ordain,
Nor can He miss of His design,
Or send His messengers in vain.

6 They, under Him, His church shall build,
And lead His feeblest people on,
Till all our souls with God are fill'd,
For ever sanctified in One.

7 Believing on our common Lord,
Till we His image here regain,
Experiencing His utmost word,
And brought unto a perfect man.

8 Till farther still by faith we go,
And nearer view the opening skies,
And more and more like Christ below,
To all His glorious stature rise.

9 That highest point of love Divine,
To all that heaven we here arrive,
And then our parting souls resign,
And cease at once to grow, and live.

10 This is His acceptable will,
That we on earth should holy be,
The fulness of His Spirit feel,
And live from sin for ever free.

11 No more in our imperfect state,
Feeble, and babes in Christ no more,
But strong in Him, and truly great,
And fill'd with all His love and power.

12 Children we lived, alas! too long,
Toss'd to and fro with every wind,
And many a false, deceitful tongue
Subverted our unstable mind.

13 Carried about from God's own ways,
At every smooth seducer's will,
We left the channels of His grace,
And slothfully at last stood *still*.

14 With speeches fair, and glozing lies
They watch'd, and strove to cast us down,
Remove us from our calling's prize,
O'erturn our faith, and take our crown.

15 But let us now the promise prove,
And perfect holiness below,
Hold fast, and speak the truth in love,
And up to Christ in all things grow.

16 We all shall gain what we pursue,
Be pure in heart, and saints indeed,
Grafted in Christ, and creatures new;
The members shall be like their Head.

17 From Him the quickening Spirit flows,
And lo! the social members join,
The well-compacted body grows,
And swells with energy Divine.

18 By that which every joint supplies
The whole doth still increase, and move,
Till all complete the body rise,
And perfectly built up in love.

CXXVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 25.

1 Come let us arise,
And aim at the prize,
The hope of our calling on this side the skies.

2 By works let us show
That Jesus we know,
While steadily on to perfection we go.

3 But may we not strive,
Yet never arrive
To be saints, or to live without sin, while alive?

4 No, no, never fear,
If we look for Him here,
But our uttermost Saviour in us shall appear.

5 We dare not believe,
That God can deceive,
And never intend what He promised to give.

6 He hath said, From all sin
Ye here shall be clean,
All holy, all pure, and all glorious within.

7 We rest on His word,
We shall here be restored
To His image; the servant shall be as his Lord.

8 Our faith is not vain,
We are sure to regain
The nature Divine of the heavenly man.

9 Then let us not stop,
But continue in hope
Rejoicing, till all in His image wake up;
10 His purity share,
His character bear,
And the truth of His hallowing promise declare.
11 Thus, thus let us stay,
And wait for the day
When the angels are sent to conduct us away.
12 When with joy we remove
To our brethren above,
And fly up to heaven in a chariot of love.

CXXVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 26.

1 All glory, and praise To Jesus our Lord,
We witness His grace, And life-giving word,
Poor justified sinners His goodness we prove,
The weakest beginners In Jesus's love.

2 His love we proclaim, And publish abroad,
The blood of the Lamb Hath brought us to God:
He purchased our pardon, Who died in our stead,
The uttermost farthing Our Surety hath paid.

3 He died from all sin Our souls to redeem,
And we shall be clean, And sinless through Him,
The end of His passion Accomplish'd shall be,
And all His salvation We shortly shall see.

4 Then let us go on, Till Jesus appear,
And give us the crown Of righteousness *here;*
Till justified fully His promise we prove,
All happy, and holy, And perfect in love.

CXXIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 27.

1 Ye servants of God, Who trust in His Son,
And feel that His blood For all did atone,
Your songs of thanksgiving Delightfully raise,
And praise Him by living To Jesus's praise.

2 Believe on His name, Till inwardly clean
Ye live without blame, Ye live without sin;
Go on to perfection, Through Jesus's power,
Make sure your election, And sin is no more.

CXXX. THE SAME.—Hymn 28.

"*As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.*"—John i. 12.

1 Jesus, in Thine all-saving name
We steadfastly believe,
And lo! the promised power we claim,
Which Thou art bound to give:
Power to become the sons of God,
An all-sufficient power,
We look to have on us bestow'd
A power to sin no more.

2 We yield to be redeem'd from sin,
The life Divine to live,
Open our hearts to take Thee in,
And all Thy grace receive.
Thee we receive as God and man,
Both in One Person join'd,
To finish the redeeming plan,
To rescue all mankind.

3 On both Thy natures we rely,
Neither can save alone;
The God could not for sinners die,
The man could not atone.
The merit of a suffering God
Hath bought our perfect peace,
It stamp'd the value on that blood
Which sign'd our soul's release.

4 Thy precious blood hath wash'd away
The universal sin;
And every child of *Adam* may
Have all Thy life brought in.
Thy office is to teach, and bless,
To' atone, and sanctify;
Ready the Spirit of Thy grace
Thy merits to apply.

5 To Thee, O Christ, the praise we give,
Thy threefold function sing,
The Lord's Anointed One receive,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Thou, only Thou, our wisdom art,
Our strength and righteousness;
Sprinkle, inform, and rule our heart,
Victorious Prince of Peace.

6 Foolish, we come to learn of Thee,
Guilty, to be forgiven;
Poor, sinful worms to be made free
From sin, and fit for heaven.
Teach us the perfect will of God,
For us, and in us pray;
Wash us in Thine all-cleansing blood;
Thy kingly power display.

7 Thy kingly power in us exert,
Our rebel heart subdue ;
More than subdue our rebel heart,
Thine utmost virtue show.
Show us Thy sanctifying grace,
And take our sin away;
Its being utterly erase,
All, all its relics slay.

8 Jesu, we in Thy name believe,
Which fiends and men deny,
To them we dare not credit give
Who give our God the lie.
Jesus, the power of Jesu's name
Our sinless souls shall feel ;
Lord, we believe Thee still the same,
An utmost Saviour still.

9 Thou wilt to us Thy name impart,
Thou bear'st it not in vain :
What Thou art call'd Thou surely art.
Saviour of sinful man.
Into Thy name, Thy nature, we
Assuredly believe,
Jesus from sin, Thee, only Thee
Our Jesus we receive.

10 Our Jesus Thou from future woe,
From present wrath Divine,
Shalt save us from our sins below,
And make our souls like Thine.
Jesus from all the power of sin,
From all the being too,
Thy grace shall make us throughly clean,
And perfectly renew.

11 Jesus from pride, from wrath, from lust,
Our inward Jesus be,
From every evil thought we trust
To be redeem'd by Thee.
When Thou dost in our flesh appear,
We shall the promise prove,
Saved into all perfection *here*,
Renew'd in sinless love.

12 Come, O Thou Prophet, Priest, and King,
Thou Son of God, and man,
Into our souls Thy fulness bring,
Instruct, atone, and reign.
Holy, and pure, as just, and wise,
We would be in Thy right,
Less than Thine all cannot suffice,
We grasp the infinite.

13 Our Jesus Thee, entire, and whole
With willing heart we take;
Fill ours, and every faithful soul
For Thy own mercy's sake;
We wait to know Thine utmost name,
Thy nature's heavenly powers,
One undivided Christ we claim,
And all Thou art is ours.

CXXXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 29.

"*Let God be true, and every man a liar.*"—Romans iii. 4.

1 And hast Thou died, O Lamb of God,
To take away our inbred sin?
And shall we trample on Thy blood,
And say, "It cannot make us clean,

The truth on earth we cannot know,
There's no perfection here below?"

2 From all iniquity to save,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness,
Jesus His life a ransom gave;
To make the first transgression cease,
To finish sin, my Lord was slain,
But died (the faithless cry) in vain.

3 "In vain was He in flesh reveal'd,
For sin can never be destroy'd;
We cannot by His stripes be heal'd,
We cannot wholly live to God:
No, though He died to have it done,
We cannot live to God alone.

4 "The flesh is weak, and will prevail;
We all have our infirmities:
Live without sin! impossible!
With God impossible is this:
At least He *will not* sanctify,
He will not cleanse us—till we die."

5 Poor, abject souls! they tell Thee, Lord,
Thou shalt not in their lifetime save;
Thou never canst fulfil Thy word,
Before they drop into the grave;
But when their sins no more *can* stay,
Thou then *mayst* take their sins away.

6 The great salvation Thou hast wrought,
They cannot, will not *yet* receive,
Or bear the' intolerable thought,
While living, without sin to live;
They keep it to their latest breath,
Sinners in life, and saints in death.

7 Saints without holiness are they,
Elect without election's seal,
They *do*, yet cannot, fall away;
In Christ, and yet in sin they dwell:
Their freemen are to evil sold,
Their creatures new are creatures old.

8 Sinners, and saints at once they are,
They send forth bitter streams and sweet;
Good trees, yet evil fruit they bear,
And Christ in them and *Belial* meet:
Their pure in heart are all unclean,
And born of God they can't but sin.

9 No promise can their wisdom find
Of sinless holiness below;
To sin, and yet to Jesus, join'd:
And on they to perfection go,
To what they never can attain,
As God had bid them seek in vain.

10 Ah! foolish man, where are thine eyes,
To search for the meridian sun!
Thou canst not see thy calling's prize,
Thou *wilt* not love thy God alone;
Blind through the love of sin thou art,
And still the veil is on thy heart.

11 O that the veil might now be rent!
Give up your sins, ye faithless race,
To part with all for Christ consent,
Accept the offers of His grace,
His holy will submit to prove,
And take the crown of perfect love.

CXXXII. THE SAME.—Hymn 30.

1 And shall we then abide in sin,
Nor hope on earth to be set free?
Hath Jesus bled to wash us clean,
To save from all iniquity,
And can He not His blood apply,
And cleanse, and save us—till we die?

2 Alas! if their report be true,
Who teach that sin must still *remain*,
If sin we scarcely can subdue,
But never *full* redemption gain,
Where is Thy power, almighty Lord?
Where is Thine everlasting word?

3 Where is the glorious church below,
From every spot and wrinkle free?
The trees that to perfection grow,
The saints that blameless walk with Thee,
Adorn'd in linen white and clean,
The born of God that cannot sin?

4 Where are in Christ the creatures new,
The monuments of Thy saving power,
The witnesses that God is true,
The pillars that go out no more,
The election of peculiar grace,
The chosen priests, the royal race?

5 Where are the spirits to Jesus join'd,
Freed from the law of death and sin?
The Saviour's pure and spotless mind?
The endless righteousness brought in?
The heavenly man, the heart renew'd,
The living portraiture of God?

6 The Spirit of power, and health, and love,
The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal,
The' unerring unction from above,
The glorious gift unspeakable,
The hidden life, the wide-spread leaven,
The law fulfill'd in earth and heaven!

7 Can the good God His grace deny?
The' almighty God want power to save?
The' Omniscient err? the Faithful lie?
All, all Thy attributes we have;
Thy wisdom, power, and goodness join
To save us, with an oath Divine.

8 Lord, we believe, and rest secure,
Thine utmost promises to prove,
To rise restored, and throughly pure,
In all the image of Thy love,
Fill'd with the glorious life unknown,
For ever sanctified in one.

CXXXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 31.

1 Prisoners of hope, arise,
And see your Lord appear;
Lo! on the wings of love He flies,
And brings redemption near!
Redemption in His blood
He calls you to receive;
Come unto Me, the pardoning God,
Believe, He cries, believe.

2 The reconciling word
We thankfully embrace,
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
A blood-besprinkled race:
We yield to be set free,
Thy counsel we approve,
Salvation, praise ascribe to Thee,
And glory in Thy love.

3 Jesus, to Thee we look,
Till saved from sin's remains,
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
And cast away his chains:
Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have;
By faith we apprehend the power,
Which shall for ever save.

4 In sure and steadfast hope
To be redeem'd below,
On to the holy mountain's top
We all exulting go:
We shall the prize receive,
We shall be all renew'd,
Regain Thine image here, and live
The sinless life of God.

CXXXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 32.

1 O Jesu, at Thy feet we wait,
Till Thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin we Thee receive,
From all indwelling sin,
Thy word, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.

3 Still we continue in Thy word,
Our faith by works we show,
Expecting to be as our Lord,
And all the truth to know.

4 The truth that makes us free indeed,
The living truth Divine,
The glorious fulness of our Head
Shall in His members shine.

5 Lord, we believe; and wait the hour
That brings the promised grace,
When born of God we sin no more,
But always see Thy face.

6 Since Thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring Thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

7 The counsel of Thy love fulfil,
Come quickly, gracious Lord,
Be it according to Thy will,
According to Thy word.

8 According to our faith in Thee,
Let it to us be done;
Oh! that we all Thy face might see,
And know as we are known!

9 Oh! that the perfect gift were given,
The love diffused abroad,
Oh! that our hearts were all an heaven
For ever fill'd with God!

CXXXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 33.

1 Jesus comes with all His grace,
Comes to save a fallen race:
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up.

2 Let the living stones cry out,
Let the sons of *Abraham* shout,
Praise we all our lowly King,
Give Him thanks, rejoice, and sing.

3 He hath our salvation wrought,
He our captive souls hath bought;
He hath reconciled to God,
He hath wash'd us in His blood.

4 We are now His lawful right,
Walk as children of the light;
We shall soon obtain the grace
Pure in heart to see His face.

5 Free from sin we here shall live,
Here the end of faith receive,
The salvation of our soul,
Perfectly in Christ made whole.

6 We have not believed in vain,
We shall surely here obtain
Full redemption in His blood;
We, even we shall be like God.

7 We His life on earth shall live,
We His image shall retrieve,
Pure as the first sinless man,
Modell'd by the perfect plan.

8 We shall gain our calling's prize,
After God we all shall rise,
Fill'd with love, and joy, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.

9 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up,
Trust to be redeem'd from sin,
Wait till He appears within.

10 Fools, and madmen let us be,
Yet is our sure trust in Thee,
Faithful is the promise-word,
We shall all be as our Lord.

11 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day,
Let Thy every servant say,
I have now received the power,
Born of God I sin no more!*

CXXXVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 34.

1 Come let us rejoice In confident hope
Of hearing the Voice That raises us up,
All inwardly glorious, And holy, and clean,
And more than victorious O'er hell, earth, and sin.

2 The power of our Lord Doth all things subdue,
We shall by His word Be fashion'd anew;
Our souls and our bodies Shall bow to His reign,
The weakness of God is Far stronger than men.

3 Men, devils agree To tell us in vain
Poor sinners like thee Must always complain,
"My leanness, my leanness, My inbeing load,
The weakness of men is Far stronger than God."

* Compare Wesley's Works, vol. x., p. 441.

4 But Jesus shall show His fulness of power,
And perfect below, And throughly restore
Our souls to His nature (If still we pursue)
And seal the new creature Eternally new.

5 The blood of the Lamb Shall wash our hearts clean,
His nature and name Is freedom from sin ;
This is the foundation Immovably sure,
His mighty salvation Shall always endure.

CXXXVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 35.

1 Let all in Thy great praise agree,
O Saviour of mankind,
Our Saviour to the utmost Thee
We soon expect to find.

2 Saviour from sin we Thee receive,
From all indwelling sin ;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us pure within.

3 We cannot rest in sin *subdued*,
Or look for endless wars ;
We shall be conquerors through Thy blood,
And more than conquerors.

4 Let others plead for sin's remains,
Their dear, inbeing sin,
If all Thy blood can wash our stains,
We shall be throughly clean.

5 We dare avow the gospel hope,
And wait the truth to prove,
After Thy likeness to wake up,
Renew'd in sinless love.

CXXXVIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 36.

1 SALVATION is in Jesu's name
For all who Him receive:
To save the world from heaven He came,
That every soul might live.

2 Through grace we take the purchased grace,
We answer to His call,
The Saviour of mankind embrace,
My God who died for all.

3 His blood, we know, hath bought our peace,
We have no hope beside,
By His imputed righteousness
We all are justified.

4 Saved from the guilt and power of sin,
For Jesu's sake forgiven,
We trust to have the grace brought in,
The new-created heaven.

5 Forgetting still the things behind,
Toward the high prize we press,
And look the precious pearl to find,
The perfect holiness.

6 We shall be wholly sanctified,
As many as Christ receive,
As sure as He for us hath died,
He in our hearts shall live.

CXXXIX. THE SAME.—HYMN 37.

1 THE babes in Christ should nothing know
But Jesus crucified:
Let us, till dead to all below,
In those dear wounds abide.

2 Then let us follow on, to prove
His resurrection's power,
Wait to be perfected in love,
To rise, and fall no more!

3 Jesu, our Life, in us appear,
Who daily die Thy death,
Reveal Thyself the Finisher,
Thy quickening Spirit breathe.

4 Unfold the hidden mystery,
The second gift impart,
Reveal Thy glorious self in me,
In every waiting heart.

5 We shall attain what we pursue,
Unless our faith is vain;
If Thou art good, if Thou art true,
We shall the prize attain;

6 Partake on earth the heavenly bliss,
And pure and holy be,
And perfect as Thy Father is,
And one with God in Thee.

CXL. HYMNS FOR WIDOWS.—Hymn 1.

1 O Thou, who plead'st the widow's cause,
Who only canst repair my loss,
And sweeten all my woe,
Distress'd, disconsolate, forlorn,
Let me in Thy dear bosom mourn,
Nor other comfort know.

2 A desolate soul, Thou know'st, I am;
For Thou hast call'd me by my name,
Thy poor afflicted one,
Hast in the fiery furnace tried,
And chose a mourner for Thy bride,
When all my joys were gone.

3 The soul whom more than life I loved,
Thy jealous mercy hath removed,
To make me wholly Thine:
With streaming eyes the Hand I see,
And bow me to the just decree,
And bless the love Divine.

4 Still would I pour my mournful tears,
And all my solemn days, or years,
In sacred sadness spend;
Instant in strong effectual prayers,
Till death release me from my cares,
And faith in vision end.

5 For this I in Thy Spirit groan,
Forsaken, comfortless, alone
I would with God abide;
Cut off from man, to Jesus cleave,
And never for a moment leave
My heavenly Bridegroom's side.

6 Allow, dear Lord, the widow's plea,
And oh! shut up my soul with Thee,
Against the nuptial feast;
Make ready for that glorious day,
And then Thy spotless bride convey
To Thine eternal rest.

CXLI. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 Let heathens murmur and complain,
I rest me here, it is the Lord
Calls for my heart's desire again;
His will be done, His name adored!

2 Who first the precious blessing lent,
He justly hath resumed His own,
I yield him back with full consent:
Thy name be praised, Thy will be done.

3 Thy mercy in the stroke I see,
Enter into my God's design,
From every fond engagement free,
Thou wouldst my heart should all be Thine.

4 Thou wouldst that I from man should cease,
Thou hast my earthly lord removed,
That all my soul might Thee confess
My *only*, as my *best* beloved.

5 Thy will I cheerfully obey,
From every creature-good retreat;
And desolate delight to stay
An happy mourner at Thy feet.

6 Devoted to my God below,
My all of bliss in Thee I have,
No other love resolved to know,
No other bride-bed but the grave.

CXLII. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 Happy state of widowhood!
State of us that mourn to God,
Who from all our comforts torn,
Only live to pray and mourn.

2 Meanest of the number I
For my old companion sigh,
Patiently my loss deplore,
Weep for one who weeps no more.

3 Me my consort hath outrun,
Out of sight he now is gone,
He his course hath finish'd here,
First come to the sepulchre.

4 Following on with earnest haste,
Till my mourning days are past,
I my partner's steps pursue,
I shall soon be happy too;

5 Find the ease for which I pant
Gain the only good I want,
Quietly lay down my head,
Sink into my earthen bed.

6 There my flesh shall rest in hope,
Till the quicken'd dust fly up,
Till to glorious life I rise,
Meet my husband in the skies.

CXLIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 Thou, Lord, who hast ravish'd away
The joy of mine eyes with a stroke,
To Thee in my trouble I pray,
To Thee for my comfort I look;
No help upon earth can I see,
And deeply disconsolate mourn,
The world is a desert to me,
Till Jesus, and *Eden* return.

2 Thy favour alone can supply
The place of all other relief,
The pity that drops from Thine eye
Assuages and quiets my grief:
A widow in want and distress,
If Thee my Defender I prove,
I sweetly recover my peace,
And calmly rejoice in Thy love.

3 Now therefore a spirit receive,
Resolved upon Thee to depend,
And wholly to Thee let me live,
My only unchangeable Friend:
Preserve me a widow indeed,
Till call'd to my lasting abode,
From sorrow eternally freed,
And rapt to the bosom of God.

CXLIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 5.

1 Weep, ye common mourners, weep,
Tell aloud your shallow woe,
Silent all my griefs, and deep
In an even current flow,
Till they reach the peaceful sea,
Lost in calm eternity.

2 Wisely let me mourn my dead,
Live according to his will,
In the Saviour's footsteps tread,
All my calling's works fulfil,
Act through life the decent part,
Give to God my broken heart.

3 Happy soul! what *wills* he now?
(God and he desire the same)
Wills he I should set my brow,
Glory in my Master's shame,
Him with simple faith confess,
Stand with Jesus' witnesses!

4 Would he I should closer cleave
To the souls that cleave to God?
Still into my heart receive
All who know the' atoning blood,
Only in the saints delight,
Walk with Christ and them in white?

5 Teach me, O my Guide, my Friend,
Heavenly Counsellor Divine,
To Thy secret purpose bend
This obedient heart of mine,
Make Thine utmost pleasure known,
All Thy will on me be done.

6 Lead me into every deed
Which for me Thou hast prepared,
Me with all Thy children lead
To my infinite reward,
To my friend that waits above,
To my throne of glorious love.

CXLV. THE SAME.—Hymn 6.

1 Thou very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul, which still on Thee is stay'd,
Is kept in perfect peace;

The soul by faith reclined
On his Redeemer's breast,
'Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears,
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears;
It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me,
And makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in Thee.

3 Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind;
The wounded spirit's balm Thou art,
The Healer of mankind:
In deep affliction bless'd
With Thee I mount above,
And sing, triumphantly distress'd,
Thine all-sufficient love.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill,
In vain the creature-streams are dry,
I have the Fountain still.
Stripp'd of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One,
And peace, and joy, that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone!

CXLVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 7.

1 O my tender-hearted Lord,
How shall I Thy grace commend!
True I find Thee to Thy word,
Thee I find the widow's Friend;
Nearest in our greatest need,
Present at Thy mourner's call,
Thou, O God, art Love indeed,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

2 Of my earthly all bereaved,
Thou hast call'd, and look'd on me,
Me, alas, in spirit grieved,
Me o'erwhelm'd with misery,
By my other self forsook,
Poor, disconsolate, distress'd,
Thou into Thine arms hast took,
Made me on Thy bosom rest.

3 Shall I then my state bemoan,
Mournful state of widowhood?
Can I call myself *alone*,
Happy, happy in my God!
Long with stormy troubles toss'd,
I have now my port obtain'd,
Have an earthly husband lost,
Have an heavenly Husband gain'd.

4 Join'd to me my Maker is,
With me still my Lord shall stay,
Keep the covenant of peace,
Peace, which none can take away:

Never shall Thy truth depart,
Never shall Thy grace remove,
Thou hast clasp'd me to Thine heart,
Loved with an eternal love.

CXLVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 8.

1 Happy we who trust in Jesus!
Jesus turns our loss to gain:
Still His balmy mercies ease us,
Sweeten all our grief and pain:
When He calls our friends to' inherit
All the glories of the bless'd,
He assures the widow'd spirit
Thou shalt quickly be at rest.

2 For their dead, the heathen mourning
No relief like this can have,
Hopeless of their late returning
From the all-devouring grave:
But the God of consolation
Whispers better things to me,
I shall share the full salvation,
I the church above shall see.

3 Though my flesh and spirit languish,
Can I of my lot complain!
Sure at last to' outlive the anguish,
Sure to find my friend again:
Ransom'd from a world of sorrow,
He to-day is taken home,
I shall be released to-morrow;
Come, my full Redeemer, come!

4 In the kingdom of Thy patience
Well Thou know'st I daily die;
Out of mighty tribulations
Take me up to rest on high;
From my sanctified distresses
Now, or when Thou wilt, retrieve;
Grant me but in Thine embraces
After all my deaths to live.

CXLVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 9.

1 Hail holy, holy, holy Lord,
Mysterious Three in One,
For ever be Thy name adored,
Thy will for ever done!
For this alone on earth I wait,
To glorify my God;
Admitted to the high estate
Of sacred widowhood.

2 O may I in Thy strength fulfil
My awful character;
And prove Thine acceptable will,
And do Thy pleasure here:
The children unto Thee restore,
Whom Thou to me hast given,
And rule my house with all my power,
And train them up for heaven.

3 Be this my hospitable care,
The stranger to receive,
The burden of Thy church to bear,
And all their wants relieve;

My labour of unwearied love
With pleasure to repeat,
My faith upon Thy saints approve,
And gladly wash their feet.

4 The servant of Thy servants bless
With active earnest zeal,
And every work of righteousness
I shall with joy fulfil:
Mix'd with their guardian angels tend
The heirs of glorious grace;
And still like them to heaven ascend,
And still behold Thy face.

5 Happy might I the grace receive
Which Thy true widows share,
With God in close communion live
A life of faith and prayer;
In Thee my only Friend confide,
Delightfully alone,
And desolate in prayer abide
Till all my course is run.

6 Surely I now rely on Thee,
Within Thine arms I am,
And trust the glorious face to see
Of my triumphant Lamb.
I know the prayer of faith is heard,
I feel the answer given,
And haste, by holiness prepared,
To meet my Lord in heaven.

CXLIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 10.

1 My ever-living Lord,
Thy faithfulness I own,
Call'd by Thy providence and word
To trust on Thee alone,
My faith by works to show,
And still on Thee to call,
And witness, as to heaven I go,
That God is all in all.

2 Already, Lord, I feel
Thou hast my loss repair'd,
With Thee I now in *Eden* dwell,
And wait my full reward;
My joy, my portion, Thou
Hast knit my heart to Thee;
My Maker is my Husband now,
And shall for ever be.

3 I dare in Thee confide,
I in Thy mercies rest,
Thou wilt not let me leave Thy side,
Or wander from Thy breast:
Beyond the reach of sin,
The world, and hell's alarms,
Thy love shall keep me safe within
Its everlasting arms.

4 Long as on earth I stay,
It shall be all my care
With Thee to wrestle night and day
In never-ceasing prayer;

My life, like *Anna*, I
Will in Thy temple spend,
Till taken to the church on high,
Where prayer in praise shall end.

CL. THE SAME.—HYMN 11.

1 THANKS be to God alone
Who comforts the distress'd!
His faithful word I own,
Which speaks the mourner bless'd:
A daughter of affliction, I
On Jesus cast my care,
And for my native country sigh,
And for my kindred there.

2 My company is gone
Over the stream before,
And lo! I hasten on
To yon eternal shore:
That happy sharer of my heart
I there again shall find,
Where time and death can never part
The souls in Jesus join'd.

3 I quickly shall o'ertake
My dear departed friend,
Received for Jesus' sake;
To joys that never end:
Even now I taste the blessed hope
Through Jesu's passion given,
It swallows all my sorrows up,
And turns this earth to heaven.

4 Whom next to God I love,
He beckons me away,
To solemnize above
Our second bridal day:
I come, my longing soul replies,
To Jesu's arms I come,
And force my passage to the skies,
And fly triumphant home.

CLI. THE SAME.—HYMN 12.

1 RISE, my soul, the dawn appears
Of that eternal day!
Quit in hope the vale of tears,
And mount, and soar away!
Darting through this lower air,
Quick as a seraphic flame,
Rise, the marriage-feast to share,
The marriage of the Lamb.

2 In the wedding-garb of love
By heavenly pity dress'd,
I shall soon sit down above
At that celestial feast;
To my elder brethren join'd,
I shall there my partner see,
In the arms of Jesus find
The soul that twinn'd with me.*

3 There we shall with transport meet,
And see our Saviour's face,
Moses', Jesu's song repeat,
In ecstasy of praise:

* Compare "Paradise Lost," b. 12, l. 85.

Bright as His our bodies are,
Like the Head the members shine,
All our open foreheads bear
The glorious stamp Divine.

4 With the High and Lofty One
We dwell in bliss supreme,
Share the pleasures of His throne,
And taste the crystal stream,
Banquet on angelic food,
Father, Son, and Spirit know,
Drink the joys that flow from God,
And shall for ever flow.

CLII. THE SAME.—Hymn 13.

1 All worship and praise Are Jesus's due,
So plenteous in grace, So faithful and true!
In great tribulation His fulness I prove,
His strength of salvation, His riches of love.

2 As sorrowful I, Yet always rejoice,
My Lord is so nigh, So charming His voice:
He whispers, and fills me With comfort and peace,
And keeps, till He seals me Eternally His.

3 Afflicted and grieved, Forlorn and distress'd,
He kindly received, And lull'd me to rest:
He will not forsake me, My heavenly Head,
But tarry, and make me A widow indeed.

4 Betroth'd to the Son Of God, I abide,
Till Jesus come down And challenge His bride,
To all His salvation With triumph receive,
In full consummation Of glory to live.

CLIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 14.

1 Rest, my troubled spirit, rest,
So long with tempests toss'd!
God hath caught him to His breast,
Hath found whom I have lost;
Lost as for a moment's space,
Till I after him repair,
To that happy, happy place,
And claim my husband there.

2 Can a true believer doubt
If souls each other know?
Surely I shall find him out
Whom most I prized below:
Later, but at last, removed
I shall then my wish obtain,
Meet him with my best-Beloved,
And never part again.

3 Happy both, no matter then
Which of us went before,
Both at Jesu's side are seen,
And live to die no more.
Both our golden harps employ,
Vocal with our Saviour's name,
Both the blissful sight enjoy,
The presence of the Lamb.

4 Who can tell the solid bliss
Which in this hope I prove!
We shall see Him as He is
The glorious God of love,

We shall sink with all His host;
All that know the' atoning blood,
Sink, o'erwhelm'd, o'erpower'd, and lost,
And swallow'd up in God.

CLIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 15.

1 Who is this, that now comes up
Out of the wilderness,
Leaning on her Strength, her Hope,
Her darling Prince of Peace!
On her Lord and Well-beloved
Sweetly she delights to rest:
Never shall she be removed,
Who leans on Jesus' breast.

2 See that happy soul in me
By faith on Christ reclined!
Rest from all my misery
In Jesus' love I find:
I a desolate mourner was,
Wander'd earth's wide desert o'er,
Till I found Him on the cross,
And now I weep no more.

3 Me He call'd, a woman grieved,
A wife in youth forsook,
Kindly all my wants relieved,
And all my burdens took:
Me He call'd His love, His bride,
"See, thine heavenly Husband see,
I am by My Father's side,
And thou shalt sit by Me.

4 True, and faithful is my Lord,
Infallible my hope,
Lo! I hang upon His word,
Till Jesus take me up:
Come, His loving Spirit cries
Hastening on the joyful day,
Come, the longing bride replies,
My Jesus, come away!

CLV. THE SAME.—Hymn 16.

1 Come, ye real widows, come,
All that seek your heavenly home,
All who now with griefs oppress'd
Languish for eternal rest;
Cast away your anxious care,
For the nuptial day prepare,
Strong in hope's assurance rise,
Meet the Bridegroom in the skies.

2 Lo! He in the clouds descends,
Girt about with heavenly friends,
David's everlasting Son,
Sitting on His ivory throne!
See the' imperial banner spread,
Flaming with a crimson red,
To the well-known ensign flow,
To the cross ye bore below.

3 Where are Jesu's witnesses,
Those who dared their Lord confess!
Jesus knows, and calls them forth,
Openly declares their worth;

These My faithful servants were,
Gloried My reproach to bear,
Bearers of the bloody tree,
Treated in the world like Me.

4 These are they that own'd My name,
Triumph'd in their Master's shame,
Gladly counted all things loss,
Nobly suffer'd for My cause:
Scorn'd of all, they kept My word,
Fools and madmen for their Lord,
Firm against a world they stood,
Strove resisting unto blood.

5 Angels all, the men behold,
Purchased and redeem'd of old,
Once My confessors beneath,
True, and faithful unto death!
Cover'd o'er with glorious scars,
Each the bleeding token bears,
Each displays the Shepherd's sign—
Father, see! they all are Mine!

6 Come ye, then, My servants dear,
Find your happy mansions here,
Come ye of My Father blest,
Celebrate the marriage feast,
Take your infinite reward,
From eternity prepared,
All your heavenly joy receive,
Kings with Me for ever live!

CLVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 17.

1 Where shall I rest my weary head,
Where shall I find assured relief?
Deserted at my greatest need,
Consign'd to solitary grief,
No kind companion nigh, with whom
To weep, and wait till comfort come!

2 Mine eyes' and heart's desire is gone,
And now no more my burden shares;
I mourn unpitied and alone,
I bear my complement of cares,
I sink beneath the' unequal load,
I faint—into the arms of God.

3 His everlasting arms receive
The mourner in her last distress,
He tells me, "I for ever live,
In Me, thy Lord, thou shalt have peace.
Be of good cheer, My mourner thou,
Thy Maker is thy Husband now."

4 I hear, I feel the balmy word,
And turn again unto my rest;
I bless my all-sufficient Lord,
I lean on my Redeemer's breast,
And smile at dissolution near,
And joyful drop the needless tear.

5 My mourning days shall quickly end,
And time commence eternity;
My spotless soul shall soon ascend,
And face to face its Saviour see,
While not one plaintive groan or sigh
Is heard in all the joyous sky.

6 Amidst the storms of life I stand
Unshaken on the rock of peace,
Till caught up to that heavenly land,
I see my Jesus as He is,
And sing, with all our glorious friends,
The marriage song that never ends.

CLVII. THE SAME.—HYMN 18.

1 JESUS, my strength, my peace,
My refuge in distress,
Now incline Thy gracious ear,
Now regard a mourner's call,
Now in my behalf appear,
Show Thyself my God, my all.

2 Thou only canst relieve
And comfort them that grieve:
Turn my misery into bliss,
Of my earthly all bereft
Bid me acquiesce in this,
Happy still, that God is left.

3 From all of woman born
May I to Jesus turn,
Fairer than the sons of men
Thee my happy All I see;
Fulness of delight obtain,
Happiness complete in Thee.

4 Of Thee alone possess'd
I am, I must be, bless'd;
Author, sum of my desires,
None but Christ Thou hear'st me cry,
None but Christ my heart requires,
None but Christ in earth or sky.

5 Above the reach of care
My quiet spirit bear,
Bear me on Thine eagle wings
To those happy realms above,
Where my old companion sings,
High enthroned in glorious love.

6 Nor would I him o'ertake,
Or see but for Thy sake:
Thou my vast, my sole reward,
For Thy only love I care,
Heaven is hell without my Lord,
Hell is heaven, if Thou art there!

CLVIII. THE SAME. ON THE DEATH OF A WIDOW.—HYMN 19.

1 GIVE glory to Jesus our Head,
With all that encompass His throne!
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in *Israel* is gone:
The winter of trouble is past,
The storms of affliction are o'er,
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.

2 The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky,
Advanced to her happy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die,
Where glorified spirits by *sight*
Converse in their holy abode,
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.

3 Inflamed with seraphical love,
Combined in a *manner unknown*,
Not given in marriage above,
Or given to Jesus alone,
The just, who admitted by grace
That first resurrection attain,
With rapture each other embrace,
And one with the Deity reign.

4 O heaven! what a triumph is there,
While all in His praises agree,
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see!
The glory of God and the Lamb
(While all in the ecstasy join)
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment Divine.

5 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes His praise,
When lo! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of His face!
The joy neither angel nor saint
Can bear so ineffably great,
But see! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at His feet!

CLIX. THE SAME. ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ANNE JENKINS.—Hymn 20.

1 Happy soul, enjoy thy gain,
Thy greatest gain to die,
From our vale of grief, and pain,
Removed to worlds on high,

Thou the glorious fight hast won,
Ended well the doubtful race,
All the' allotted service done:
Thy works shall speak thy praise.

2 Ever careful to abound
In fruits of righteousness,
Still thou labour'dst to be found
In God's appointed ways,
Walking on with Christ in white,
Virtues thy companions were,
Praise thy permanent delight,
And all thy business prayer.

3 True to thy great Master thou,
And zealous for His cause,
Simply didst thy faith avow,
And glory in His cross;
By the loving Spirit led,
By the sayings of thy Lord,
Thou in all His steps didst tread,
And keep His written word.

4 Long the wily soothing foe
Thy steady virtue tried,
Vainly urged thee to forego,
And cast the means aside,
Worship more refined and pure,
Still the *silent* tempter show'd,
Still thy foot stood fast and sure
In the old paths of God.

5 Never once wast thou betray'd
Into the serpent's snare,
While he labour'd to dissuade
So much of praise and prayer:

"Friend be still, (he softly cried,)
Outward praise your God offends:"
"Friends sing on (thy zeal replied)
The song that never ends."

6 Such thy fair example was,
The same in life and death,
Love's sweet task, and prayer, and praise
Employ'd thy latest breath.
Prompt to succour the distress'd,
Glad the tempted soul to cheer,
Pity moved thy dying breast,
And dropp'd thy latest tear.

7 Thou in Jesu's words and ways
Exhortedst us to' abide,
Witness of the perfect grace,
And wholly sanctified:
All His promises fulfill'd,
All His gifts to thee were given,
Pardon'd here, renew'd, and seal'd,
And fully ripe for heaven.

8 Pure into the hands of God
Thou didst thy soul resign,
Fitted for that high abode,
And fellowship Divine:
Oh! how sweet thy parting word,
Last of all thou spak'st below,
"Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord.
And never let me go!"

CLX. THE SAME.—Hymn 21.

1 Ye happy souls, no longer toss'd,
Like us on life's tempestuous sea,
Who cannot now be shipwreck'd, lost,
Safe landed in eternity,
Are mortals banish'd from your mind,
Or think ye of your friends behind?

2 Released from all your wants and cares,
What commerce can ye have with men?
Ye need not now our useless prayers;
Nor will we ask your succour vain,
One only Advocate we own,
And trust in Jesu's help alone.

3 Yet (for He bids us keep in view
Your active faith, and patient hope)
As ye your Lord, we follow you,
And wait for Him to take us up,
Our closest fellowship to' improve,
Our fellowship with saints above.

4 Till then we hold your memory dear,
Which now relieves our drooping hear
Like us ye mourn'd and suffer'd here,
Like us ye languish'd to depart,
And labour'd on with painful strife,
And dragg'd the heavy load of life.

5 The world cast out your name like ours,
And counted you not fit to live:
Exposed to all the' infernal powers,
Ye dared your Master's lot receive,
Beneath His cross rejoiced to bow,
And drank the cup we drink of now.

6 Tempted, *detain'd* in sore distress,
With all our fiery trials tried,
Lost in this howling wilderness,
Troubled, perplex'd on every side,
Ye pray'd—in groans at Jesu's stay,
And still complain'd—ye could not pray.

7 Ye felt the cruel torturing fear
Which now our soul asunder saws,
The doubt ye should not persevere,
But scandalize the Saviour's cause,
Disgrace, and shame the friends of God,
And fall, and perish in your blood.

8 Men of like passions once ye were
With us, who still ourselves bemoan;
This inbred sin ye groan'd to bear,
And hoped relief from death alone,
As death alone could purge the stain,
And Christ had shed His blood in vain.

9 But, oh! your evil day is past,
Accomplish'd is your warfare here,
And more than conquerors at last
Our sad desponding hearts ye cheer,
Ye bid us still your steps pursue,
And we shall more than conquer too.

10 Encompass'd with so great a cloud
Of witnesses, who speak though dead,
We cast aside our every load,
And follow where our Lord hath led,
With patience run the' appointed race,
And die to see His glorious face.

CLXI. THE MARKS OF FAITH.—Hymn 1.

1 How can a sinner *know*
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?
What we ourselves have felt, and seen,
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

2 We who in Christ believe
That He for us hath died,
His unknown peace receive,
And feel His blood applied:
Exults for joy our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory, and of God.

3 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within, and dare
The pointless darts of death:
Stronger than death, or sin, or hell,
The mystic power we prove,
And conquerors of the world we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

4 The *pledge* of future bliss
He now to us imparts,
His gracious Spirit is
The *earnest* in our hearts:

We antedate the joys above,
We taste the' eternal powers,
And *know* that all those heights of love,
And all those heavens are ours.

5 Till He our life reveal,
We rest in Christ secure:
His Spirit is *the seal*,
Which made our pardon sure:
Our sins His blood hath blotted out,
And sign'd our soul's release:
And can we of His favour doubt,
Whose blood declares us His?

6 We by His Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which of His love
He hath on us bestow'd:
Our God to us His Spirit gave,
And dwells in us, we *know*,
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all His fruits we show.

7 The meek and lowly heart,
Which in our Saviour was,
He doth to us impart,
And signs us with His cross:
Our nature's course is turn'd, our mind
Transform'd in all its powers,
And both the witnesses are join'd,
The Spirit of God with ours.

8 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do,
And guided by His word
We all His steps pursue:

His glory is our sole design,
We live our God to please,
And rise with filial fear Divine
To perfect holiness.

CLXII. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 How shall a slave released
From his oppressive chain
Distinguish ease, and rest,
From weariness, and pain?
Can he his burden borne away
Infallibly *perceive?*
Or I before the judgment-day
My pardon'd sin believe?

2 Redeem'd from all his woes,
Out of his dungeon freed,
Ask, how the prisoner knows
That he is free indeed!
How can he tell the gloom of night
From the meridian blaze?
Or I discern the glorious light,
That streams from Jesu's face?

3 The gasping patient lies
In agony of pain!
But see him light arise,
Restored to health again
And doth he *certainly* receive
The knowledge of his cure!
And am I *conscious* that I live?
And is my pardon sure?

4 A wretch for years consign'd
To hopeless misery,
The happy change *must* find,
From all his pain set free:
And must not I the difference know
Of joy, and anxious grief,
Of grace, and sin, of weal, and woe,
Of faith, and unbelief?

5 Yes, Lord, I now perceive,
And bless Thee for the grace,
Through which redeem'd I live
To see Thy smiling face:
Alive I am, who once was dead,
And freely justified;
I *know* Thy blood for me was shed,
I feel it *now* applied.

6 By sin no longer bound,
The prisoner is set free,
The lost again is found
In paradise, in Thee:
In darkness, chains, and death I was,
But lo! to life restored,
Into Thy wondrous light I pass,
The freeman of the Lord.

7 In comfort, power, and peace
Thy favour, Lord, I prove,
In faith, and joy's increase,
And self-abasing love:
Thou dost my pardon'd sin reveal,
My life, and heart renew;
The pledge, the witness, and the seal
Confirm the record true.

8 The Spirit of my God
Hath certified Him mine,
And all the tokens show'd
Infallible, Divine:
Hereby the pardon'd sinner knows
His sins on earth forgiven,
And thus my faithful Saviour *shows*
My name inscribed in heaven.

CLXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 Ah! foolish world, forbear
Thine unavailing pain,
Nor needlessly declare
Our hope, and labour vain:
Tell us no more, we cannot know
On earth the heavenly powers,
Or taste the glorious bliss below,
Or feel, that God is ours.

2 So ignorant of God,
In sin brought up, and born,
Ye fools, be not so proud,
Suspend your idle scorn:
For us who have received our sight
Ye fain would judges be,
And make *us* think, there is no light,
Because *you* cannot see.

3 The same in your esteem,
Falsehood and truth ye join,
The wild pretender's dream,
And real work Divine:

Between the substance, and the show
No difference you can find,
For colours all, full well we know,
Are equal to the blind.

4 Wherefore from us depart,
And to each other tell
"We cannot on our heart
The written pardon feel:"
A stranger to the living Bread
Ye may beguile, and cheat,
But *us* you never can persuade
That honey is not sweet.

CLXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 Who of the great, or wise,
Hath our report believed!
Alas! they close their eyes,
Nor will be undeceived:
The world cry out, in needless fright,
"Your rash attempt forbear
To lift us to presumption's height,
Or plunge us in despair.

2 "Whoever seek to know
Their sins on earth forgiven,
Or sink in hopeless woe,
Or rise to madness driven."
They safely choose the middle way,
Aware of each extreme,
The only prudent men are they,
And wisdom dies with them.

3 The sayings of our Lord
Their folly dares despise,
Above the written word,
To their own ruin, wise;
The written word, by which we steer
From all mistake secure,
It bids us make our calling *here*
And our election sure.

4 It bids the weary come,
And find in Christ their rest,
Invites the wanderer home
To his Redeemer's breast;
It stirs us up to knock, and pray,
And seek the pardoning God,
Till Jesus take our sins away,
And wash us in His blood.

5 It proffers happiness
To all who dare believe,
And promises a peace,
Which man can never give;
With full assurance of belief
Commands us to draw near,
And taste the joy that casts out grief,
The love that casts out fear.

6 Water of life Divine
It bids us freely take,
And mystic milk and wine
For Jesu's only sake:
The *Holy Ghost*, the Comforter
To all who ask is given,
That seal of our salvation here,
That antepast of heaven.

7 But still the world refuse
An heaven begun below,
And vainly fear to' abuse
The grace they never know:
The grace their pride will not receive
They impiously deny,
And in their sins securely live,
And desperately die.

CLXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 5.

1 Yet hear, ye souls that cleave
To earth and misery,
The joyful news receive,
And yield to be set free;
Redeem'd from pride, and guilty shame,
The grace of Jesus prove,
The virtue of your Saviour's name,
The humbling power of love.

2 His blood by faith applied
Shall wash you white as snow,
And all the justified
Themselves and Jesus know:
Who honour God, themselves despise
With deep humility,
And none so vile in their own eyes
As those that Jesus see.

3 He never will ensnare,
Or by His gifts destroy
The objects of His care,
The vessels of His joy:

His mercy shall with lowly fear
Your faithful souls abase,
And make you in the dust revere
The pardoning God of grace.

4 His truth, and love, and power
Shall His own gifts maintain;
But may ye not implore
The Saviour's grace in vain?
What if ye seek, and never find
The pardon in His blood?—
What if the Saviour of mankind
Be neither just, nor good!—

5 Hath He not spoke the word,
"Who ask shall all receive!"
Believe our faithful Lord,
Ye abject souls believe!
The hellish doubt reject, disclaim,
And on our God rely;
Our God continues still the same,
Nor can Himself deny.

6 We now affix our seal
That God is good, and true,
His faithful love we feel,
And ye may feel it too:
We know, ye all the grace may take,
Ye all the truth may prove,
And twice ten thousand souls we stake
On Jesu's faithful love.

CLXVI. FOR THE FEAR OF GOD.

1 God of all grace, and majesty,
Supremely great, and good,
If I have favour found with Thee,
Through the atoning blood;
The guard of all Thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear, lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Spirit Divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with Thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against Thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner,
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkness mourn
The absence of Thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonness:
Rather I would in painful awe
Beneath Thine anger move,
Than e'er reject the gospel-law
Of liberty and love.

4 But oh! Thou wouldst not have me live
In bondage, grief, and pain,
Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men:

Thy will is my salvation, Lord,
And let it now take place,
And let me tremble at Thy word
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in Thy sight,
My strict Observer see,
And Thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to Thee.
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide,
So shall He lift me up at last,
And seat me by His side.

CI.XVII. FOR A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

1 Almighty God of truth and love,
In me Thy power exert,
The mountain from my soul remove,
The hardness from my heart:
My most obdurate heart subdue,
In honour of Thy Son,
And now the gracious wonder show,
And take away the stone.

2 I want a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near:
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire,
To catch the wanderings of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give,
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make:
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

4 If to the right, or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove,
And let me weep my life away
For having grieved Thy love:
Give me to feel an idle thought
As actual wickedness,
And mourn for the minutest fault
In exquisite distress.

5 O may the least omission pain
My well instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole:
More of this tender spirit, more
Of this affliction send,
And spread the *moral sense* all o'er,
Till pain with life shall end.

CLXVIII.

"*It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do.*"—Philippians ii. 13.

HYMN 1.

1 FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,
My soul on Thee depends,
Convinced, that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.

Mercy and grace are Thine alone,
And power and wisdom too,
Without the Spirit of Thy Son
We nothing good can do.

2 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give:
His blood demands the purchased grace,
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all Divine,
The praise of every virtuous thought,
Or righteous work, is Thine:
From Thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on Thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live,
Our God is all in all.

CLXIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 How empty then the former boast,
The impotence of pride,
When in ourselves we put our trust,
And on our works relied:
Strong in our liberty of will,
Our nature's noble powers,
We vow'd to scale the heavenly hill,
And seize the crown as ours.

2 The stress of our salvation, we
On human efforts laid:
Or if sometimes we mention'd Thee,
And slightly ask'd Thine aid,
Our own attempts, we thought, should gain
For us the glorious prize,
Our meritorious toil and pain
Should lift us to the skies.

3 Our own desires, though weak, sincere,
Our own endeavours stood,
To' atone for our transgressions here,
In place of Jesu's blood.
Alas for us! we knew not then
His blood and righteousness,
Through which alone the sons of men
May all be saved, by grace.

CLXX. THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 But now, my gracious God, Thy love
Hath taught me better things:
My all is given me from above,
From Thee salvation springs.
Freely Thy love delights to save,
And ransoms without price;
Mercy Thou wilt on sinners have,
And not our sacrifice.

2 Jesus for me the winepress trod,
He paid our debt alone,
He bought our pardon with His blood,
And did for all atone.

We nothing think, or speak, or do,
Thy favour to *procure:*
But when my heart believes Thee true,
The grace to *me* is sure.

3 'Tis not of him that wills or runs,
That labours or desires:
In answer to my Saviour's groans,
Thy love my breast inspires:
The meritorious Cause I see,
That precious blood Divine,
And I, since Jesus died for me,
Shall live for ever Thine.

CLXXI. THANKSGIVING FOR DELIVERANCE FROM PAIN.

1 Giver of life, and strength renew'd,
I bless Thy balmy name,
Heal'd by the virtue of Thy blood
My Healer I proclaim.
Jesus, Thou canst with equal ease
Pronounce my sins forgiven,
And bid me rise, and go in peace,
And bear my cross to heaven.

2 Thrown, as an useless vessel, by,
A lump of pain I lay,
My Saviour cast a pitying eye,
And moved His saints to pray:
The prayer of faith hath chased the pain,
Put all my grief to flight,
And raised my feeble flesh again,
And clothed my soul with might.

3 I now with all my brethren join
To double health restored,
I glory in the strength Divine,
I glory in the Lord.
The strength Thou dost Thyself impart
I for Thyself employ,
And give Thee back a thankful heart
Which tastes Thy gifts with joy.*

4 Take all my heart, my thanks, my love;
But O! my friends repay,
Who brought the blessing from above,
And save them at that day.
Ten thousand, thousand blessings shower
On my companions dear,
And keep them by Thy mercy's power,
Till Thou, our Life, appear.

5 Happy, might I obtain the grace
My happier friends to see,
Adorn'd with robes of righteousness,
And palms of victory!
Happy might I with them be found,
The meanest of the throng,
And sing, the glorious throne around,
Thine own eternal song!

CLXXII. THANKSGIVING FOR A DELIVERANCE FROM SHIPWRECK.

1 All praise to the Lord,
Who rules with a word
The untractable sea,
And limits its rage by His steadfast decree:

* Compare Addison, "Spectator," No. 453, v. 10.

Whose providence binds,
Or releases the winds,
And compels them again
At His beck to put on the invisible chain.

2 Even now He hath heard
Our cry, and appear'd
On the face of the deep,
And commanded the tempest its distance to keep:
His piloting hand
Hath brought us to land,
And no longer distress'd
We are joyful again in the haven to rest.

3 O that all men would raise
His tribute of praise,
His goodness declare,
And thankfully sing of His fatherly care!
With rapture approve
His dealings of love,
And the wonders proclaim
Perform'd by the virtue of Jesus's name!

4 Through Jesus alone
He delivers His own,
And a token doth send
That His love shall direct us, and save to the end
With joy we embrace
The pledge of His grace,
In a moment outfly
These storms of affliction, and land in the sky.

CLXXIII. AFTER DELIVERANCE FROM TEMPTATION.

1 Glory, honour, thanks, and praise
To Jesu's conquering name!
Scarcely saved I am by grace,
Yet saved by grace I am;
Pluck'd from the devourer's teeth,
Lo! I lift my joyful eyes,
From the gates of hell, and death,
To life eternal rise.

2 Yes, the lion is once more
Defrauded of his prey,
Though he thrust at me full sore,
I am not fallen away;
Satan long'd my soul to seize,
Would like wheat have sifted me,
Jesus pray'd, and kept me His,
And His I still shall be.

3 He from sin who saved me now,
Is ready still to save:
Jesus, at Thy feet I bow,
And strength in Thee I have,
Bless Thee for my trials past,
Trust Thy constant aid to prove,
All my care, my soul I cast
On Thy redeeming love.

4 Jesus, in Thy saving name
I steadfastly believe,
All the help I humbly claim,
Which Thou art raised to give:

Still into Thy bosom take,
O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Love me for Thy mercy's sake,
And love me to the end.

CLXXIV. AFTER A DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH BY THE FALL OF AN HOUSE.*

1 Glory and thanks to God we give!
Our sacred hairs are number'd all,
Not one, we find, without His leave,
Not one unto the ground can fall.

2 How blest whom Jesus calls His own,
How quiet, and secure from harms!
The adversary cast us down,
The Saviour caught us in His arms.

3 'Twas Jesus check'd his straiten'd chain,
And curb'd the malice of our foe,
Allow'd to touch our flesh with pain,
No farther could the murderer go.

4 'Twas Jesus raised our bodies up,
And stronger by our fall we stand;
Our life is hid with Christ our Hope,
Hid in the hollow of His hand.

5 We rest in His protection here;
But languish for the final day,
When Christ shall in the clouds appear,
And heaven and earth shall pass away.

6 The great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

* The copy corrected by Wesley reads "horse," for "house;" but on the whole, the reading of the first and second editions seems preferable.

7 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain concea
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

8 But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.

9 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

10 See the celestial bodies roll
In spires of smoke beneath our feet!
They shrivel as a parchment scroll!
The' elements melt with fervent heat!

11 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolves by raging flames destroy'd,
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

12 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruin'd world look down,
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

CLXXV. WRITTEN IN GOING TO WAKEFIELD TO ANSWER A CHARGE OF TREASON.*

1 JESU, in this hour be near,
On Thy servant's side appear,

* Compare C. Wesley's "Journal," vol. i., pp. 358—361.

Call'd Thine honour to maintain,
Help a feeble child of man.

2 Thou who at Thy creature's bar
Didst Thy Deity declare,
Now my mouth and wisdom be,
Witness for Thyself in me.

3 Gladly before rulers brought,
Free from trouble as from thought,
Let me Thee in them revere,
Own Thine awful minister.

4 All of mine be cast aside,
Anger, fear, and guile, and pride,
Only give me from above
Simple faith, and humble love.

5 Set my face, and fix my heart,
Now the promised power impart,
Meek, submissive, and resign'd
Arm me with Thy constant mind.

6 Let me trample on the foe,
Conquering, and to conquer go,
Till above *his* world I rise,
Judge the' accuser in the skies.

CLXXVI. AFTERWARDS.

1 Who that trusted in the Lord
Was ever put to shame?
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Thou all-victorious Lamb:
Thou hast magnified Thy power,
Thou in my defence hast stood,
Kept my soul in danger's hour,
And arm'd me with Thy blood.

2 Satan's slaves against me rose,
And sought my life to slay;
Thou hast baffled all my foes,
And spoil'd them of their prey;
Thou hast cast the' accuser down,
Hast maintain'd Thy servant's right,
Made mine innocency known,
And clear as noonday light.

3 Evil to my charge they laid,
And crimes I never knew;
But my Lord the snare display'd,
And dragg'd the fiend to view;
Glared his bold malicious lie!
Satan, show thine art again,
Hunt the precious life, and try,
To take my soul in vain.

4 Thou, my great redeeming God,
My Jesus still art near,
Kept by Thee, nor secret fraud,
Nor open force I fear;
Safe amidst the snares of death,
Guarded by the King of kings,
Glad to live, and die beneath
The shadow of Thy wings.

CLXXVII.

"*Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.*"
—Matthew vi. 33.

1 The earth is the Lord's, And all it contains,
The truth of His words For ever remains:

The saints have a mountain Of blessings in Him,
His grace is the fountain, His peace is the stream.

2 To Him our request We now have made known,
Who sees what is best For each of His own:
Our *heathenish* care We cast it aside,
He heareth the prayer, And God shall provide.

3 The modest and meek This earth shall possess;
The kingdom who seek Of Jesus's grace,
That power of His Spirit Shall joyfully own,
And all things inherit In virtue of one.

4 Whatever we need His bounty shall give,
And hallow the bread We daily receive;
We live by His blessing, (That Bread from above,)
All fulness possessing In Jesus's love.

CLXXVIII. ON A JOURNEY.

1 Saviour, Friend of lost mankind,
Now Thy love we call to mind,
Us Thou hast in mercy sought,
Us unto Thyself hast brought.

2 Long, too long we went astray,
Wanderers from the narrow way,
Down a broad destructive road,
Far from peace, and far from God.

3 We the paths of death pursued
With the thoughtless multitude,
Worldly good was all our aim,
Pleasure, power, and wealth, and fame.

4 But Thy tender pity saw,
Stopp'd us by a sacred awe,
Us our fatal error show'd,
Turn'd, and brought us back to God.

5 Walking in Thy pleasant ways,
Humbly still we sue for grace,
Thy directing aid implore;
Never let us wander more:

6 Lest again we start aside,
Lord, be Thou our constant Guide,
Kindly take us by the hand,
Lead us to the promised land.

CLXXIX. ANOTHER.

1 Come all, whoe'er have set
Your faces *Sion*-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord,
In Jesus let us still walk on,
Till all appear before His throne.

2 Nearer and nearer still
We to our country come,
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The New *Jerusalem* above,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransom'd sons of God
All earthly things we scorn,
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return,
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
We every moment feel,
Redeem'd from sin, and wrath,
And death, and earth, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our Elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all is He;
And in His steps who tread,
We soon His face shall see,
Shall see Him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

CLXXX. ANOTHER.

1 Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2 Of heavenly birth,
Though wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3 At Jesus's call
We gave up our all;
And still we forego
For Jesus's sake our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find
For the country behind,
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

5 A country of joy
Without any alloy,
We thither repair,
Our heart, and our treasure already are there.

6 We march hand in hand
To *Immanuel's* land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.

7 The rougher our way,
The shorter our stay,
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

8 The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past,
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

CLXXXI. AT THE BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means enjoin'd by Thee,
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own Thy glorious ministry.

2 We now Thy promised presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into Thy name:
We now Thy promised presence find.

3 Father, in these reveal Thy Son,
In these for whom we seek Thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesu, with us Thou always art,
Effectuate now the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless Thine ordinance Divine.

5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

6 Oh! that the souls baptized herein
May now Thy truth and mercy feel,
May rise, and wash away their sin—
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal.

CLXXXII. ANOTHER.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down,
Present with Thy heavenly host
Thine ordinance to crown:
See a sinful worm of earth!
Bless for her the laving flood,
Plunge her by a second birth
Into the depths of God.

2 Let the promised inward grace
Accompany the sign,
On her new-born soul impress
The glorious name Divine:
Father, all Thy love reveal,
Jesus, all Thy mind impart,
Holy Ghost, renew, and dwell
For ever in her heart.

CLXXXIII. HYMN FOR THE KINGSWOOD COLLIERS.

1 Let all men rejoice By Jesus restored!
We lift up our voice, And call Him our Lord;
His joy is to bless us, And free us from thrall,
From all that oppress us He rescues us all.

2 Him Prophet, and King, And Priest we proclaim,
We triumph, and sing Of Jesus's name:
Poor idiots He teaches To show forth His praise,
And tell of the riches Of Jesus's grace.

3 No matter how dull The scholar whom He
Takes into His school, And gives him to see:
A wonderful fashion Of teaching He hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith.

4 The wayfaring men, Though fools, shall not stray,
His method so plain, So easy His way:
The simplest believer His promise may prove,
And drink of the river Of Jesus's love.

5 Poor outcasts of men Whose souls were despised,
And left with disdain, By Jesus are prized;
His gracious creation In us He makes known,
And brings us salvation, And calls us His own.

CLXXXIV. ANOTHER.

1 My brethren beloved, Your calling ye see:
In Jesus approved, No goodness have we:
No riches or merit, No wisdom or might,
But all things inherit Through Jesus's right.

2 Our God would not have One reprobate die:
Who all men would save Hath no man pass'd by:
His boundless compassion On sinners doth call;
He offers salvation Through mercy to all.

3 Yet not many wise His summons obey;
And great ones despise So vulgar a way;
And strong ones will never Their helplessness own,
Or stoop to find favour Through mercy alone.

4 And therefore our God The outcasts hath chose,
His righteousness show'd To heathen like us:
When wise ones rejected His offers of grace,
His goodness elected The foolish and base.

5 To baffle the wise, And noble, and strong,
He bade us arise, An impotent throng:
Poor ignorant wretches We gladly embrace
A Prophet that teaches Salvation by grace.

6 The things that were not His mercy bids live;
His mercy unbought We freely receive,
His gracious compassion We thankfully prove,
And all our salvation Ascribe to His love.

CLXXXV. THE PHYSICIAN'S HYMN.

1 Physician, Friend of human kind,
Whose pitying love is pleased to find
A cure for every ill;
By Thee raised up, by Thee bestow'd
To do my fellow-creatures good,
I come to serve Thy will.

2 I come, not like the sordid herd,
Who mad for honour, or reward,
Abuse the healing art:

Nor thirst of praise, nor lust of gain,
But kind concern at human pain,
And love constrains my heart.

3 On Thee I fix my single eye,
Thee only seek to glorify,
And make Thy goodness known,
Resolved if Thou my labours bless,
To give Thee back my whole success,
To praise my God alone.

4 The friendly properties that flow,
Through nature's various works, I know
The Fountain whence they came;
And every plant, and every flower
Medicinal derives its power
From Jesu's balmy name.

5 Confiding in that name alone,
Jesus, I in Thy work go on,
To tend Thy sick and poor,
Dispenser of Thy medicines I;
But Thou the blessing must supply,
But Thou must give the cure.

6 For this I humbly wait on Thee;
The servant of Thy servants see
Devoted to Thy will,
Determined in Thy steps to go,
And help the sickly sons of woe,
Who groan Thy help to feel.

7 Afflicted by Thy gracious hand,
They now may justly all demand
My instrumental care;

Thy patients, Lord, shall still be mine;
And to my weak attempts I join
My strong effectual prayer.

8 O while Thou giv'st their bodies ease,
Convince them of their worst disease,
The sickness of the mind,
And let them groan by sin oppress'd,
Till coming unto Thee for rest,
Rest to their *souls* they find.

9 With these, and every sin-sick soul,
I come myself to be made whole,
And wait the sovereign word;
Thou canst, I know, Thou *dost* forgive:
But let me without sinning live,
To perfect love restored.

10 Myself, alas, I cannot heal,
But Thou shalt every seed expel
Of sin out of my heart,
Thine utmost saving health display,
And purge my inbred plague away,
And make me as Thou art.

11 Till then in Thy blest hands I am,
And still in faith the grace I claim
To all believers given:
Perfect the cure in me begun,
And when my work on earth is done,
Receive me up to heaven.

CLXXXVI. AN HYMN FOR A MOTHER.

1 FATHER of all, whose Sovereign will
Hath call'd Thy servant to fulfil
The *softer* parent's part,

With gifts and graces from above,
With calmest care, and wisest love
Instruct my simple heart.

2 Oh! may I every moment see
The end for which alone to me
Thou hast my children given,
A blessed instrument Divine
Through Thee to make, and keep them Thine,
And train them up for heaven.

3 My first concern their souls to rear,
And principled with godly fear
In virtue's paths to lead,
The hunger after Thee to' excite,
And stir them up with all their might
To seek the living Bread.

4 Be this, dear Lord, my chief desire,
That every child may still aspire
To those pure joys above,
Lay up their heart and treasure there,
Content on earth with *Mary's* share,
And blest in Jesu's love.

5 If anxious *here* for their success,
A momentary happiness
I labour to secure,
How should it all my powers engage
Their never failing heritage,
Their endless bliss to' ensure?

6 If for their bodies I provide,
And from the slightest suffering hide
The suckling on my knee,

Shall I by my neglect expose
Their dearer souls to fearful woes
Through all eternity?

7 Shall I the haughty wish instil,
Or give them up to their own will,
And every vain desire?
As kind the pagan parent was,
Who made his sons and daughters pass
To *Moloch* through the fire.

8 Exposed in this bleak wilderness
To pining want or sad distress
Could I my offspring see?
Could I the heavier burden bear
To see them void of sacred care,
And lost for want of Thee?

9 Thou, Lord, the fatal ill prevent,
And guard whom Thou to me hast lent,
And guide them by Thine eye;
Convert—or to Thyself receive,
And let them to Thy glory live,
Or innocently die!

CLXXXVII. FOR AN UNCONVERTED CHILD.

1 Thou God, that hear'st the whisper'd prayer,
Regard a mournful mother's care
For her poor thoughtless son:
Anxious, distress'd, Thou know'st I live,
And still in secret places grieve
For follies not my own.

2 Can I my own dear child forget,
Or see without the last regret
His wild disorder'd ways,
His enmity to things Divine,
His league with hell, his feasts with swine,
His total want of grace?

3 Son of my womb, to evil sold,
Him I with streaming eyes behold
Entirely dead to Thee,
Careless, secure on *Tophet's* brink,
Ready with all his sins to sink
Into eternity.

4 But will his desperate madness go
Self-doom'd to everlasting woe,
Content, insensible?
What heart can bear the dreadful thought!
And have I into being brought,
And borne a child for hell!

5 Forbid it, O most gracious God!
With pity see him in his blood,
For Jesu's sake alone,
Regard my endless griefs and fears,
Nor let the son of all these tears
Be finally undone.

6 Fulfil at last my heart's desire,
And pluck the brand out of the fire,
And save him by Thy grace;
So shall I manifest Thy name,
With all I have, and all I am,
Devoted to Thy praise.

7 My son I will to Thee restore,
And anxious for the world no more,
Cast all my care on Thee;
I and my house will serve the Lord,
And wait, obedient to Thy word,
Thy glorious face to see.

CLXXXVIII. THE TRUE USE OF MUSIC.

1 Listed into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Press'd to obey the devil:
Drunken, or lewd, or light the lay
Flow'd to the soul's undoing,
Widen'd, and strew'd with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.

2 Who on the part of God will rise,
Innocent sound recover,
Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover,
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure,
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure?

3 Come let us try if Jesu's love
Will not as well inspire us:
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth shall fire us.
Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring,
Jesus's name is sweeter.

4 Jesus the soul of music is;
His is the noblest passion:
Jesus's name is joy and peace,
Happiness and salvation:
Jesus's name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.

5 Who hath a right like us to sing,
Us whom His mercy raises?
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,
Cheerful are all our faces:
Who of His love doth once partake
He evermore rejoices:
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful, and never weary,
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty, and never ceasing,
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Honour, and thanks, and blessing.

7 Then let us in His praises join,
Triumph in His salvation,
Glory ascribe to love Divine,
Worship, and adoration:
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer;
Only believe, and still sing on,
Heaven is ours for ever.

CLXXXIX. ANOTHER.

"*I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.*"—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

1 JESUS, Thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune Thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our sole design,
Thy glory, not our own:
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
Oh! let it never more steal in,
To' offend Thy glorious eyes,
To desecrate our hallow'd strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.

4 To magnify Thy awful name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise,
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound,
With sacred jealousy;

Lest haply sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our heart away from Thee.

6 That hurrying strife far off remove,
That noisy burst of selfish love,
Which swells the formal song ;
The joy from out our heart arise,
And speak, and sparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

7 Thee let us praise our common Lord,
And sweetly join with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim :
Jesus, Thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thine harmonizing name.

8 With calmly reverential joy
We then shall all our lives employ
In setting forth Thy love,
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing with all the heavenly choir
That endless song above.

CXC. ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

1 Away with my fears !
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born !
From Jehovah I came,
For His glory I am,
And to Him I with singing return.

2 No grievous alloy
Shall diminish the joy
I to-day from my Maker receive:
'Tis my duty to praise
His unspeakable grace,
And exulting in Jesus to live.

3 Thy Jesus alone
The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here,
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
Till His sign in the heavens appear.

4 With thanks I rejoice
In Thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below;
If of parents I came,
Who honour'd Thy name,
'Twas Thy wisdom appointed it so.

5 I sing of Thy grace
From my earliest days
Ever near to allure, and defend:
Hitherto Thou hast been
My Preserver from sin,
And I know Thou wilt save to the end.

6 Oh! the infinite cares,
And temptations, and snares
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
Oh! the blessings bestow'd
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

7 What a mercy is this,
What an heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I,
Gather'd into the fold,
With Thy people enroll'd,
With Thy people to live, and to die!

8 How rich in the friends
Thy providence sends
To help my infirmity on!
What a number I see,
Who could suffer for me,
And ransom my life with their own!

9 Oh! the goodness of God
Employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise!
His standard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unsearchable riches of grace!

10 Oh! the fathomless love,
That has deign'd to approve,
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook
I went over the brook,
And behold! I am spread into bands.

11 Who, I ask, in amaze,
Hath begotten me these?
And inquire, from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies
They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God, and the Lamb.

12 All honour, and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son I return;
The business pursue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice, that I ever was born.

13 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim:
'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name.

14 My remnant of days
I spend in His praise
Who died the whole world to redeem;
Be they many, or few,
My days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him.

CXCI. HYMNS FOR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.—

Hymn 1.

1 Friendship Divine! Thy praise I sing,
Descendant of the heavenly King,
Thou fairest of the' angelic kind,
Thou copy of the Perfect Mind,
Indulged poor mortals from above,
To teach our hearts that God is love.

2 Thee, thine ally, the heaven-born muse
Throughout this lower world pursues,
Thy lovely lineaments to trace,
And point thee to the fallen race,
If haply some thy charms may see,
And paradise regain'd in thee.

3 But who on earth with thee is blest,
And where doth sacred friendship rest?
Shall we to palaces repair?
Alas! thy name alone is there,
Thou canst not dwell with polish'd art,
Or harbour in a selfish heart.

4 Thou never didst the wicked join,
Or cast thy pearls to worldly swine,
Howe'er they touch with lips profane,
And take thy hallow'd name in vain:
Who will not to their Maker bend,
"Who fear no God can love no friend."

5 Seldom alas! thy silken cord
Hath bound a subject to his lord:
For how can contraries be join'd,
An humble with an haughty mind,
Or two so different in degree,
Descend, arise, and meet in thee?

6 Falsely to thee the great pretend,
Not all their gold can buy a friend,
Who fancy thee their easy spoil,
Attracted by an high-born smile:
Thou wilt not yield thy treasures up,
To crown their impudence of hope.

7 Thee to procure how fond their boast!
The beggars cannot bear the cost:
Nor will the flatter'd worms submit
To lay their honour at thy feet,
Give up their life, to friendship's claim,
Or sacrifice their dearer fame.

8 Strangers to truth, how can it be,
That such should bear it all from thee?
And therefore banish'd from their sight,
Thou tak'st thine everlasting flight,
Nor stoop'st again to souls so mean,
When pride has fix'd the gulf between.

9 Far from the world thy calm retreat,
The needy rich, and vulgar great,
Who mourn their impotence of power,
And want relief amidst their store,
For thy support the wretches sigh,
And pine undone for love's supply.

10 Poor is the man by slaves adored,
Of kneeling worlds the friendless lord:
A thousand barter'd worlds to' obtain
The blessing of a friend, were gain;*
Yet none the blessing can bestow,
But He who died to save His foe.

11 That happy man whom Jesus loves,
And with peculiar smiles approves,
On him the angel shall descend,
And God shall bless him with a friend,
To none but chosen vessels given,
Those highest favourites of Heaven.

CXCII. THE SAME.—Hymn 2.

1 Foolish world, who canst not find
Friendship in a *Christian* mind!
"Where the heart so many share,
No peculiar love is there:"

* Compare Young's "Night Thoughts," Night ii., l. 575.

Idly doth thy malice rage,
Baffled by the sacred page,
Vainly would thy maxims prove
God incapable of love.

2 God of all-redeeming grace,
Hath He not His chosen race?
Dare ye hence His love deny,
Feign He pass'd one sinner by?
Some if He hath doubly blest,
Hath He therefore cursed the rest?
No, like rain His blessings fall,
Loving is our God to all.

3 Taught of God, like Him we love
All to whom His bowels move;
Pity, and good-will we find
To the whole of human kind:
But the saints, who walk in white,
These are all our soul's delight,
These we seek, in these we rest,
Most desire, and love the best.

4 Yet of these if God's decree
Single out a soul for me,
Give me to his tenderest care,
Bid him all my burdens bear,
Each for each if Jesus use,
Shall we dare the grace refuse?
Shall we not the blessing own,
Glad that all His will is done?

5 Is it not His will to join
Spirits in a bond Divine,
Knit in friendship's closest tie,
Each with each to live and die?

Did He not inspire, approve
Jonathan and *David's* love?
Had not God His favourite one,
Jesus His beloved *John?*

6 Happy soul, above the rest!
Leaning on thy Saviour's breast,
Thou the dear disciple art,
Ever closest to His heart,
Thou dost all His secrets know,
Choicest of His friends below,
Call'd peculiarly to prove
Christ is God, and God is *love!*

7 Jesu, Lover of mankind,
Grant me Thy extensive mind,
Head of the believing race,
Give me Thy peculiar grace,
Give it to my dearest friend,
Make him faithful to the end,
Root and 'stablish him in Thee,
Save my other self, and me.

8 Let it in our souls be seen
Thy unbounded love to men,
Show in us how good Thou art,
Stamp Thy image on our heart,
Call us out Thy witnesses,
Bid us all Thy life express,
All the happiness above,
All the height of *Christian love.*

CXCIII THE SAME.—Hymn 3.

1 Father, at Thy footstool see
Two who now are one in Thee,
Draw us by Thy grace alone,
Give, O give us to Thy Son.

2 Jesus, Friend of human kind,
Let us in Thy name be join'd,
Each to each unite and bless,
Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly all-alluring Dove,
Shed Thine overshadowing love,
Love, the sealing grace impart,
Dwell within our single heart.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what *Adam* lost,
Let us in Thy image rise,
Give us back our paradise.

5 Made like the first happy pair,
Let us here Thy nature share,
Holy, pure, and perfect be,
Transcripts of the Trinity.

6 Foremost of created things,
Nearest the great King of kings,
Standing as at first we stood,
Made a little less than God!

CXCIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 4.

1 Author of friendship's sacred tie,
Regard us with a gracious eye,
Two souls whom Thou hast join'd in one,

Join'd by the unction from above
In bonds of pure seraphic love,
United in Thy love alone.
Searcher of hearts unsearchable,
To Thee, great God, we dare appeal,
To Thee we dare our cause commend;
Thou know'st our simpleness of heart,
And as Thou didst the grace impart,
O keep us, keep us to the end.

2 Our friendship sanctify, and guide,
Unmix'd with selfishness, and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim:
In all our intercourse below
Still let us in Thy footsteps go,
And never meet but in Thy name.
Fix on Thyself our single eye;
Oh! may we on Thyself rely
For all the help which each conveys,
The help as from Thy hands receive,
And still to Thee all glory give,
All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.

3 Whate'er Thou dost on one bestow,
Let each the doubled blessing know,
Let each the common burden bear,
In comforts, and in griefs agree,
And wrestle for his friend with Thee
In all the' omnipotence of prayer.
Our mutual prayer accept, and seal,
In both Thy glorious self reveal,
Both with the fire of love baptize

Thy kingdom in our souls restore,
And keep, till we can sin no more,
Till both in all Thy image rise.

4 Witnesses of the' all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,
And do Thy will like those above;
Together spread the gospel sound,
And scatter peace on all around,
And joy, and happiness, and love.
True yoke-fellows, by love compell'd
To labour in the gospel field,
Our all let us delight to spend
In gathering in Thy lambs and sheep;
Assured that Thou our souls wilt keep,
Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

5 And if it be Thy sovereign will,
Jesus, our hearts' desire fulfil,
Thou know'st, dear Lord, what we would say:
To Thee the matter we submit,
But if Thy wisdom deems it fit,
Oh! call us *both at once* away.
Let both at once the summons hear,
And bless the welcome messenger,
The angel of Thy latest grace:
Let both at once our souls resign
Into those gracious hands of Thine,
And see at once Thy glorious face.

6 In Thee together let us die,
Together mount above the sky,
Smooth wafted on the angel's wings,

Together take the starry crown,
And sit with Thee triumphant down,
Assessors of the King of kings;
Together on Thy fulness feast,
In Thee, and in each other blest,
The social joys of heaven improve,
Sing the new song which ne'er shall end,
And jointly in Thy praises spend
An everlasting age of love.

CXCV. THE SAME.—Hymn 5.

1 Father of lights, to Thee I lift
My humbly thankful heart and eyes,
Giver of every perfect gift,
Accept my grateful sacrifice;
I own Thy mercies never end:
O God, I bless Thee for my friend.

2 Thou only didst the gift bestow,
Thou know'st it came *unsought* from Thee:
Thy will appointed him to go,
And comfort one in misery,
In all my griefs to claim his part,
And bear me on his faithful heart.

3 Thou only didst our spirits join
In bonds of everlasting love:
I own, and bless the work Divine,
The work of Thy descending Dove;
From heaven He suddenly came down,
And made our souls for ever one.

4 Hovering o'er both His wings He spread,
And breathed His love into our breast,
The ground of heavenly friendship laid,
And each to each He sweetly blest,
He knit the' indissoluble tie,
And with that soul I live, and die.

5 My first of comforts here below,
My chief of all created good,
Through him the grace I surely know
On me, for Jesu's sake, bestow'd,
Receive the blessing from above,
And see my Lord's reflected love.

6 The God of love hath touch'd his breast,
And fill'd with softest sympathy,
With pity not to be express'd,
Pity for such a worm as me:
He loves me by myself abhorr'd,
Loves in the bowels of my Lord.

7 Present in spirit, howe'er disjoin'd
In flesh, he carries me to God,
Supports my feebleness of mind,
And more than shares my nature's load;
He mentions me in all his prayers,
In faith's almighty arms he bears.

8 When weary oft I faint, and droop,
And *Amalek* prevails in fight,
My hands he, under God, lifts up,
And prays me strong in Jesu's might;
His prayer my sinking spirit stays,
And arms the minister of grace.

9 Snatch'd from ten thousand snares I prove
The power Divine that sets me free:
The channel of Thy grace I love,
But give the glory all to Thee;
Thou, Father, Thou the work hast done;
Ador'd be Thy great name alone.

10 I dare not, Lord, the gift refuse,
The gift, howe'er transferr'd, is Thine:
If Thou vouchsafe a worm to use,
I bless the ordinance Divine,
And at Thy hand the grace receive,
Which God, and only God, can give.

CXCVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 6.

1 Fountain of good, from Thee alone
Our every gift and comfort flows,
Whate'er we fondly call our own
Thy freely streaming grace bestows,
Thy blessings all through Christ descend,
Our heavenly and eternal Friend.

2 Meanest of all Thy sons, on me,
On me Thou hast a gift bestow'd,
Dearer than life, or liberty,
And only less beloved than God,
I take the friend Thy grace has given,
And bless him, till we meet in heaven.

3 Thither he still points out my way,
And arms my soul with mighty prayers,
Stands by me in the evil day,
And all my griefs and burdens bears,
Blest minister of grace Divine;
But all the glory, Lord, is Thine.

4 Thou only dost the power transfer,
Through which a worm supports the weak,
Thou only dost my spirit cheer
By words which he *receives* to speak;
Thy secret hand in all I see,
And render all the praise to Thee.

5 What though my every lucid hour,
My every comfort here below,
My all of hope, or peace, or power,
Through this, this only, channel flow,
The help which on our earth is done
Thou dost it, Lord, and Thou alone.

6 Thou didst at first the grace impart,
The tender charity Divine,
Will'd him to bear me on his heart,
And love me with a love like Thine,
Pure heavenly love, on earth unknown,
A stream that issues from Thy throne.

7 And can I, dearest Lord, not love
A soul Thyself endear'st to me?
So like the blessed spirits above,
So restless to be all like Thee,
So long desired, so late bestow'd,
So honour'd, and beloved of God!

8 But (for I know my wretched heart
Would still Thy noblest gifts abuse)
A second benefit impart,
And grant me grace Thy grace to use,
From all the dross of nature free,
Give me to love that soul for Thee.

9 O may I never, never seek
My own delight, my own applause,
Ready Thy gifts to render back,
To nail my *Isaac* to the cross,
My all of comfort to resign,
And say, "Thy will be done, not mine."

10 Refrain my soul, and keep it low,
Wean'd as a child from creature-good,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
My Jesus, and Thy sprinkled blood:
All other comforts I disdain,
And more than all in Thee I gain.

11 What are Thy gifts, compared to Thee!
A beam from that bright shining Sun,
A drop from that unfathom'd Sea!
Fountain of life, and love unknown,
Into Thy depths, O God, I fall:
O God, Thou art mine all in all.

CXCVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 7.

1 See, Jesu, see that much loved soul,
For whom Thy precious life was given,
Haste to renew, and make him whole,
And fill him now with all Thy heaven.

2 Now, Saviour, now (if after God
I ask) the second gift impart,
And shed Thy glorious love abroad,
And give him the pure spotless heart.

3 Remove the stumbling-block within,
The possible offence remove,*
Say to his soul, "Thou canst not sin,
For ever saved by perfect love."

* Compare p. 229, and Wesley's Works, vol. xi., p. 426.

4 Answer on him Thine own request,
Answer in us Thy Spirit's groan,
Speak him into Thy people's rest,
And tell his inmost soul 'tis done!

5 When inbred sin is all destroy'd,
Long let him here Thy witness live,
In love's angelic task employ'd,
And free what he receives to give.

6 Greatest of all O let him be,
And ever in Thy footsteps go,
And gladly minister to Thee,
A servant of Thy church below.

7 Let him through Thine almighty name
A father in our *Israel* rise,
Cherish the followers of the Lamb,
And nurse them till they reach the skies.

8 Thus may he still his faith approve,
And make the lambs his tenderest care,
The little ones that lisp Thy love
Delighted in his arms to bear.

9 Jesus, fulfil his heart's desire,
And gather in Thy lambs and sheep,
Bid them into Thy fold retire,
And far from sin and danger keep.

10 Far from the world *a place provide*,
Even in this howling wilderness,
And in Thy sanctuary hide
The vessels of Thy perfect grace.

11 Who the good fight of faith have fought,
And found the love that casts out fear,
Within the sacred verge be brought,
And rest from all their labours *here*.

12 In answer to Thy Spirit's prayer
Now let the polish'd pillars rise,
Firm as the throne of God, and bear
Thy glorious temple to the skies.

CXCVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 8.

1 O Thou whose special grace
Did kindly condescend
Of all the chosen race
To single out a friend,
To shower on him, above the rest,
Thy richest favours down,
And press him closest to Thy breast,
Thy best-beloved *John!*

2 I lift my heart to Thee,
To Thee, who know'st the whole,
Its dearest amity
For one distinguish'd soul:
The soft unutterable love
Wherewith I one embrace,
With gracious smiles behold, approve,
And turn it to Thy praise.

3 To Thee, and Thy great name
My whole affection turn,
And let the hallow'd flame
For Thy pure glory burn;
From all idolatrous excess,
From earthly dross refine,
And on my simple heart impress
The character Divine.

4 No more may I provoke
My God to jealousy,
Or to Thy creature look
For what proceeds from Thee:
Fountain of life, and joy, and peace,
Thee may I always own,
And find my total happiness,
Laid up in God alone.

5 My all of comfort here,
Whoe'er the grace transmit,
To Thee may I refer,
And worship at Thy feet:
From Thee may I my partner take,
(That precious loan of Thine,)
And wait Thy call to give him back,
And bless the name Divine.

6 On Thee, my God, on Thee
Alone would I depend,
And taste *Thy* love, and see
Thy image, in my friend.
My bosom-friend at Thy demand
I promise to restore;
But let us meet at Thy right-hand,
And praise Thee evermore!

CXCIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 9.

1 Jesus, with kindest pity see
Two souls that would be one in Thee
If now accepted in Thy sight,
Thou dost our upright hearts unite,
Allow us, while on earth to prove
The noblest joys of heavenly love.

2 Before Thy glorious eyes we spread
The wish which doth from Thee proceed,
Our love from earthly dross refine,
Holy, angelical, Divine
Thee let it its great Author show,
And back to the pure Fountain flow.

3 A drop of that unbounded sea
O God, resorb it into Thee,
While both our souls with restless strife
Spring up into eternal life,
And lost in endless raptures prove
Thy whole immensity of love.

4 A spark of that ethereal fire,
Still let it to its Source aspire,
To Thee in every wish return,
Intensely for Thy glory burn,
With both our souls fly up to Thee,
And blaze through all eternity!

CC. THE SAME.—Hymn 10.

1 My Jesus, my All, Thy name I confess,
My freedom in thrall, My help in distress,
Thy boundless compassion The cordial did send,
The strong consolation Convey'd in a *friend*.

2 The hallow'd delight With thanks I receive,
And give Thee Thy right, In praises I give:
The bliss-giving power And glory be Thine,
The plentiful shower Of blessings is mine.

3 I now on the scale Of friendship arise,
The kingdom assail, And press to the skies,
To joys never ending My comforts improve,
From earthly ascending To heavenly love.

4 Thy goodness I taste, Thy goodness proclaim,
And joyfully haste To sup with the Lamb;
Together invited Our Lord we pursue,
With vigour united We fight our way through.

5 Caught up in the air I soon shall ascend,
The kingdom to share With Thee and my friend,
(On earth, to each other, In heaven, well known,)
And I with my brother Shall sit on Thy throne.

CCI. THE SAME.—Hymn 11.

1 What shall I do my God to love,
Who pours His blessings from above,
And comforts without end!
Let all my grateful soul embrace
His rich inestimable grace
Vouchsafed me in a *friend.*

2 My *former friend* (for ever dear,
For ever mention'd with a tear)
Did long ago depart:
On *honour's fatal Gilboa*
He vilely cast his shield away,
And broke my faithful heart.

3 But lo! when *Jonathan* was dead,
I found an *Hushai* in his stead,
Restorer of my peace,
A friend in all my conflicts tried,
Who never parted from my side,
Or left me in distress.

4 A minister of heavenly love,
In paths that tend to joys above
My shining pattern treads:

He meets me still in Jesu's name,
And back to Him from whom he came,
My thankful spirit leads.

5 Friend of my soul, its griefs he shares,
Confirms my hands by mighty prayers,
And props my feeble knees ;
On earth he helps me to look down,
And bids me seize with him the crown
Of life, and righteousness.

6 Oh! might I rise by love restored,
And following him, as he his Lord,
These storms of care outfly,
This cloudy atmosphere transcend,
And claim, and grasp my happy friend
In purer worlds on high !

CCII. THE SAME.—Hymn 12.

1 See, O my Lord, Thy servant see,
And graciously approve
My other self, and next to Thee
The object of my love :
The love, wherewith my heart runs o'er,
I dare to Thee present,
Thine all-indulging grace adore,
And bless Thine instrument.

2 My gifts and comforts all, I know,
From Thee alone descend ;
Thou only couldst on me bestow
So true, and kind a friend.

Cast in one mould by art Divine
Our blended souls agree,
And pair'd above our spirits join
In sacred harmony.

3 As sent, to bless me, from above
Thy creature I receive,
To turn my utmost strength of love
On Him for whom I live ;
To raise, and help my weakness on,
The' angelic power is given,
He comes in human form sent down,
And guards my soul to heaven.

4 Thankful from Thy bless'd hands I take
The' inestimable loan,
And stand prepared to give him back,
To render Thee Thine own :
I dare not to Thy creature cleave,
Thy creature, Lord, recall,
Thy glory still to Thee I give,
That Thou art all in all.

CCIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 13.

1 Thou God of truth and love,
We seek Thy perfect way,
Ready Thy choice to' approve,
Thy providence to' obey,
Enter into Thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in Thine.

2 Why hast Thou cast our lot
In the same age and place,
Or why together brought
To see each other's face,

To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in Thee?

3 Didst Thou not make us one,
That both might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain,
Till both Thine utmost goodness prove,
And rise renew'd in perfect love?

4 Surely Thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That both hereafter might
Before Thy throne appear,
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all Thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care
To fight our passage through,
And kindly help each other on,
Till both receive the starry crown.

6 O might Thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day,
With all Thy fulness fill,
And then transport away,
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast.

7 There, only there, we shall
Fulfil Thy great design,
And in Thy praise with all
Our elder brethren join,
And hymn in songs which never end
Our heavenly everlasting Friend.

CCIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 14.

1 Come, let us arise,
And press to the skies,
The summons obey,
My friend, my beloved, and hasten away!
The Master of all
For our service doth call,
And deigns to approve
With smiles of acceptance our labour of love.

2 His burden who bear,
We alone can declare
How easy His yoke, [provoke:
While to love, and good works we each other
By word and by deed,
The bodies in need,
The souls to relieve,
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.

3 Then let us attend
Our heavenly Friend,
In His members distress'd
With want, or affliction, or sickness oppress'd!
The prisoner relieve,
The stranger receive,
Supply all their wants,
And spend, and be spent in assisting His saints:

4 Thus while we bestow
Our moments below,
Ourselves we forsake,
And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take:
His passion alone
The foundation we own,
And pardon we claim,
And eternal redemption in Jesus's name.

CCV. THE SAME.—Hymn 15.

1 God of all good gifts the Donor,
God, whose mercies never end,
Thee with lips and heart I honour,
Bless Thee for my darling friend,
Thankful at Thy hands receiving,
Ever longing to fulfil
All Thy wise design in giving,
All my Father's welcome will.

2 If for this the' uniting Spirit
Hath on me his burden laid,
Give me joyfully to bear it,
Him with all my prayers to aid:
Fill my heart with supplication,
Let in me Thy bowels move,
Softness of Divine compassion,
Tenderness of heavenly love.

3 Sanctify our mutual care,
More and more let it increase,
Strengthen us hereby to share
Every tempted soul's distress:
Stir us up to toil unceasing,
Lay on both the common load,
Make our love a general blessing,
Turn it all to *Sion's* good.

4 While with just peculiar kindness
We each other's souls embrace,
Save us from that doting blindness,
Fatal to our fallen race;
From the mean contracting passion
Keep us free, and unconfined,
Raise our generous inclination,
Fix our love on all mankind.

5 As a wide extended river,
Let thy love our hearts o'erflow,
Purest love that lasts for ever,
Reaching every soul below:
Love that doth with free election
Some beyond the rest approve,
Bless us with Thy whole affection,
Special, universal love.

CCVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 16.

1 Author of the peace unknown,
Lover of my friend and me,
Who of twain hast made us one,
One preserve us still in Thee,
All our heighten'd blessings bless,
Crown our hopes with full success.

2 Centre of our hopes Thou art,
End of our enlarged desires:
Stamp Thine image on our heart,
Fill us now with holy fires,
Cemented by love Divine,
Seal our souls for ever Thine.

3 All our works in Thee be wrought,
Levell'd at one common aim,
Every word, and every thought
Purge in the refining flame,
Lead us through the paths of peace
On to perfect holiness.

4 Let us both together rise,
To Thy glorious life restored,
Here regain our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord.

Here enjoy the earnest given,
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

CCVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 17.

1 How happy the pair, Whom Jesus unites
In friendship to share Angelic delights,
Whose chaste conversation Is coupled with fear,
Whose sure expectation Is *holiness here!*

2 My Jesus, my Lord, Thy grace I commend,
So kind to afford My weakness a friend!
Thy only good pleasure On me hath bestow'd
An heavenly treasure, A servant of God.

3 Appointed by Thee, We meet in Thy name,
And meekly agree To follow the Lamb,
To track Thy example, The world to disdain,
And constantly trample On pleasure and pain.

4 Rejoicing in hope We humbly go on,
And daily take up The pledge of our crown,
In doing and bearing The will of our Lord
We still are preparing To meet our reward.

5 The heavenly prize Is ever in view,
Till both shall arise, Created anew;
That first resurrection We pant to attain,
Go on to perfection, And suffer to reign.

6 O Jesus, appear, No longer delay
To sanctify here, And bear us away:
The end of our meeting On earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting In glory with Thee.

CCVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 18.

1 Holy sanctifying Dove,
God of truth, and God of love,
On my feeble soul descend,
On my dearest earthly friend.
Come, and all our wants supply,
Now the pardon'd sanctify,
Now our little faith increase,
Fill us now with perfect peace.

2 Lead us, Thou, our constant Guide,
Witness in our hearts abide,
Earnest of the joys to come,
Make our souls Thy glorious home:
Every precious promise seal,
All the depths of God reveal,
Keep us to that happy day,
Bear us on Thy wings away.

3 If Thou didst the grace impart,
Mad'st us of one mind and heart,
Still our friendly souls unite
Partners in the realms of light;
Let us there together soar,
Quickly meet to part no more,
There our ravish'd spirits join,
Mingled, lost in love Divine.

CCIX. THE SAME. AT PARTING.—Hymn 19.

1 Lord, we Thy will obey,
And in Thy pleasure rest,
We, only we, can say
Whatever is, is best,

Joyful to meet, and glad to part,
Assured we still are one in heart.

2 Hereby we sweetly know
Our love proceeds from Thee,
We let each other go,
From every creature free,
And cry, in answer to Thy call,
Thou art, O Christ, our all in all!

3 Our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Our Counsellor Divine,
Thy chosen ones depend
On no support but Thine;
Our everlasting Comforter,
We cannot want, if Thou art here.

4 Still let us, gracious Lord,
Sit loose to all below,
And to Thy love restored
No other comfort know,
Stand fast in glorious liberty,
And live and die wrapp'd up in Thee.

CCX. THE SAME.—Hymn 20.

1 Thou heavenly Love, from whom
All holy passions come,
Hear my faith's availing cry,
Now the peaceful answer send,
Author of the social tie,
Giver of my bosom friend.

2 My bosom-friend receive,
Whom back to Thee I give:

Strengthen'd by Thy Spirit's power,
Him I cheerfully resign,
Him I thankfully restore,
Leave him in the arms Divine.

3 Far from the soul removed,
Whom next to Thee I loved,
Still I bear him on my heart,
To Thy tenderest care commend :
With us both if now Thou art,
Be our everlasting Friend.

4 With us through life abide,
And to Thy glory guide,
Give us, Lord, if not below,
Give us soon to meet above,
All the dignity to know,
All the height of heavenly love.

5 My longing soul prepare
To meet my brother there ;
Him to see at Thy right hand,
Fair in loveliness Divine,
With him in Thy sight to stand,
With him in Thy praise to join.

6 For this immortal hope
I freely give him up :
Only keep us to that day—
Or if more I may request,
Let me *first* escape away,
Let me find an earlier rest.

7 My residue of days
Add to his lengthen'd race :

Or if mercy hath ordain'd
Both at once should take our flight,
Let us suddenly ascend,
Now obtain the blissful sight.

8 Now; or whene'er Thy will
Shall call us to the hill:
Only give us hearts to pray
Till Thine arms receive us home,
Come, Redeemer, come away,
King of saints triumphant, come.

CCXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 21.

1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Mark every wish and thought that rise
In this poor troubled heart,
Disclose, drag out to open light
All things displeasing in Thy sight,
And bid them all depart.

2 Wretched, and void of God, and blind,
Wouldst Thou that I should comfort find,
And ease in aught below?
Or rather bear my utmost load,
And shrink from every creature-good,
And only Jesus know?

3 Spite of myself resolved to' obey,
I tear the dear right eye away,
If it my Lord offend;
I bow me to the will Divine,
My life, and more than life resign,
I give Thee back my friend.

4 Thy will be done, whate'er it be,
Thy blessed will concerning me
I awfully adore:
If Thou demand my only prop,
I yield, I yield—to give him up,
And see his face no more.

5 No more; till that thrice welcome day,
When earth and heaven shall pass away
Before Thy glorious face:
We then shall both to Thee repair,
And catch each other in the air,
And fly to Thy embrace.

6 For this I part with Him below,
Let us but meet above, and *know*
Each other in the throng,
Partake the heavenly bridal feast,
And sing reclining on Thy breast
The Lamb's eternal song.

CCXII. THE SAME.—Hymn 22.

1 Come the heavenly peace Divine,
Enter this sad heart of mine,
Come the everlasting rest,
Visit my companion's breast,
Dwell within my other soul,
Let our social joy be full.

2 Whom Thy grace to me hath lent,
Lord, I at Thy throne present,
Object of my tenderest care,
Mention him in every prayer,
Instant ask, that both may be
One, for ever one, in Thee.

3 What Thou dost on one confer
Let us both delight to share,
Both the heighten'd blessing taste,
Both to Thy embraces haste,
Sweetly on Thy bosom prove
All the pleasantness of love.

4 Let us thus with even pace
Measure out our quiet days,
Calmly through the valley glide,
Led by our celestial Guide,
Lovely in our lives beneath,
Not divided in our death.

CCXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 23.

1 Jesus, to Thy preserving care
My choicest blessing I commend,
Receive, and in Thy bosom bear
The soul, whom Thou hast made my friend.

2 My friend! by pitying grace bestow'd
On me, a man of woe and strife,
To lighten my severest load,
And soothe the pain of irksome life.

3 My former desperate wound to heal,
To draw the dire envenom'd dart,
The sting of injured love expel,
And drive the vipers from my heart.

4 Thou, Lord, by him, and Thou alone
Hast forced me to let go my pain,
Hast cheer'd Thy long forgotten son,
And turn'd me to my rest again.

5 Through him Thou hast restored my hope,
(The hope my madness cast away,)
Strangely revived, and stirr'd me up,
And forced my heart again to pray.

6 And can I the dear soul forget
The choicest instrument Divine,
And not my instant suit repeat
That all his heart may still be Thine.

7 Must I from him so much receive,
(To Thee ascribing all the praise,)
Yet want the blessedness to give,
To minister Thy heavenly grace?

8 O that I might his burden bear,
Employ my all to do him good,
My utmost strength, my total care,
My life, my latest drop of blood!

9 If I may be so greatly bless'd,
Thy blessings to my friend to deal,
This moment breathe into his breast,
And fill him with celestial zeal.

10 Ten thousand blessings on his head!
Ten thousand goods in one impart,
Thy Spirit with Thy love be shed,
And dwell for ever in his heart.

CCXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 24.

1 Father of mercies hear,
And send the blessing down,
In answer to this faithful prayer
Presented through Thy Son:

The friend, whom for His sake
Thou hast on me bestow'd,
Into Thy arms, Thy bosom take,
And fill his soul with God.

2 Even now his heart inspire
With wisdom from above,
And pure delight, and chaste desire,
And everlasting love:
Him of Thy pardoning grace
This moment certify,
And make him meet to see Thy face,
And reign above the sky.

3 Do for him, dearest Lord,
Above what I can say,
And keep, to all Thy love restored,
His soul against that day!
To him with glory crown'd
The highest throne be given,
But let me too in heaven be found,
Found at his feet in heaven!

CCXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 25.

1 O ALL-LOVING Lamb,
I call on Thy name,
Thy grace for my drooping companion I claim:
Whose burden I bear,
And wrestle in prayer,
Till all Thy salvation to him Thou declare.

2 Thou know'st his distress
For the sense of Thy grace,
The permanent sight of Thy heavenly face:

His sorrow control,
Speak peace to his soul,
And pronounce him accepted, and perfectly whole.

3 If sometimes he believes,
And *his* Saviour receives,
Yet again overwhelm'd at Thy absence he grieves:
Allow his request,
For ever to rest,
For ever to lean on his Jesus's breast.

4 His suit is my own:
Myself I bemoan,
And doubly distress'd for the Comforter groan,
Till in us He reside,
And we fully confide
In the blood which we feel every moment applied.

5 O wouldst Thou appear
This moment to cheer
Thy mourners, and banish our trouble and fear!
In us, and in all
For the blessing who call,
The Witness implant, and redeem from our fall.

6 Thy kingdom restore
In the spirit of power,
That prays, and exults, and gives thanks evermore:
Thy nature make known,
And perfect in one,
And receive us as gods to a share of Thy throne.

CCXVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 26.

1 O Thou that on all
The wretched dost call
To come, and be happy in Thee,

Thy promise make good,
And sprinkle with blood
The heart of my partner, and me.

2 The blessing we want
Thou art ready to grant,
More ready than we to request:
The guilty forgive,
The weary receive
In the arms of Thy mercy to rest.

3 That taste of Thy grace,
That glimpse of Thy face
To Thy sorrowing servants restore:
Now, Saviour, return,
And leave us to mourn,
And lament for Thy absence no more.

4 Our Jesus appear
To Thy followers here,
Who commune of Thee, and are sad;
Thy Spirit afford
To unfold the good word,
And our hearts they again shall be glad.

5 The promise apply,
And whisper "'Tis I,
Who your sins and your sorrows have borne:
I have pacified God,
I have bought you with blood,
To your merciful Owner return."

6 We come at Thy call,
Thou Redeemer of all,
By the power of Thy rising we rise,
Through a paradise led,
With joy on our head,
We return to our place in the skies.

CCXVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 27.

1 Jesus, if from Thee I find
This sudden call to pray,
Suffer not my feeble mind
To cast the grace away:
Lest I quickly faint, and droop
Heartless, helpless, and alone,
Stir my absent partner up,
And bring him to the throne.

2 Wake in him the strong desire
Which now for Thee I feel,
Touch our lips with hallow'd fire,
Our breasts with heavenly zeal;
Let us for Thy glory pant,
And follow on Thy face to see,
Always pray, and never faint,
Till both are lost in Thee.

3 See us now, as side by side,
Before Thy mercy-seat:
Let us feel Thy blood applied,
And kiss Thy wounded feet,
Let our tears incessant flow,
Till both the height of mercy prove,
Till the length and breadth we know,
And depth of perfect love.

4 O that both might soon arise
By perfect love prepared,
Meet the Bridegroom in the skies,
And find our full reward!

Touching this we both agree
To ask the Father in Thy name,
Father, make us meet to see
The marriage of the Lamb.

Send the Witness from above,
The Spirit of Thy Son,
Seal of Thy eternal love,
And pledge of joys unknown,
Let Him in our hearts reside,
Till Jesus comes in person down:
Jesus *comes*—to fetch His bride,
And crown us with His crown.

CCXVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 28.

1 Great Searcher of hearts,
In our innermost parts
Declare the whole counsel Divine,
Our evils remove,
Our graces improve,
And secure us eternally Thine.

2 On me and my friend
The Comforter send,
The Fountain of blessings unknown;
On both let Him flow,
For we neither can know,
Or inherit a blessing alone.

3 Yet, Lord, if it be
Unpleasing to Thee
Our oneness of mind and of heart,
We call for the sword,
We acknowledge our Lord,
And agree at Thy bidding to part.

4 Thy favour to know,
We each other forego,
If *our* love be an hindrance to *Thine:*
Thy counsel we take,
And each other forsake,
To recover the friendship Divine.

5 At Jesus's call
We freely sell all
The delights of reciprocal love;
For that better hope
We calmly give up,
And reposit our treasure above.

6 Made perfect through woe,
From our parting below
To our last happy meeting we rise,
Our friendship renew,
(For Who promised is true,)
And embrace evermore in the skies.

CCXIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 29.

1 Jesus, Lord, whose only merit
Can the dying sinner save,
Let me render up my spirit,
Quickly find my long sought grave:
Come in this thrice welcome hour,
Thy sad captive to release,
Snatch me from the adverse power,
Change, and bid me die in peace.

2 Is there in this low creation
That for which I wish to live?
All my bliss and consolation
Would I not from Thee receive?

Earthly joys I long to lose them,
Lest my Saviour I offend:
Let me sink into Thy bosom,
Let me leave to Thee my friend.

3 Him to the all-gracious Lender
Lo! I cheerfully restore;
Thou, my God, be his defender,
Till he follows me to shore:
Let him trust in Thy protection,
Live from sin and sorrow free,
Place on Thee his whole affection,
Rest his happy soul on Thee.

4 Jesus, crown Thine own desire,
Take the soul I Thee bequeath,
His accept, and mine require,
Open now the gate of death,
Draw me through the bloody fountain,
Closing now my willing eyes,
Now escaping to the mountain,
Let me wake in paradise.

CCXX. THE SAME.—Hymn 30.

1 Thou God, that hear'st the prayer,
And dost in secret see,
I tell my softest care,
My closest grief to Thee,
To Thy Divine compassion
I earnestly commend
My friend in tribulation,
My poor afflicted friend.

2 Thou seest him sore tormented,
With fears and sorrows torn,
Afraid he ne'er repented,
And grieved for power to mourn;
Thou hear'st him deeply groaning
At Thy severe delay,
And still himself bemoaning,
He cannot, cannot pray.

3 In hellish toils o'ertaken,
As at the point to die,
He *seems* of God forsaken,
Nor knows that Thou art nigh;
Throughout the dreary hour
Thou dost Thy servant hide;
But let him feel Thy power,
And *know* Thee pacified.

4 Thou never wilt relinquish
Thine own in time of need,
The smoking flax extinguish,
Or break the bruised reed:
The bowels of my Saviour
Toward all the tempted move:
But manifest Thy favour,
But show his heart Thy love.

5 End, Lord, the fierce temptation,
And bring him through the fire;
With joy and consolation
His panting breast inspire,
Thy love's abiding Witness,
Thy precious self impart,
And let him taste the sweetness
Of Jesus in his heart.

6 By Jesu's dying merit,
Father, I Thee conjure
To help his fainting spirit,
And speak his pardon sure:
Or hear our Friend before Thee,
Thine interceding Son,
And show us both Thy glory,
And take us to Thy throne.

CCXXI. THE SAME. IN DANGER OF LOSING HIS FRIEND.*—HYMN 31.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, how long shall I
Tremble at Thy comforts nigh,
Taste with fear my pleasant food,
Start from every creature good?

2 Kept in awe by my own heart,
Lest Thy gifts I still pervert,
Still Thy holy things profane,
Turn Thy blessings into bane,

3 Never sure was heart like mine,
Heart so contrary to Thine,
None so wholly lost as me,
Lost in vile idolatry.

4 Thus I from my birth have been
Grace abusing into sin,
Poorer for the plenty given,
Wretched through the smiles of heaven.

* It seems probable that the same title was designed to apply to the four following Poems, 32—35; and that No. 36 was written when the danger was abated, or passed.

5 But, my Lord, I cry to Thee,
Must it thus for ever be?
Must I still Thy gifts abuse,
Lose them all, and more than lose?

6 Shall I force Thee still to take
Thy perverted blessings back?
Blast with my infectious breath,
Doom my fondled joys to death?

7 Shall my most suspected love
Hurtful to its object prove,
Soon in double ruin end,
Fatal to my dearest friend?

8 Rather let my soul depart,
Stop the panting of my heart,
Speak again my sins forgiven,
Sweep me off—from earth to heaven!

CCXXII. THE SAME.—Hymn 32.

1 Fluttering soul, what dost thou here,
Pinion'd with a load of clay?
Poor afflicted sojourner,
Shake thy wings, and fly away,
From the mournful valley fly,
Break the cage, and reach the sky.

2 What doth this low earth afford
Worthy an immortal mind?
Man, its miserable lord,
Can he here his equal find?
Fallen, yet in ruins great,
Sinks the world beneath his weight.

3 All on earth is vanity,
This I surely feel and know,
Good itself is ill to me,
Seeming joy but real woe,
Comforts double my distress,
Edge the pain they cannot ease.
4 Friendship's self, celestial guest,
Can she make me happy *here?*
Answer this distracted breast,
Answer this foreboding fear!
Fear to lose outweighs my gain,
Heighten'd bliss is heighten'd pain.
5 Oh! that all the pain were past,
Never, never to return!
Might I but escape at last,
Cease at once to live and mourn,
Grasp through death the' immortal prize,
Meet my friend in paradise.

CCXXIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 33.

1 And must I give him up?
And doth the Lord recall
My only joy, my latest prop,
My friend, my earthly all!
I must—I will—comply
With Jesus' just demand,
I *do* pluck out the dear right eye,
Cut off the dear right hand.
2 Wherefore should I complain
In pining discontent,
If God requires His own again,
Resumes the good He lent?

The potter, sure, has power
Over the passive clay,
And whom my God bestow'd this hour,
My God may take away.

3 'Twas on these terms alone
That first I call'd him mine,
And vow'd without a murmuring groan
The blessing to resign:
And if my friend He claim,
And hold me to my word,
I bless and magnify His name,
And own Him for my Lord.

4 The fatal blow I feel
Of His almighty hand,
My grief commanded to conceal,
I bow to His command.
But Thou hast not forbid
My secret tears to flow,
And all my griefs, from mortals hid,
Thou dost with pity know.

5 Of this assured I rest
Thou wouldst not put to pain
(For me if anguish were not best)
This helpless child of man;
The grieved Thou wouldst not grieve,
Increase the sufferer's load,
Me of so great a good bereave
But for my greater good.

6 Or if, my faith to prove,
Thou dost resume Thine own,
Thou shalt by a strange turn of love
Restore the render'd loan,

The offering father's hand
Shall drop the lifted knife,
And still Thy merciful command
Shall save my *Isaac's* life.

CCXXIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 34.

1 Come my partner in the patience
Of our once afflicted King,
Out of all these tribulations
Rise with me His praise to sing:
For that happy day prepare,
And when our Desire comes down,
Sure as now His cross we share,
We shall then obtain His crown.

2 When our lovely Lord appears,
Folding us in His embrace,
He shall wipe away the tears,
Kiss the sorrow from our face:
Though we in continual mourning
The short night of life employ,
Joy shall come with Christ returning,
Heavenly everlasting joy.

3 O what cordial consolation
Doth this blessed hope afford!
We shall gain His full salvation,
We shall meet our smiling Lord:
We shall soon appear before Thee,
Shall the stars and sun outshine,
Shout among the sons of glory,
All immortal, all Divine.

4 Jesus, our exalted Jesus,
Clothed in light, shall bow the sky,
Shall from all our griefs release us,
All our wants at once supply:
Grief, and curse, and death are over,
Pain and sin no more molest,
When we once the port recover,
Land on our Redeemer's breast.

5 Shall we there in plaintive passion
Our disastrous lot bewail,
There regret our separation
For a moment in the vale?
Or in Christ again united,
Heart to heart, and soul to soul,
Triumph each in each delighted,
While eternal ages roll?

6 For this hope display'd before us
Bear we now the destined cross,
Waiting, till our Lord restore us,
Amply recompense our loss,
Crown our soul's supreme ambition,
Bid us hand in hand ascend,
Rapt into the *blissful vision*
Of our everlasting Friend.

CCXXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 35.

1 Away my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine!
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger Divine:

Thrice comfortable hope
That calms my stormy breast,
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best.

2 He knows whate'er I want,
He sees my helplessness,
And always readier is to grant
Than I to ask His grace:
My fearful heart He reads,
Secures my soul from harms,
And underneath His mercy spreads
Its everlasting arms.

3 Here is firm footing, here,
My soul, is solid rock,
To break the waves of grief and fear,
And trouble's rudest shock:
This only can sustain
When earth and heaven remove:
O turn thee to thy rest again,
Thy God's eternal love.

4 To God again I turn,
And shelter in His breast,
His will (let me rejoice or mourn)
His will is surely best;
His skill infallible,
His providential grace,
His power, and truth, that never fail,
Shall order all my ways.

5 The random blows of chance,
The being I defy,
Whose life's minutest circumstance
Is subject to His eye:

He hears the ravens call;
Nor can His children grieve,
Nor can a worthless sparrow fall
Without my Father's leave.

6 Why then was I cast down,
And troubled without cause,
And trembled at the creature's frown,
And fear'd the threaten'd loss?
Shall I mistrust His care
My blessings to defend,
Or dread (who cannot lose an hair)
To lose a bosom-friend?

7 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will Divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine:
Still let them counsel take
To frustrate His decree,
They cannot keep a blessing back
By heaven design'd for me.

8 If what my soul requires
Evil to me will prove,
His love shall cross my fond desires,
His kindly jealous love:
But would I for His sake
With every rival part,
My life, my all, my friend give back?
He knows, He knows my heart.

9 Here then I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest:

To' accomplish His design
The creatures all agree,
And all the attributes Divine
Are now at work for me.

To know my final state
I at His footstool bow,
Who tells my soul THE HAND OF FATE
IS ON THE CURTAIN NOW!*
His will the veil withdraws,
And while I lift my eyes,
Discovers there a glorious cross,
And wraps me to the skies.

CCXXVI. THE SAME.—HYMN 36.

1 RAISED to-day above my sorrow,
Happy now
Shall I bow
Burden'd for to-morrow?
Shall I anxiously forecasting
Still destroy
My own joy,
Doubtful of its lasting?

2 Rather let me snatch the' occasion,
In the friend
God doth lend,
Taste *His* consolation;
(From His hands a glad receiver)
Taste in this
Heavenly bliss,
Bliss that lasts for ever.

* Compare Young's "Night Thoughts," Night i., l. 27.

3 In the stream I drink the Fountain,
Drink, and haste
To the feast
On that holy mountain.
With the wings of faith and prayer
Fly we on
To the throne,
To the Saviour there.

4 There we fix our place of meeting,
Gladly come
To our home,
Songs of praise repeating.
Careless which shall first pass over,
Since we know
Both shall go,
Both the port recover.

5 Both shall reach the happy shore,
Quickly meet
At Thy seat,
Meet, and part no more.
Who shall there our spirits sever?
Friends beneath,
Friends in death,
Friends we live for ever!

CCXXVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 37.

1 Two are better far than one
For counsel, and for fight:
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?

Join we then our hearts and hands,
Each to love provoke his friend,
Run the way of His commands,
And keep them to the end.

2 Woe to him, whose spirits droop,
To him, who falls alone!
He has none to lift him up,
And help his weakness on:
Happier we each other keep,
We each other's burden bear;
Never *need* our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual prayer.

3 Who of twain hath made us one
Maintains our unity,
Jesus is the Corner Stone,
In whom we all agree;
Servants of our common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind,
Who can break a threefold cord,
Or part whom God hath join'd?

4 Breathes as in us both one soul,
When most distinct in place,
Interposing oceans roll,
Nor hinder our embrace;
Each as on *his* mountain stands,
Reaching hearts across the flood,
Join our hearts, if not our hands,
And sing the pardoning God.

5 O that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints!
Find supplied in Jesu's love
What every member wants!

Gain we our high calling's prize,
Feel our sins through Christ forgiven,
Rise, to all His image rise,
And meet our Head in heaven.

CCXXVIII. THE SAME. GLORIA PATRI.—Hymn 38.

1 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Mysterious One and Three,
We with Thy celestial host
Presume to worship Thee;
Still ourselves to Thee we give,
Who Thyself to us hast given,
Praise, and power, and love receive
From all in earth and heaven.

CCXXIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 39.

1 Oh! that the flaming chariot,
By grace peculiar given,
Might now descend,
And wrap my friend,
My friend, and me, to heaven!
Above this gloomy region,
This vale of sin and sadness,
We'd soar away
To endless day,
And everlasting gladness.

2 Head of Thy church triumphant,
We long to see Thy glory,
With joy to rise
Beyond the skies,
Where all Thy hosts adore Thee.

We look for Thy appearing
With vehement expectation,
And swell the groan
Which from Thine own
Runs through the whole creation.

3 O might we now behold Thee
In radiant clouds descending,
Sublime upon
The great white throne,
With all Thy hosts attending!
Come in Thy glorious kingdom,
Thou worthy Judge eternal,
And seat us by
Thy side, to try
And doom the powers infernal.

4 Oh! wouldst Thou now receive us,
The heirs of full salvation,
To our reward,
For us prepared,
Before the world's foundation.
Now, Lord, assign *his* mansion,
And crown to each believer,
And let *us* rest,
In Thee possess'd
Of joy that blooms for ever!

CCXXX. THE SAME.—Hymn 40.

1 Friend of all who seek Thy favour,
Us defend
To the end,
Be our utmost Saviour.

2 Us, who join on earth to' adore Thee,
Guard, and love,
Till above
Both appear before Thee.

3 Fix on Thee our whole affection,
Love Divine,
Keep us Thine,
Safe in Thy protection.

4 Christ, of all our conversation
Be the scope,
Lift us up
To Thy full salvation.

5 Bring us every moment nearer;
Fairer rise
In our eyes,
Dearer still, and dearer.

6 Infinitely dear and precious,
With Thy love
From above
Evermore refresh us.

7 Strengthen'd by the cordial blessing
Let us haste
To the feast,
Feast of joys unceasing.

8 Perfect let us walk before Thee,
Walk in white
To the sight
Of Thy heavenly glory.

9 Both with calm impatience press on
To the prize,
Scale the skies,
Take entire possession:

10 Drink of life's exhaustless river,
Take of Thee,
Life's fair Tree,
Eat, and live for ever!

CCXXXI. THE SAME.—Hymn 41.

1 Come, let us ascend,
My companion, and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above:
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath,
With the prophet we soar
To that heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve,
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies;
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the city of God the great King!
What a concert of praise
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join!
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy Divine!

6 Hallelujah they cry
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM,
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God, and the Lamb!

7 The Lamb on the throne
Lo! He dwells with His own,
And to rivers of pleasure He leads,
With His mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of His face,
Our beatified spirits He feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name,
Our bodies His glory display,
A day without night
We feast in His sight,
And eternity seems as a day!

CCXXXII. THE SAME. AT THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.—Hymn 42.

1 Saviour of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in Thy name!

Thy mighty name hath been
Our refuge and our tower,
Hath saved us from the world, and sin,
And all the' accuser's power.

2 Jesu, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live,
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve;
Shut up in *Sodom*, we
No pride or anger find,
But still compassionately see
The baseness of mankind.

3 We mourn, till Thou appear,
Along the desert way:
Briers, and thorns are with us here,
And we with scorpions stay;
Constrain'd (alas! how long!)
With human fiends to dwell,
Sinners of lying lips, whose tongue
Is set on fire of hell.

4 Through calumny, and pain,
Through a long vale of woe,
Far from the poisonous sons of men,
To purer worlds we go:
We shall from *Sodom* flee,
When perfected in love,
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above.

5 The saints of ancient days,
We shall with them sit down,
Who fought the fight, and run the race,
And then received the crown;

Who first severely tried,
And exercised beneath,
Broke through the world, with Christ their guide,
And more than conquer'd death.

6 The prophets of the Lord,
Who suffer'd for His name,
Who bore, by fiends and men abhorr'd,
The *Galilean's* shame;
They that endured His cross,
And did His cup receive,
Of whom the world unworthy was,
Were deem'd not fit to live.

7 Swept from the earth away,
They join'd the heavenly throng;
And now for us their brethren stay,
And ever cry, "How long!"
Jesus the cry doth hear,
And He shall soon return,
With endless joy our souls to cheer,
Who for His coming mourn.

8 Awhile in flesh disjoin'd,
Our friends that went before
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more;
In yonder blissful seat,
Waiting for us they are—
And thou shalt there an husband meet,
And I a parent there!

9 Oh! what a mighty change
Shall Jesu's sufferers know,
While o'er the happy plains we range,
Incapable of woe!

No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound,
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

10 There all our griefs are spent,
There all our sufferings end,
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a *departed friend*,
A brother, dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone—
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries, Oh! my son, my son!

11 Nor slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise;
These gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

12 This languishing desire
Which now for heaven we feel
Shall there delightfully expire
In joy ineffable:
The weight of glorious bliss
That to our share shall fall
Not angel tongues can half express;
But we shall have it all.

CCXXXIII. THE SAME. AT PARTING.—Hymn 43.

PART I.

1 And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are:
Jesus the Corner Stone,
Did first our souls unite;
And still He holds, and keeps us one,
Who walk with Him in white.

2 Then let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below,
And following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go;
The vineyard of the Lord
Before His labourers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
That waits us in the skies.

3 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end,
Where all our grief is o'er,
Our suffering, and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

4 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And crown'd with endless joy return
To our eternal rest.

5 With joy we shall behold
In yonder blest abode
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God;
Abraham and *Isaac* there,
And *Jacob* shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

6 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top:
To gather home His own
God shall His angels send,
And bid our bliss on earth begun
In endless triumphs end.

PART II.

1 O LET us ever dwell
On the transporting thought!
We shall the joys of Jesus feel,
Up to His bosom caught;
We shall His glory see,
In silent raptures gaze,
The Man that hung upon the tree
We shall behold His face.

2 Shall soon behold our God,
But not as crucified;
The Lamb His vesture dipp'd in blood
At last hath laid aside:
As God's eternal Son
He now appears above,
And sits upon His dazzling throne
Of everlasting love.

3 Is this the Man of woe,
Whom glorious now we see!
The Man who suffer'd want below,
And shame, and agony!
Who here insulted was,
And scourged, and crucified,
Hung pierced, and naked on the cross,
And bled, and groan'd, and died!

4 'Tis He! the Prince of peace!
'Tis He! the Lord of power!
Whom all these shining hosts of His
Their Maker God adore:
He suffer'd in our stead,
That we with Him might reign;
But He shall never bow His head,
Shall never die again.

CCXXXIV. THE SAME. AT MEETING OF FRIENDS.—Hymn 44.

1 O Father receive Our heartiest praise,
For bidding us live To witness Thy grace,
For bringing us hither Thy goodness to prove,
And triumph together In Jesus's love.

2 Our confident trust In Him we declare,
Through Jesus the Just Accepted we are;
Redeem'd by His passion, We joyfully join
To' ascribe our salvation To mercy Divine.

3 Thee, Lord, we adore, And dwell on Thy praise,
Preserved by the power Of Jesus's grace;
Thee, Jesus, the Giver Of all we proclaim,
And publish for ever Thy wonderful name.

4 Thy name is release From sorrow, and sin,
'Tis pardon, and peace, And goodness brought in:
It speaks us forgiven, Sinks into the soul,
And spreads the pure leaven, And hallows the whole.

CCXXXV. THE SAME.—Hymn 45.

1 Jesu, to Thee our hearts we lift,
Our hearts which now with love o'erflow,
With thanks for Thy continued gift,
That still Thy precious name we know,
Retain the sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast Thou shown
Thy feeble tempted followers here!
We have through fire and water gone,
But saw Thee on the floods appear,
But felt Thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,
And lull'd in worldly hellish peace,
Leap'd desperate from their guardian Rock,
And headlong plunged in sin's abyss,
Thy power was in our weakness shown,
And still it keeps our souls Thine own.

4 All are not lost, or wander'd back,
All have not left Thy church, and Thee:
There are who suffer for Thy sake,
Enjoy Thy glorious infamy,
Esteem the scandal of Thy cross,
And only seek Divine applause.

5 We do not shamefully desert
Thy poor afflicted flock below,
Yield to the *reverend* tempter's art
Or sell our friend, to buy our foe,
To' increase the world's triumphant scorn,
And make our blushing brethren mourn.

6 The grace which kept us to this hour,
Shall keep us faithful to the end,
When clothed with majesty and power
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on His glorious throne.

CCXXXVI. THE SAME.—Hymn 46.

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory, and thanks to Jesus give
For His almighty grace:
Preserved by power Divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in His sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What mighty conflicts past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

Yet out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by His love,
And still He doth His help afford,
And hide our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

4 Jesus to Thee we bow
And for Thy coming wait:
Give us for good some token now
In our imperfect state;
Apply the hallowing word,
Tell each who looks for Thee,
Thou shalt be perfect as thy Lord,
Thou shalt be all like Me!

CCXXXVII. THE SAME.—Hymn 47.

1 Jesu, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim!
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name:
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and joy, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget,
We meet, the grace to take
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know Thou art;
But, O, Thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!
O might Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

4 Thou wilt to us make known
Thy nature and Thy name,
Us who our utmost Saviour own,
From every touch of blame,
From every word and deed,
From every thought unclean,
Our Jesus till our souls are freed
From all remains of sin.

CCXXXVIII. THE SAME.—Hymn 48.

1 All thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet;
His love we proclaim, His praises repeat:
We own Him our Jesus, Continually near
To pardon and bless us, And perfect us here.

2 In Him we have peace, In Him we have power,
Preserved by His grace Throughout the dark hour;
In all our temptation He keeps us, to prove
His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.

3 Through pride and desire Unhurt we have gone;
Through water and fire In Him we went on;
The world and the devil Through Him we o'ercame,
Our Jesus from evil, For ever the same.

4 When we would have spurn'd His mercy and grace,
To *Egypt* return'd, And fled from His face,
He hinder'd our flying, (His goodness to show,)
And stopp'd us by crying, "Will ye also go?"

5 O what shall we do Our Saviour to love?
To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above!
The fruit of Thy passion, Thy holiness, give!
Give us the salvation Of all that believe.

6 Come, Jesus, and loose The stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us The spiritual song:
Let us without ceasing Give thanks for Thy grace,
And glory, and blessing, And honour, and praise.

7 Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free;
Ah! hast Thou not, Lord, A blessing for me?
The peace Thou hast given This moment impart,
And open Thy heaven, O Love, in my heart.

CCXXXIX. THE SAME.—Hymn 49.

1 See, Jesus, Thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in Thy name, we look to Thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in Thy name are join'd;
We wait, according to Thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us Thou art assembled here;
But, O, Thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us Thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive!"

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the Crucified,
Show us Thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive:
Speak, and the tokens show:
"O be not faithless, but believe
In Me, who died for you!"

7 Lord, I believe for me, even me
Thy wounds were open'd wide;
I see the prints, I more than see
Thy feet, Thy hands, Thy side.

8 I cannot fear, I cannot doubt,
I feel the sprinkled blood:
Let every soul with me cry out,
Thou art my Lord, my God!

CCXL. THE SAME.—Hymn 50.

1 Come, Lord, with Thy disciples sit,
Assembled in Thy name,
And let us kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And let us love the Lamb.

2 Is this the time, say, Jesu, say
Wilt Thou, O Lord, restore
The kingdom to our souls to-day,
And bid us sin no more?

3 Now wilt Thou make an end of sin,
The kingdom of Thy peace
The joy unspeakable bring in,
The' eternal righteousness?

4 We wait till Thou the gift impart,
The unction from above:
Come quickly, Lord, in every heart
Set up Thy throne of love.

5 Or, (for it is not ours to know
The times by God assign'd,)
Give us till Thou Thyself bestow,
An humble patient mind.

6 Thee let us praise with one accord,
And in Thy temple stay,
Wait for the coming of our Lord,
And without ceasing pray:

7 Still at *Jerusalem* abide
In prospect of Thy peace,
Till Thou shalt in our hearts reside
And sin for ever cease.

8 Give, when Thou wilt, the blessing give,
The kingdom from above,
But let us all at last receive
The power of perfect love.

CCXLI. THE SAME. INVITATION TO OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.—Hymn 51.

1 Ye followers of the bleeding Lamb,
Before your Lord appear,
On you we call in Jesus' name
Be all in spirit here.

2 Jesus with us assembled is,
Him in the midst we feel,
Come share with us the glorious bliss,
The joy unspeakable.

3 Come all the members far and near,
Whoe'er to Christ are join'd,
Jesus our common Head is here,
We cannot stay behind.

4 The body with the Head is nigh:
Let every faithful soul,
Let every joint its strength supply
To edify the whole.

5 'Tis done: through faith our hands we join,
In Jesu's love we meet,
And clothed with righteousness Divine
The body is complete.

6 Then let us all at once aspire,
Our common Saviour praise,
And higher raise our hearts, and higher,
In honour of His grace:

7 His grace which hath salvation brought,
And raised us from our fall,
His grace which came to us unsought,
And comes unsought to all.

8 God of all grace, Thy saving name
We thankfully confess;
Let all the world adore the Lamb,
The general Blessing bless.

9 Ye that in strength Divine excel,
Ye first-born church above,
Adore the depth unsearchable
Of all-redeeming love.

10 Till we like you behold His face,
Angels, on you we call,
For ever, and for ever praise,
The Lamb, that died for all.

CCXLII. THE SAME.—Hymn 52.

1 Ye followers of the Lamb,
Who own the common Lord,
And trust in Jesu's name,
And hang upon His word,
In Jesu's sight with us appear,
Be present all in spirit here.

2 Let us together wait
For the descending power,
Which to our first estate
Shall all our souls restore,
Nor ever from the promise move
Till all are perfected in love.

3 Let us the word hold fast
Which we of Him have heard;
We shall obtain at last
A full and great reward,
The Comforter shall surely come,
And make us His eternal home.

4 The Father of our Lord
Shall send the promised grace:
Let us with one accord
Continue in one place,
Nor from *Jerusalem* depart,
But keep the issues of our heart.

5 In sure and steadfast hope,
In view of perfect peace,
Let us to Christ look up,
Till all our troubles cease,
The Lord our hope shall soon return,
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn.

6 In Jesus we believe,
And wait the truth to prove,
We shall, we shall receive
The blessing from above,
Fulness of love, and peace, and power,
And live in Christ, and sin no more.

7 We all the truth shall know,
Who in His word abide,
Be freed from sin below,
And wholly sanctified;
We all His witnesses shall be,
The truth, the truth shall make us free:

8 Shall make us free indeed
From every spot of sin,
Our pure and sinless Head
Shall bring His nature in;
We all His witnesses shall be,
The truth, the truth shall make us free.

9 The things He hath prepared
For us, in sight of men,
Their ear hath never heard,
Their eye hath never seen,
Nor can their carnal heart conceive
How gloriously we soon shall live.

10 Poor abject slaves of sin,
They madly hug their chains,
They will not be made clean
From sin's beloved remains;
But we Thy saying, Lord, receive,
And trust a spotless life to live.

11 Who for Thy coming wait,
And hang upon Thy word,
To our unsinning state
We shall be here restored;
Thou shalt the second time appear,
And then we all are perfect *here*.

CCXLIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 53.

1 JESU, soft harmonious name,
Every faithful heart's desire;
See Thy followers, O Lamb!
All at once to Thee aspire:

Drawn by Thy uniting grace,
After Thee we swiftly run;
Hand in hand we seek Thy face:
Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Mollify our harsher will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By Thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute:
Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

3 See the souls that hang on Thee!
Sever'd though in flesh we are,
Join'd in spirit all agree;
All Thy only love declare;
Spread Thy love to all around:
Hark! we now our voices raise!—
Joyful consentaneous sound,
Sweetest symphony of praise.

4 Jesu's praise be all our song;
While we Jesu's praise repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet!
Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our seats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only sing, and praise, and love.

CCXLIV. THE SAME.—Hymn 54.

1 Ye souls that own the common Lord,
Who suffer'd once for all,
And wait with us the hallowing word,
Which saves us from our fall;

2 You, though in body distant far,
We now in spirit meet,
You (for our souls united are)
In Jesu's name we greet.

3 United in the closest bands,
Whom seas and mountains part;
The Spirit more than joins our hands,
He makes us one in heart.

4 Fellowship to the world unknown,
In Jesu's name we prove,
Jesus is our chief Corner Stone,
And cements us by love.

5 From Him our mingled blessings flow,
We feel His blood applied,
And nothing seek, and nothing know,
But Jesus crucified.

6 The Man who hung upon the tree
In every sinner's stead,
Him to receive we all agree,
And Him we call our Head.

7 To Him let every member cleave,
And we shall never part,
We cannot each the other leave,
When God hath all our heart.

8 Then let us love our Lord alone,
Till all His grace we prove,
And put His glorious image on
Imparadised in love.

CCXLV. THE SAME.—Hymn 55.

1 Lift up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise His love,
And glorify His name:

2 To Jesu's name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend!

3 Our bosom-Friend, and Brother too,
Our Husband, and our Head,
Who all He bids delight to do,
And in His footsteps tread.

4 Who, for His sake, count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

5 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love!

6 Love us, though far in flesh disjoin'd,
Ye lovers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same:

7 You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow;
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And, lo! we reach you now.

8 Surely we now your souls embrace,
With you we now appear,
Present before the throne of grace,
And you, and Christ are here.

9 Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

10 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts;
We pray the Spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts.

11 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in *Eden* live!

12 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait His heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home:
Go on;—we'll meet you there.

CCXLVI. PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.*

PART I.

1 HAPPY the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved;

* First published in 1743, at the end of "An Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion," by J. Wesley, M.A.

Join'd by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same!
Brake the commemorative bread,
And drank the Spirit of their Head.

3 On God they cast their every care,
Wrestling with God in mighty prayer
They claim'd the grace through Jesus given,
By prayer they shut, and open'd heaven.

4 To Jesus they perform'd their vows,
A little church in every house;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

5 Propriety was there unknown,
None call'd what he possess'd his own:
Where all the common blessing share
No selfish happiness was there.

6 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

7 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed kings and priests to God!

8 Where shall I wander now to find
The successors they left behind?
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are minish'd from the sons of men.

9 Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ, !" or, "Christ is there!"

Your stronger proofs Divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

10 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, Thine own canst show,
For sure Thou hast a church below.

11 The gates of hell cannot prevail;
The church on earth can never fail:
Ah! join me to Thy secret ones!
Ah! gather all Thy living stones!

12 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till Thou collect them with Thine eye;
Draw by the music of Thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

13 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all Thy banish'd ones;
Greatest of gifts, Thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

14 Join every soul that looks to Thee,
In bonds of perfect charity;
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
And *all in all* for ever live!

PART II.

1 JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of Thy church below;
If now Thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil Thine own request!

2 The few that truly call Thee Lord,
And wait Thy sanctifying word,
And Thee their utmost Saviour own;
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 Gather them in on every side,
And in Thy tabernacle hide;
Give them a resting-place to find,
A covert from the storm, and wind.

4 O find them out some calm recess,
Some unfrequented wilderness!
Thou, Lord, the secret place prepare,
And hide, and feed *the Woman* there.

5 Thither collect Thy little flock,
Under the shadow of their Rock:
The holy seed, the royal race,
The standing monuments of Thy grace.

6 O let them all Thy mind express,
Stand forth Thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below,

7 The fulness of Thy grace receive,
And simply to Thy glory live;
Strongly reflect the light Divine,
And in a land of darkness shine.

8 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

9 O make them of one soul and heart,
The all-conforming mind impart;
Spirit of peace and unity,
The sinless mind that was in Thee.

10 Call them into Thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with Thee in white!
Make up Thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below!

11 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And, O my God, might I be one!

12 O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesu's witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash His dear disciples' feet!

13 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of Thy church to live:

14 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon Thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

15 Lord, if I now Thy drawings feel,
And ask according to Thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

16 Tell me, or Thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard, it shall be so;"
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